

Current Literature

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VOL. XVIII., No. 4 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. OCT., 1895

Baron Hirsch's Argentine Colony In Baron Hirsch's Argentine colonies for poor Hebrews each colonist acquires title to a tract of land of about 185 acres upon the payment of \$160, and flour mills, schools, and a medical staff have been provided for the nearly 1,000 families comprising the colonies, of which about 400 located in 1894. The association owns a total of 444,780 acres, of which 246,097 are unoccupied; and the central administration contemplates purchase of considerable further tracts in the course of next year. Owing to the excellent arrangements of the committees in Russia, more than 3,000 persons were forwarded in the space of a few months without undue delay or difficulty. Since its formation, up to September 30, 1894, the association has spent \$1,881,845, of which \$900,000 has been written off as lost. Probably such an attempt to colonize, conducted as a speculation by some stock company, would have ended disastrously; but in this case persecuted colonists are enabled to become self-supporting through the large-heartedness and liberality of Baron Hirsch, who now sees that his project has passed the experimental stage and gives promise of being a great boon to thousands of families.

Fighting Tactics in Formosa The defeat of the Black Flags by the Japanese during the week ending August 17 calls attention to the ferocious fighters of Formosa. The Black Flags are a sort of land and water pirates. Not only are they fairly reliable soldiers with gun and sword, but, to avoid being conquered they are capable of carrying on a mode of warfare by poison. When the French beat the Formosans along the coast, in 1881, the latter retired to the interior. When the French pursued them they found a queer line of defense, beyond which they could make no progress, and in storming which many died. The Formosans had poisoned the springs, water-courses, etc., as they retreated, and the campaigns of the French against them never got further than the poison line. The poison was a native one, as deadly as arsenic or strychnine. It is thought that the same methods will be used toward the Japanese.

Excavations at Pompeii Excavations at Pompeii have, for many years past, been progressing slowly under the superintendence of the Italian Government. More than eighty men are now at work clearing away the débris from the ruins between the Porta del Vesuvio and the Porta di Capua, on the side of the town nearest Mount Vesuvius. Recently, the workmen have unearthed a house, not, perhaps, remarkable for size, but containing objects of great interest and beauty. Eighteen fluted columns supported the roof of the great central hall, all little the worse for their long repose in dust and ashes. Seven of them are now perfect, though it is evident they have been restored to some extent. The walls are decorated with frescoes

similar to those with which all visitors to Pompeii are familiar. Their great charm is their freshness and their wonderful richness of color. Fresh as these paintings are, a few months' exposure to the air will probably do them more damage than their centuries of burial. The most remarkable feature of the room, however, as one sees it now, is the marble furniture, if one may so call it. Here one can see the past glories of the Pompeians in situ. One feels that there is at least one house in Pompeii which has not been robbed to enrich a museum. Here everything is of marble—tables, fountains and statues, all perfect, and of the purest white.

Li Hung Chang, The Chinese Bismarck The best known and most liberal of China's viceroys, and the foremost friend in China of Occidental institutions, who was summoned to Pekin by an imperial decree on August 30, to take the office of chancellor of the empire, was born in the province of Ngan-Hwuy, February 16, 1823. He took three successive literary examinations; was given the degree of the Hanlin, or Imperial Academy—the highest educational distinction in the empire—in 1849; was appointed to an office in the imperial printing establishment; and on the invasion of his native province by the Taiping rebels in 1850, he became military secretary to Tseng Kuo Fan, the general in charge of defensive operations. Subsequently, he was appointed judge of the province of Cheh-Kiang, and in 1861, governor of the province of Kiang-su. He here became intimate with the late General Gordon, with whom he co-operated in recovering Suchow and driving the rebels out of Kiang-su in 1863. For these services he received the Yellow Jacket and the Peacock Feather, evidences of high imperial favor, and was created an hereditary noble of the third class. At the close of this thirteen years' campaign he sought permission to organize an army and navy on the European model, and, while heartily supported by Prince Kung, was bitterly opposed by the senior empress dowager and the Board of Censors. In 1865 he was appointed governor-general of the provinces of Kiang-si and Kiang-su; in 1868-70 he commanded successfully the operations against the Nienfei and Mohammedan rebels; and in 1870 was made viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chih-li, which contains the city of Pekin and a population of over 20,000,000, and was also appointed senior grand secretary of state, the highest distinction to which a Chinese official can aspire. He has also held the offices of high imperial commissioner of foreign affairs, director-general of the coast defense of the north and of the imperial navy, northern superintendent of trade, and commander-in-chief of the army of North China. At the beginning of war with Japan last year, he was given supreme command of the naval and military forces sent to Korea. In the early part of the war the Chinese reverses led the Emperor to degrade him by depriving him of the Yellow Jacket and the Peacock Feather; but

at the close of the struggle he was appointed chief commissioner to negotiate a treaty of peace. While engaged in this service in Shimonoseki he was wounded in the face by a Japanese fanatic on March 24, 1895, and regret for this breach of international courtesy is believed to have led the Japanese authorities to greatly modify their demands on China. All the treaties that China has concluded with other powers—excepting the Burlingame treaty—have been signed by Li Hung Chang as high commissioner for the Emperor. He has done more than all other Chinese officials together to make China what she is to day, in military, naval, educational, and progressive relations.

*Horseless Carriages
in America*

The first horseless carriage ever brought to this country appeared in New York on August 29. Its trial trip was under the direction of Emil Roger, of Paris, builder of the carriage. It is to be used by Hilton, Hughes & Co. as a delivery wagon. It is an automatic petroleum vehicle, capable of carrying 1,300 pounds, and running about fifteen miles an hour, at a cost of less than one cent a mile. The recent race between these carriages in France has excited much interest in this country, and prizes have been offered for a similar race by the Times-Herald, of Chicago. This race is to take place on Saturday, November 2, between Chicago and Milwaukee, its stated purpose being to encourage and stimulate the invention, development, perfection, and general adoption of motor carriages. The prizes offered amount to \$5,000. The first prize, of \$2,000 and a gold medal, is open to the competition of the world. The second prize, of \$1,500, is restricted to American competition, unless an American carriage win the first prize, in which case it is open to general competition. The third prize, of \$1,000, and the fourth prize, of \$500, are open to world competition. No vehicle will be admitted that is moved by muscular exertion.

Fruits from South Africa

The great development of fruit raising in California has induced Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the controlling spirit in South Africa, to make extensive preparations for the growth of fruits in that region, for the purpose of shipment to London and New York. The climatic conditions of California and South Africa are nearly identical, both having a long wet winter and short, dry summer, while their soil and temperature are similar. Oranges, lemons, grapes, apricots, peaches, plums, and many other fruits can be readily raised in Cape Colony, and it is proposed to send these in steamers cooled by chilled air, anhydrous ammonia being employed. The voyage to London will occupy about twenty days, and to New York about thirty days, while the cost of transportation will be less than that of land transportation from California. Any steamers can be fitted with the refrigerating apparatus, and those now used in the Australian and South African meat trade may be employed during the dull season for meat transportation. The area of land suitable for fruit raising is enormous, there being hundreds of thousands of acres of such land in the vicinity of Cape Town. Labor also is very cheap. One stock company with \$1,000,000 capital has been formed, fruit trees are being set out by the thousands, and it is quite probable that within a year or two Cape Colony fruits will be landed in New York. This traffic will not seriously interfere

with that from California, since the summer of South Africa answers to our winter, so that we may look for these fruit from January to March, a season in which our markets are largely destitute of home fruits.

*Pavements made
of Molasses*

The measure of modern mechanical conquest is its conquest of waste. Perhaps the oddest pavement ever laid is one just completed at Chino, Cal. It is made mostly of molasses, and, if it proves all of the success claimed for it, it may point a way for the sugar planters of the South to profitably dispose of the millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand. The head chemist of a sugar factory at Chino, E. Turke, was led to make certain experiments, of which the new sidewalk, a thousand feet long, from the factory to the main street, is the result. The molasses used is a refuse product, hitherto believed to be of no value. It is simply mixed with a certain sand to the consistency of asphalt and laid like an asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly and becomes quite hard and remains so. A peculiar fact is that the sun only makes it drier and harder, instead of softening it, as might be expected. A block of the composition, two feet long, a foot wide, and one inch thick, stood most severe tests, and laid with an inch or so of its edges resting on supports, it withstood repeated blows of a hammer without cracking or bending.

*Mineral Products of the
United States*

From the Geological Survey report of the mineral products of the United States for the calendar years 1885 to 1894, just issued, it is shown that the largest production of pig iron was in 1890, when it was 9,202,703 long tons, valued at \$151,200,410. The product in 1894 was 6,657,388 tons, valued at \$65,007,247. The largest production of silver was in 1892, when 63,500,000 troy ounces were reported, of a coinage value of \$82,099,150. In 1894 the figures were 49,501,122 ounces, valued at \$64,000,000. The largest production of gold was in 1894, when 1,910,816 troy ounces were reported, with a coinage value of \$39,500,000. The next largest was in 1886, when the product was 1,881,250 troy ounces, valued at \$35,000,000. In 1893 the number of troy ounces was below that of 1886 by 142,169 troy ounces, but the value was greater by \$950,000. Aluminium shows the largest increase of all the metals reported, having risen from 283 ounces in 1885, valued at \$2,550 to 550,000 ounces in 1894, valued at \$316,250. Tin does not appear until 1891, when 125,289 pounds were reported, valued at \$25,058. A slight increase in tin product and value is shown in 1892, a decrease in 1893, and none is reported in 1894. The bituminous coal product was largest in 1893, being 128,385,231 long tons. The product in 1894 fell off nearly 10,000,000 tons. Anthracite coal also had the largest output in 1893, being 48,185,306 long tons, valued at \$85,687,078. In 1894 the product was 46,358,144 long tons, valued at \$78,488,063. The production of borax was largest in 1894, being 14,680,130 pounds, valued at \$974,445. The largest value of metallic products of all kinds was reached in 1892, when it was \$307,716,239. The same year showed the largest value of non-metallic minerals of all kinds, the amount being \$339,900,715. The corresponding figures for 1894 were \$218,168,788 and \$308,486,774.

THE OPEN SHUTTER: HOW THE KING PLAYED CALIPH*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

Few are ignorant of that weakness of the vulgar which leads them to admire in the great not so much the qualities which deserve admiration as those which, in the eyes of the better-informed, are defects; so that the amours of Caesar, the clock-making of Charles, and the jests of Coligny are more in the mouths of men than their statesmanship or valor. For one thing commendable, two that are diverting are told; and for one man who, in these days, recalls the thousand great and wise deeds of the late King, a thousand remember his occasional freaks, the duel he would have fought, or his habit of visiting the streets of Paris by night and in disguise. That this last has been much exaggerated, I can myself bear witness; for though Varenne, or Coquet, the Master of the Household, were his usual companions on these occasions, he seldom failed to confess to me after the event, and more than once I accompanied him.

If I remember rightly, it was in April or May of this year, 1606, and consequently a few days after his return from Sedan, that he surprised me one night as I sat at supper and, requesting me to dismiss my servants, let me know that he was in a flighty mood; and that nothing would content him but to play the caliph in my company. I was not too willing, for I did not fail to recognize the risk to which these expeditions exposed his person; but, in the end, I consented, making only the condition that Maignan should follow us at a distance. This he conceded, and I sent for two plain suits, and we dressed in my closet. The King, delighted with the frolic, was in his wildest mood. He uttered an infinity of jests and cut a thousand absurd antics; and, rallying me on my gravity, soon came near to making me repent of the easiness which had led me to fall in with his humor.

However, it was too late to retreat, and in a moment we were standing in the street. It would not have surprised me if he had celebrated his freedom by some noisy extravagance there; but he refrained, and contented himself—while Maignan locked the postern behind us—with cocking his hat and lugging forward his sword, and assuming an air of whimsical recklessness, as if an adventure were to be instantly expected.

But the moon had not yet risen, the night was dark, and for some time we went with nothing more diverting than a stumble over a dead dog, a word with a forward wench, or a narrow escape from one of those liquid douches that render the streets perilous for common folk and do not spare the greatest. Naturally, I began to tire, and wished myself with all my heart back at the Arsenal; but Henry, whose spirits a spice of danger never failed to raise, found a hundred things to be merry over, and some of which he made a great tale of afterwards. He would go on; and presently, in the Rue de la Pourpointerie, which we entered as the clocks struck the hour before midnight, his persistence was rewarded. He would have a gay time to-night for a variety. He would be a new Haroun al Raschid and see the town, the people, its wild, after-sundown life with-

out fear, for no one would recognize him in his plain suit.

By that time the moon had risen; but, naturally, few were abroad so late, and such as were to be seen, belonged to a class among whom even Henry did not care to seek adventures. Our astonishment was great, therefore, when, half-way down the street—a street of tall, mean houses neither better nor much worse than others in that quarter—we saw, standing in the moonlight, at an open door, a boy about seven years old.

The King saw him first, and, pressing my arm, stood still. On the instant, the child, who had probably seen us before we saw him, advanced into the road to us. "Messieurs," he said, standing up boldly before us and looking at us without fear, "my father is ill, and I cannot close the shutter."

The boy's manner, full of self-possession, and his tone, remarkable at his age, took us so completely by surprise—to say nothing of the late hour and deserted street, which gave these things their full effect—that for a moment neither of us answered. Then the King spoke. "Indeed, M. l'Empereur," he said, gravely, "and where is the shutter?"

The boy pointed to an open shutter at the top of the house behind him.

"Ah!" Henry said. "And you wish us to close it?"

"If you please, messieurs."

"We do please," Henry replied, saluting him with mock reverence. "You may consider the shutter closed. Lead on, monsieur; we follow."

For the first time the boy looked doubtful; but he turned without saying anything, and, passing through the doorway, was in an instant lost in the pitchy darkness of the entry. I laid my hand on the King's arm, and tried to induce him not to follow, fearing much that this might be some new thieves' trap leading nowhither save to the "poire d'angoisse" and the poniard. But the attempt was hopeless from the first; he broke from me and entered, and I followed him.

We groped for the balustrade and found it, and began to ascend, guided by the boy's voice, who kept a little before us, saying continually, "This way, messieurs; this way!" His words had so much the sound of a signal and the staircase was so dark and ill-smelling, that, expecting every moment to be seized or to have a knife in my back, I found it almost interminable. At last, however, a gleam of light appeared above us, the boy opened the door, and we found ourselves standing on a mean, narrow landing, the walls of which had once been whitewashed. The child signed to us to enter, and we followed him into a bare attic, where our heads nearly touched the ceiling.

"Messieurs, the air is keen," he said, in a curiously formal tone. "Will you please to close the shutter?"

The King, amused and full of wonder, looked around. The room contained little besides a table, a stool, and a lamp standing in a basin on the floor; but an alcove, curtained with black, dingy hangings, broke one wall. "Your father lies there?" Henry said, pointing to it.

"Yes, monsieur."

"He feels the cold?"

* A selected reading from Stanley J. Weyman's story From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Yes, monsieur. Will you please to close the shutter?"

I went to it, and, leaning out, managed, with a little difficulty, to comply. Meanwhile, the King, gazing curiously at the curtains, gradually approached the alcove. He hesitated long, he told me afterwards, before he touched the hangings; but at length, feeling sure there was something more in the business than appeared, he did so. Drawing one gently aside, as I turned from the window, he peered in; and saw just what he had been led to expect—a huddled form covered with dingy bedclothes, and a gray head lying on a yellow, ragged pillow. The man's face was turned to the wall; but, as the light fell on him, he sighed and, with a shiver, began to move. The King dropped the curtain.

The adventure had not turned out as well as he had hoped; and, with a whimsical look at me, he laid a crown on the table, and said a kind word to the boy, and we went out. In a moment we were in the street. The silence of the night was unbroken save by the roistering noises from a band of revelers passing by on their way home. The loud, discordant sounds melted in a few moments into a musical murmur as the disciples of wine and pleasure became lost to sight in the distance. The King seemed to have a singular touch of seriousness, tinged with doubt and fear. The spell of the incomprehensible always gently saddened him whenever he was brought face to face with what he could not understand.

It was my turn now to rally him, and I did so without mercy; asking if he knew of any other beauteous damsel who wanted her shutter closed, and whether this was the usual end of his adventures. He took the jest in good part, laughing fully as loudly at himself as I laughed; and in this way we had gone a hundred paces or so, very merrily, when, of a sudden, he stopped.

"What is it, sire?" I asked.

"Hola!" he said; "the boy was clean."

"Clean?"

"Yes. Hands, face, clothes. All clean."

"Well, sire?"

"How could he be? His father in bed; no one even to close the shutter. How could he be clean?"

"But, if he was, sire?"

For answer, Henry seized me by the arm, turned me round without a word, and in a moment was hurrying me back in the house. I thought he was going thither again, and followed, reluctantly; but twenty paces short of the door he crossed the street, and drew me into a doorway.

"Can you see the shutter?" he said.

"Yes?"

"Then watch it, my friend."

I had no option but to resign myself, and I nodded. A moist and chilly wind, which blew through the street, and, penetrating our cloaks, made us shiver, did not tend to increase my enthusiasm; but the King was proof even against this, as well as against the kennel smells and the tedium of waiting, and presently his persistence was rewarded. The shutter swung slowly open, the noise made by its collision with the wall coming clearly to our ears. A minute later the boy appeared in the doorway, and stood looking up and down.

"Well," the King whispered in my ear; "what do you make of that, my friend?"

I muttered that it must be a beggar's trick.

"They would not earn a crown in a month," he answered. "There must be something more than that at the bottom of it."

Beginning to share his curiosity, I was about to propose that we should sally out and see if the boy would repeat his overture to us, when I caught the sound of footsteps coming along the street. "Is it Maignan?" the King whispered, looking out cautiously.

"No, sire," I said. "He is in yonder doorway."

Before Henry could answer, the appearance of two strangers coming along the roadway confirmed my statement. They paused opposite the boy, and he advanced to them. Too far off to hear precisely what passed, we were near enough to be sure that the dialogue was, in the main, the same as that in which we had taken part. The men were cloaked, too, as were we, and presently they went in, as we had gone in. All, in fact, happened as it had happened to us, and after the necessary interval we saw and heard the shutter closed.

"Well," the King said, "what do you make of that?"

"The shutter is the catchword, sire."

"Aye, but what is going on up there?" he asked. And he rubbed his hands.

I had no explanation to give, however, and shook my head; and we stood awhile, watching silently. At the end of five minutes the two men came out again and walked off the way they had come, but more briskly. Henry, moreover, whose observation was all his life most acute, remarked that whatever they had been doing, they carried away lighter hearts than they had brought. And I thought the same.

Indeed, I was beginning to take my full share of interest in the adventure; and in place of wondering, as before, at Henry's persistence, found it more natural to admire the keenness which he had displayed in scenting a mystery. I was not surprised, therefore, when he gripped my arm to gain my attention, and, as the window fell slowly open again, drew me quickly into the street, and hurried me across it and through the doorway of the house.

"Up!" he muttered in my ear. "Quickly and quietly, man! If there are to be other visitors, we will play the spy. But softly, softly; here is the boy!"

We stood aside against the wall, scarcely daring to breathe; and the child, guiding himself by the hand-rail, passed us in the dark without suspicion, and pattered on down the staircase. We remained as we were until we heard him cross the threshold, and then we crept up; not to the uppermost landing, where the light, when the door was opened, must betray us, but to that immediately below it. There we took our stand in the angle of the stairs and waited, the King, between amusement at the absurdity of our position and anxiety lest we should betray ourselves, going off now and again into stifled laughter, from which he vainly strove to restrain himself by pinching me.

I was not in so gay a mood myself, however, the responsibility of his safety lying heavy upon me; while the possibility that the adventure might prove no less tragical in the sequel than it now appeared comical, did not fail to present itself to my eyes in the darkest colors. When we had watched, therefore, five minutes or more—which seemed to me an hour—I began to lose faith; and I was on the point of undertaking to persuade Henry to withdraw, when the voices of men speaking at the door below reached us, and told me

that it was too late. The next moment their steps crossed the threshold, and they began to ascend, the boy saying, continually, "This way, messieurs, this way!" and preceding them, as he had preceded us. We heard them approach, breathing heavily, and but for the balustrade, by which I felt sure that they would guide themselves, and which stood some feet from our corner, I should have been in a panic lest they should blunder against us. But they passed safely, and a moment later the boy opened the door of the room above. We heard them go in, and without a second's hesitation we crept after them, following them so closely that the door was scarcely shut before we were at it. We heard, therefore, what passed from the first: The child's request that they should close the shutter; their hasty compliance, and the silence, strange and pregnant, which followed, and which was broken at last by a solemn voice. "We have closed one shutter," it said, "but the shutter of God's mercy is never closed."

"Amen," a second person answered in a tone so distant and muffled that it needed no great wit to guess whence it came, or that the speaker was behind the curtains of the alcove. "Who are you?"

"The curé of St. Marceau," the first speaker replied.

"And whom do you bring to me?"

"A sinner."

"What has he done?"

"He will tell you."

"I am listening."

There was a pause on this, a long pause; which was broken at length by a third speaker, in a tone half sultry, half miserable. "I have robbed my master," he said.

"Of how much?"

"Fifty livres."

"Why?"

"I lost it at play."

"And you are sorry?"

"I must be sorry," the man panted, with sudden fierceness, "or hang!" Hidden though he was from us, there was a tremor in his voice that told a tale of pallid cheeks and shaking knees, and a terror fast rising to madness.

"He makes up his accounts to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Someone in the room groaned; it should have been the culprit, but unless I was mistaken the sound came through the curtains. A long pause followed. Then, "And if I help you," the muffled voice resumed, "will you swear to lead an honest life?"

But the answer may be guessed. I need not repeat the assurances, the protestations and vows of repentance, the cries and tears of gratitude which ensue; and to which the poor wretch, stripped of his sullen indifference, completely abandoned himself. Suffice it, that we presently heard the clinking of coins, a word or two of solemn advice from the curé, and a man's painful sobbing; then the King touched my arm, and we crept down the stairs. I was for stopping on the landing where we had hidden ourselves before; but Henry drew me on to the foot of the stairs and into the street.

He turned towards home, and for some time did not speak. At length he asked me what I thought of it.

"In what way, sire?"

"Do you not think," he said, in a voice of much emotion, "that if we could do what he does, and save a man instead of hanging him, it would be better?"

"For the man, sire, doubtless," I answered dryly; "but for the State it might not be so well. If mercy became the rule and justice the exception—there would be fewer bodies at Montfaucon and more in the streets at daylight. I feel much greater doubt on another point."

Shaking off the moodiness that had for a moment overcome him, Henry asked with vivacity what that was.

"Who is he, and what is his motive?"

"Why?" the King replied, in some surprise—he was ever of so kind a nature that an appeal to his feelings displaced his judgment. "What should he be but what he seems?"

"Benevolence itself?"

"Yes."

"Well, sire, I grant that he may be M. de Joyeuse, who has spent his life in passing in and out of monasteries, and has performed so many tricks of the kind that I could believe anything of him. But if it be not he—"

"It was not his voice," Henry said, positively.

"Then there is something here," I answered, "still unexplained. Consider the oddity of the conception, sire, the secrecy of the performance, the hour, the mode, all the surrounding circumstances! I can imagine a man currying favor with the basest and most dangerous class by such means. I can imagine a conspiracy recruited by such means. I can imagine this shibboleth of the shutter grown to a watchword as deadly as the 'Tuez!' of '72. I can imagine all that, but I cannot imagine a man acting thus out of pure benevolence."

"No!" Henry said, thoughtfully. "Well, I think that I agree with you." And far from being displeased with my warmth (as is the manner of some sovereigns when their best friends differ from them), he came over to my opinion so completely as to halt and express his intention of returning and probing the matter to the bottom. Midnight had gone, however; it would take some little time to retrace our steps, and with some difficulty I succeeded in dissuading him, promising, instead, to make inquiries on the morrow, and having learned who lived in the house, to turn the whole affair into a report, which should be submitted to him.

This amused and satisfied him, and, expressing himself well content with the evening's diversion—though we had done nothing unworthy either of a king or a minister—he parted from me at the Arsenal and went home with his suite.

It did not occur to me at the time that I had promised to do anything difficult; but the news which my agents brought me next day—that the uppermost floor of the house in the Rue Pourpointerie was empty—put another face upon the matter. The landlord declared that he knew nothing of the tenant, who had rented the rooms, ready furnished, by the week; and as I had not seen the man's face, there remained only two sources whence I could get the information I needed—the child and the curé of St. Marceau.

I did not know where to look for the former, however; and I had to depend on the curé. But here I came to an obstacle I might easily have foreseen. I found him, though an honest man, obdurate in upholding his priest's privileges; to all my inquiries he replied

that the matter touched the confessional, and was within his vows; and that he neither could nor dared—to please any one, or for any cause, however plausible—divulge the slightest detail of the affair. I had him summoned to the Arsenal and questioned him myself, and closely; but of all armor that of the Roman priesthood is the most difficult to penetrate, and I quickly gave up the attempt.

Baffled in the only direction in which I could hope for success, I had to confess my defeat to the King, whose curiosity was only piqued the more by the rebuff. He adjured me not to let the matter drop, and, suggesting a number of persons among whom I might possibly find the unknown, proposed also some theories. Of these, one that the benevolent was a disguised lady, who contrived in this way to give the rein at once to gallantry and charity, pleased him most; while I favored that which had first occurred to me on the right of our sally, and held the unknown to be a clever rascal, who, to serve his ends, political or criminal, was corrupting the commonalty and drawing people into his power.

Things remained in this state some weeks, and, growing no wiser, I was beginning to think less of the affair—which, of itself, and apart from a whimsical interest which the King took in it, was unimportant—when one day, stopping in the Quartier de Marais to view the works at the new Palace Royale, I saw the boy. He was in charge of a decent-looking servant, whose hand he was holding, and the two were gazing at a horse that, alarmed by the heaps of stone and mortar, was rearing and trying to unseat its rider. The child did not see me, and I bade Maignan follow him home, and learn where he lived and who he was.

In an hour my equerry returned with the information I desired. The child was the only son of Fauchet, one of the Receivers-General of the Revenue; a man who kept great state in the largest of the old-fashioned houses in the Rue de Bethisy, where he had lately entertained the King. I could not imagine any one less likely to be concerned in treasonable practices; and, certain that I had made no mistake in the boy, I was driven for a while to believe that some servant had perverted the child to this use. Presently, however, second thoughts, and the position of the father, taken, perhaps, with suspicions that I had for a long time entertained of Fauchet—in common with most of his kind—suggested an explanation, hitherto unconsidered. It was not an explanation very probable at first sight, or one that would have commended itself to those who divide all men by hard and fast rules and assort them like sheep. But I had seen too much of the world to fall into this mistake, and it satisfied me. I began by weighing it carefully; I procured evidence, I had Fauchet watched; and, at length, one evening in August, I went to the Louvre.

The King was dicing with Fernandez, the Portuguese banker; but I ventured to interrupt the game and draw him aside. He might not have taken this well, but that my first word caught his attention.

“Sire,” I said, “the shutter is open.”

He understood in a moment. “St. Gris!” he exclaimed, “Where? At the same house?”

“No, sire; in the Rue Clôître Notre Dame.”

“You have got him, then?”

I could see Fernandez’s ears almost quiver in their desire to hear and to understand, but he courteously kept his eyes on the dice as if he had heard naught.

“I know who he is, and why he is doing this.”

“Why?” the King cried, eagerly.

“Well, I was going to ask for your Majesty’s company to the place,” I answered, smiling. “I will undertake that you shall be amused at least as well as here, and at a cheaper rate.”

He shrugged his shoulders. “That may very well be,” he said, with a grimace. “That rogue, Pimentel, has stripped me of two thousand crowns since supper. He is plucking Bassompierre now.”

Remembering that only that morning I had had to stop some necessary works through lack of means, I could scarcely restrain my indignation. But it was not the time to speak, and I contented myself with repeating my request. Ashamed of himself, he consented with a good grace, and bidding me go to his closet, followed a few minutes later. He found me cloaked to the eyes, and with a soutane and priest’s hat on my arm. “Are those for me?” he said.

“Yes, sire.”

“Who am I, then?”

“The Curé of St. Germain.”

He made a wry face. “Come, Grand Master,” he said; “he died yesterday. Is not the jest rather grim?”

“In a good cause,” I said, equably.

He flashed a roguish look at me. “Ah!” he said, “I thought that that was a wicked rule which only we Romanists avowed. But, there; don’t be angry. I am ready.”

Coquet, the Master of the Household, let us out by one of the river gates, and we went by the new bridge and the Pont St. Michel. By the way I taught the King the rôle I wished him to play, but without explaining the mystery; the opportune appearance of one of my agents, who was watching the end of the street, bringing Henry’s remonstrances to a close.

“It is still open?” I said.

“Yes, your Excellency.”

“Then come, sire,” I said. “I see the boy yonder. Let us ascend, and I will undertake that before you reach the street again, you shall be not only a wiser but a richer sovereign.”

“St. Gris!” he answered, with alacrity. “Why did you not say that before, and I should have asked no questions. On, on, in God’s name, and the devil take Pimentel!”

I restrained the caustic jest that rose to my lips, and we proceeded in silence down the street. The boy, whom I had espied loitering in a doorway a little way ahead, as if the great bell above us which had just tolled eleven had drawn him out, peered at us a moment askance; and then, coming forward, accosted us. But I need not detail the particulars of a conversation which was almost word for word the same as that which had passed in the Rue de la Pourpointerie; suffice it that he made the same request with the same frank audacity, and that, granting it, we were in a moment following him up a similar staircase.

“This way, messieurs, this way!” he said, as he had on that other night, while we groped our way upwards in the dark. He opened a door, and a light shone out; and we entered a room that seemed, with its bare walls and rafters, its scanty stool, and table and lamp, the very counterpart of that other room. In one wall appeared the dingy curtains of an alcove, closely drawn; and the shutter stood open, until, at the child’s request,

expressed in the same words, I went to it and closed it.

We were both so well muffled up and disguised, and the light of the lamp shining upwards so completely distorted the features, that I had no fear of recognition, unless the King's voice betrayed him. But when he spoke, breaking the oppressive silence of the room, his tone was as strange and hollow as I could wish.

"The shutter is closed," he said, "but the shutter of God's mercy is never closed!"

Still, knowing that this was the crucial moment, and that we should be detected now if at all, I found it an age before the voice behind the curtains answered "Amen!" And yet another age before the hidden speaker continued "Who are you?"

"The curé of St. Germain," Henry responded.

The man behind the curtains gasped, and they were for a moment violently agitated, as if a hand seized them and let them go again. But I had reckoned that the unknown, after a pause of horror, would suppose that he had heard amiss and continue his usual catechism. And so it proved. In a voice that shook a little, he asked, "Whom do you bring to me?"

"A sinner," the King answered.

"What has he done?"

"He will tell you."

"I am listening," the unknown said.

The light in the basin flared up a little, casting dark shadows on the ceiling, and at the same moment the shutter, which I had failed to fasten securely, fell open with a grinding sound. One of the curtains swayed a little in the breeze. "I have robbed my master," I said, slowly.

"Of how much?"

"A hundred and twenty thousand crowns."

The bed shook until the boards creaked under it; but this time no hand grasped the curtains. Instead, a strained voice—thick and coarse, yet differing from the muffled tone which we had heard before—asked, "Who are you?"

"Jules Fauchet."

To this there was no response.

I waited. The King, who understood nothing, but had listened to my answers with eager attention, and marked no less closely the agitation which they caused in the unknown, leaned forward to listen. But the bed creaked no more; the curtains hung still; even the voice, which at last issued from the curtains, was no more like the ordinary accents of a man than are those which he utters in the paroxysms of epilepsy. "Are you—sorry?" the unknown muttered, involuntarily, I think; hoping against hope; not daring to depart from a formula which had become second nature. But I could fancy him clawing, as he spoke, at his choking throat. The wellspring of mercy in my own heart seemed choked, and I felt none of the sympathy with contrite sin that should have been mine.

France, however, had suffered too long at the hands of that race of men, and I had been too lately vilified by them to feel much pity; and for answer I lifted a voice that to the quailing wretch must have been the voice of doom. "Sorry?" I said, grimly. "I must be—or hang!"

The King's hand was on mine, to stop me before the last word was out, but his touch came too late. As it rang through the room, one of the curtains before us

was twitched aside and a face glared out, so ghastly and drawn and horror-stricken, that few would have known it for that of the wealthy "fermier," who had grown sleek and fat on the King's revenues. I do not know whether he knew us, or whether, on the contrary, he found this accusation, so precise, so accurate, coming from an unknown source, still more terrible than if he had known us; but on the instant he fell forward in a swoon.

"St. Gris!" Henry cried, looking on the body with a shudder. "You have killed him, Grand Master! It was true, was it?"

"Yes, sire," I answered. "But he is not dead, I think." And, going to the window, I whistled for Maingnan, who in a minute came to us. He was not very willing to touch the man, but I bade him lay him on the bed and loosen his clothes, and throw water on his face, and presently M. Fauchet began to recover; he looked around the room with the dull eyes of one who sees but cannot comprehend; whose head is filled with strange dazed memories of dreams.

I stepped a little aside, that he might not see me, and, accordingly, the first person on whom his eyes lighted was the King, who had laid aside his hat and cloak, and taken the terrified and weeping child on his lap. M. Fauchet stared at him a while before he recognized him; but at last the trembling man knew him, and, tottering to his feet, threw himself on his knees, looking years older than when I had last seen him in the street.

"Sire," he said, faintly, "I will make restitution."

Henry looked at him gravely, and nodded. "It is well," he said. "You are fortunate, M. Fauchet; for, had this come to my ears in any other way, I could not have spared you. You will render your accounts and papers to M. de Sully to-morrow, and, according as you are frank with him, you will be treated."

Fauchet thanked him with abject tears, and the King rose and prepared to leave. But at the door a thought struck him, and he turned. "How long have you done this?" he said, indicating the room by a gesture, and speaking in a gentler tone.

"Three years, sire," the wretched man answered.

"And how much have you distributed?"

"Fifteen hundred crowns, sire."

The King cast an indescribable look at me, wherein amusement, scorn and astonishment were all blended. "St. Gris, man!" he said, shrugging his shoulders and drawing in his breath sharply, "you think God is as easily duped as the King: I wish I could think so."

The poor, sinful wretch had no answer to this last arrow cast by his master. The King passed from the room, and together we went down the dark stairs into the street.

He did not speak again until we were half-way back to the Louvre; when he opened his mouth to announce his intention of rewarding me with a tithe of the money recovered. It was duly paid to me, and I bought with it part of the outlying lands of Villebon—those, I mean, which extend towards Chartres. The rest of the money, notwithstanding all my efforts, was wasted here and there, Pimentel winning thirty thousand crowns of the King that year. But the discovery led to others of a similar character, and eventually set me on the track of a greater offender, M. l'Argentier, whom I brought to justice a few months later.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Maidenhood.....Francis Thompson.....Sister Songs

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul—
As hoarded in the vine,
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine,
As air sleeps, till it toss its limbs in breeze—
In whom the mystery which lures and sunders,
Grapples, and thrusts apart; endears, estranges;
The dragon to its own Hesperides—
Is gated under slow revolving changes,
Manifold doors of heavy-hinged years.
So once ere Heaven's eyes were filled with wonders
To see Laughter rise from Tears,
Lay in beauty, not yet mighty,
Couchèd in translucencies,
The antenatal Aphrodite
Caved magically under magic seas;
Caved dreamlessly beneath the dreamful seas.

Fils de La Vierge....Augusta Larned....In Woods and Fields (Putnam)

The floating webs in the air which come with St. Martin's summer are called by the French, "fils de la vierge."
In the days of mild comfort for Summer's decline,
When all the leaves drip with the Sacrament's wine,
And leaves whirl about in the bland tepid breath
Of the South that sighs over this beauteous death,
The Virgin sits high o'er the sphere of the earth
And spins to her moods both of sadness and mirth—
Spins to her thoughts of beginning and ending,
Spins to her dreams of soft twining and blending,
Spins to the motion of orbs in their rolling,
Spins to the far sound of bells in their tolling,
Spins to the vision of God in his glory,
Spins to the earth-life so mixed in its story;
Her moods o'er the Indian Summer are shed,
Her thoughts are twined into the silk of the thread.
Spin, Virgin, spin.

Softly her threads through the ether are faring,
Shot from the distaff their messages bearing,
Rising in puffs of this mild-breathing weather,
Holding above like a heavenly tether,
Silver their shining as downward they wander,
And the good wealth of their fortunes they squander;
Airy and lightsome the tissue is gleaming
Of all that the soul of the spinner is dreaming—
Flower-like visions and soft brooding splendor,
Love that heals wounds for the Summer's surrender,
Touches of mercy, chaste maidenly kisses,
Slip from her spindle like visible blisses,
Fall in the vapors and glow in the forest,
Heal with sweet patience where need is the sorest.
Spin, Virgin, spin.

Down they come slanting through bright woodland mazes,
Down through the pearl of the valley's still hazes,
Down through the red and the gold in their gliding,
Russet and crimson of autumn's providing;
Down where the gentian has opened its eyes
And smiled at its mother, the blue of the skies,
Where on the upland lie fern, patch and boulder,
And the hills darkling purple push buttress and shoulder;
Down where the waters are smoky in showing,
And shadow and sunlight are coming and going;
And soft is the earth-sigh for all it is losing,
And glad are the birds who the south-lands are choosing;
Then come the threads the Virgin is spinning,
And in them seem meshed the soft sound of her singing.
Spin, Virgin, spin.

She has spun out all this fair golden weather,
Spun it and twined it to float like a feather;

Woven of hopes to the hearts that are dearest,
Woven of memories fondest and nearest,
Peace for the restless and sleep for the weary,
Courage and comfort when long days are dreary;
Here is the Kingdom of God in the showing,
Like the strange vision of Patmos all glowing,
Speaking of faith to the sad and the sighing,
Preaching of life to the sick and the dying;
So as she spins on the rim of the ocean,
And feels the earth glide in its gladness of motion,
Sings she her song, to the universe rhyming,
And sets all the spheres in harmonious chiming.

Spin, Virgin, spin.

Mystery....Charles T. Lusted....Blackwood's Magazine

Curse not the web of circumstance;
Is God no God to thee?
A brooklet ripples not by chance
To join the brimming sea;
By law its babbling waters dance,
And skip in minstrelsy.
And are the laws of sea and brook
But fables in thine eyes?
And are the leaves of nature's book
Writ with eternal lies?
Is there no God of law to look
On man, and sympathize?
Are great worlds moving without plan?
That plan by chance begot?
The smallest insect doubt may scan
Shows wisdom, without blot;
Then, be ye patient, foolish man,—
God is, or law were not.

*The Song of the Cavalry Bugle..Richard Henry Savage..Poems**

1861-1865. *An Old Soldier's Reverie.*
In the hush of the calm and peaceful night,
When all is lone and still,
I think I hear an old-time strain,
An echo from the hill;
My heart beats fast—my pulses bound—
Old friends I seem to see—
The ringing, singing bugle brings
The old days back to me!
I care not for the serried ranks,
The battery's rumbling noise;
The patter of fleet chargers' hoofs
Alone bids me rejoice.
With old-time saucy yellow crests
We swept across the lea,
When the ringing warrior bugle sang
Its sweetest note to me!
I know its voice—each clarion note
That bade my heart-strings thrill!
There's "Reveille,"—and "Stables,"
With "Taps" when all is still!
The "Forward"—now—the "Rally"—
And "Charge"—it used to be—
In olden days through battle-smoke
The bugle sang to me!
I heard that voice above the fight
At "Aldie" when with pride
We drove the foe; it sadly sang
When Philip Kearney died!
At Yellow Tavern, too, it wailed
A requiem, wild and free—
And how it thrilled at "Opequan"
The loyal blood in me!

*From After Many Years. Published by F. Tennyson Neely.

Great God! that day and grand array
 Crowds back from buried years!
 With Custer's face, the scene to grace,
 And Lowell's name brings tears!
 With Bayard, Buford and the rest—
 Gone to eternity.
 The ringing, singing bugle's note
 Has magic power of me!
 Kilpatrick! daring, gallant soul,
 And Dahlgren's graceful shade—
 With Sheridan—still in the van
 In battle-garb arrayed!

They've ridden to the silent night,
 Yet oft their forms I see—
 When the ringing, singing bugle brings
 The old days back to me!
 Oh! loved and lost on every field,
 Your heads are lying low;
 Some where the roses bloom in peace
 And some 'neath prairie snow—
 The olden music calls you up,
 Again I seem to see
 The men I loved to follow when
 The bugle sang to me!

The Ballad of Chickamauga.....Maurice Thompson.....Century
 By Chickamauga's crooked stream the martial trumpets blew;
 The North and South stood face to face, with War's dread work to do.
 O lion-strong, unselfish, brave, twin athletes battle-wise,
 Brothers yet enemies, the fire of conflict in their eyes,
 All banner-led and bugle-stirred, they set them to the fight,
 Hearing the god of slaughter laugh from mountain height to height.
 The ruddy, fair-haired, giant North breathed loud and strove amain;
 The swarthy shoulders of the South did heave them to the strain;
 An earthquake shuddered underfoot, a cloud rolled overhead.
 And serpent-tongues of flame cut through and lapped and twinkled red,
 Where back and forth a bullet-stream went singing like a breeze,
 What time the snarling cannon-balls to splinters tore the trees.
 'Make way, make way!' a voice boomed out, "I'm marching to the sea!"
 The answer was the rebel yell and Bragg's artillery.
 Where Negley struck, the cohorts gray like storm-tossed clouds were rent;
 Where Buckner charged, a cyclone fell, the blue to tatters went;
 The noble Brannan cheered his men, Pat Cleburne answered back,
 And Lytle stormed, and life was naught in Walthall's bloody track.
 Old Taylor's Ridge rocked to its base, and Pigeon Mountain shook;
 And Helm went down, and Lytle died, and broken was McCook.
 Van Cleve moved like a hurricane, a tempest blew with Hood,
 Awful the sweep of Breckenridge across the flaming wood.
 Never before did battle-roar such chords of thunder make,
 Never again shall tides of men over such barriers break.
 'Stand fast, stand fast!' cried Rosencranz; and Thomas said, "I will!"
 And, crash on crash, his batteries dashed their broadsides down the hill.
 Brave Longstreet's splendid rush tore through whatever barred its track,
 Till the Rock of Chickamauga hurled the roaring columns back,
 And gave the tide of victory a red tinge of defeat,
 Adding a noble dignity to that hard word, retreat.
 Two days they fought, and evermore those days shall stand apart,
 Keynotes of epic chivalry within the nation's heart.
 Come, come, and set the carven rocks to mark this glorious spot;
 Here let the deeds of heroes live, their hatreds be forgot.
 Build, build, but never monument of stone shall last as long
 As one old soldier's ballad borne on breath of battle-song.

A Ballad of London..Richard le Gallienne..Poems (Copeland & Day)

Ah, London! London! our delight,
 Great flower that opens but at night,
 Great City of the Midnight Sun,
 Whose day begins when day is done.
 Lamp after lamp against the sky
 Opens a sudden beaming eye,
 Leaping alight on either hand
 The iron lilies of the Strand.
 Like dragon flies, the hansoms hover,
 With jeweled eyes, to catch the lover;
 The streets are full of lights and loves,
 Soft gowns, and flutter of soiled doves.
 The human moths about the light
 Dash and cling close in dazed delight,
 And burn and laugh, the world and wife,
 For this is London, this is life!
 Upon thy petals butterflies,
 But at thy root, some say, there lies
 A world of weeping trodden things,
 Poor worms that have not eyes or wings.

From out corruption of their woe
 Springs this bright flower that charms us so;
 Men die and rot deep out of sight
 To keep this jungle-flower bright.
 Paris and London, World-Flowers twain
 Wherewith the World-Tree blooms again,
 Since time hath gathered Babylon,
 And withered Rome still withers on.
 Sidon and Tyre were such as ye—
 How bright they shone upon the Tree!
 But Time hath gathered, both are gone,
 And no man sails to Babylon.
 Ah, London! London! our delight,
 For thee, too, eternal night;
 And Circe Paris hath no charm
 To stay Time's unrelenting arm.
 Time and his moths shall eat up all;
 Your chiming towers, proud and tall,
 He shall most utterly abase,
 And set a desert in their place.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Ed. Mott, the Old Settler

Edward Harold Mott, better known by his pen name of Ed. Mott, was born at Milford, Pike County, Pa., in 1845. He was, says The Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer, apprenticed to the printer's trade at that place in 1857, and worked at the case for seven years, both there and in Philadelphia. From 1865 until 1873, he owned and edited newspapers at various places in Pennsylvania and New York State. In 1871 he began writing for New York newspapers and made a specialty of back-woods stories. In 1873 he engaged in such work exclusively, and followed it until 1875, when he was employed by the Erie Railway Company to write its descriptive pamphlets and other literature. In 1879 he began the series of sketches in the New York Sun, which soon became well known as the Old Settler stories, a collection of which, under the title of *The Old Settler*, *The Squire*, and *Little Peleg*, has just appeared, with the imprint of Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. In 1880 he was placed at the head of the literary and advertising bureau of the Erie Railway Company, holding at the same time a confidential position with the Standard Oil Company. In 1883 he resigned those positions to do literary work entirely. A collection of his sketches, under the title of *Pike County Folks*, was published about that time. It was reprinted in London, and favorably reviewed by the London Spectator. Besides his work on the New York Sun, Mr. Mott is a regular contributor to the magazines, humorous weeklies and monthlies, and to the journalistic syndicates. He is engaged also in writing a history of the Erie Railway Company, a work he began twenty years ago.

Anna Katharine Green and Her Work

The recent publication of Doctor Izard calls to mind the name of an American author who has never failed to interest her many readers. The cause for this is not far to seek. She does not write unless vitally interested in her characters and plot. Such works as *The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock*, and *Doctor Izard*, told as Anna Katharine Green tells them, is no ordinary task. A book a year is all she can write, and oftener the interval is much longer. When the day comes to sum up this author's work it seems to us that it will be found that her peculiar and exceptional talents will be classed far above any contemporaneous notice that her books have evoked. With her, action speaks louder than words. There is quite as much analysis of motive in her books as in those of many professedly analytical writers, if the reader will take the pains to understand the true significance of action and apply it to the study of character; but the casual or careless reader is not apt to give himself that trouble. If this were not so, talented men and women, high in the esteem of their professional brethren, would not be numbered among her admirers. Her books are read and re-read, and with keener zest upon the subsequent reading than upon the first, when her remarkable constructive skill does not stand in the way of appreciating the many touches indicative of a truly comprehensive and artistic mind. Mrs. Charles Rohlfs, the name by which the author is known to her personal acquaintances, has a number of orders for stories, but no

stories to fill them with. Few authors wait to have a story to tell.

In a recent conversation with the author she said, naïvely: "It is a pleasure to find that America is becoming of some use to England. After Doctor Izard was published I became aware that an English author had made use of the same idea that gave me the impetus to write my book. Next I received word from my German publisher that he could not publish my book because a story already purchased by him was identical in its theme. I understand this, because all are undoubtedly based upon the same reported fact of a most remarkable occurrence in one of our middle Southern States. There has been no copying, I am told, by my friends, for I have not read the books. Each author has started and finished the story in their own way, and although I am curious to know how they have used the given material, I would not like to dissipate the image of Doctor Izard from my mind. To me he is one of the strongest characters I have handled, and I grew to love him as if he were really the man I pictured. Doctor Zabriskie, in *The Doctor, his Wife and the Clock*, is also a fascinating being. Some reviewers have spoken of him as a physician who does things that are only to be found between the covers of books. If I felt disposed to enter into a controversy, I am in a position to prove that what I have caused Dr. Zabriskie to do falls far short of the every-day work of noted hypnotic physicians practising not many miles from New York City. So on it goes. I have found that what can be conceived by the mind is within the possibilities of natural performance. Our comparatively small knowledge stands in the way of our comprehension of the possible, and even the probable, and to the end truth will be stranger than fiction."

So little is known of the personal appearance of the author of the *Leavenworth Case* and fifteen other works, not the least interesting of which are two volumes of stirring poems, that we present a cut in our opening pages made from a photograph by Falk. She is the mother of three children, with whom, and her husband, she lives in Buffalo, N. Y. She is modest in the extreme, very warm and loyal in her friendships, and numbers among her friends many men and women of worth and attainment both here and abroad.

Varina Anne Davis

"Winnie Davis," as Miss Varina Anne Davis is always called, was born in the Executive Mansion at Richmond, Virginia, at the close of the war—in June, 1864, I believe—and when she was in long clothes she was sharing her father's prison cell with him. She had her experiences of war before that, says Harper's Bazar, for she took part in the retreat from Richmond, jolting along for hundreds of miles in an ambulance. Even at that early stage in her career she showed that she was worthy to be a soldier's daughter; for, according to her mother, who ought to know, she never fretted or was cross, and if the ambulance gave a particularly hard bounce over the rough roads her baby cheeks would flush with pain, but she kept her tears back for more trying occasions. Her father had been at Fortress Monroe for a year when Mrs. Davis and Winnie joined him. The other

children, being older, were left in Canada with their grandmother. Winnie was still a babe in the arms; all day long she would play contentedly in her father's prison-room. She was much petted by the officers and their wives, but she preferred to be with her father in his cramped quarters, rather than to enjoy the freedom that he could not share.

The first five years of the little Winnie's life were spent in England; then she was brought back to Memphis, Tenn. At an unusually early age she showed a taste for reading, and her parents directed her young mind through the fields where the best literature grew. Her father was particularly proud of her precocity, and loved to read aloud to her and listen to here wise comments on what he read. The climate of the South did not agree with the child, so she was sent to a boarding-school at Carlsruhe, Germany, where she not only learned the language of the country, but became equally proficient in French, so that when she went to Paris, at the end of her German school days, she had only to put the finishing touches to her knowledge of that language. She also studied music and drawing, and though she never has done as much with those two arts as she should have, considering her talents, she occasionally charms her friends with a song, or delights them with the gift of a painting by her hand. At the age of seventeen Miss Davis returned to her native land, and continued her studies under her father's direction. She not only studied and read with him, but she shared his love of horses, and many were the long rides they took on their thoroughbreds through the woods at Beauvoir. Though a studious girl, and fond of reading, she is an out-of-door girl as well, and not having a horse in New York, where she spends her winters, or at Narragansett Pier, where her summers are passed, she mounts her wheel and flies over the roads in a manner that would astonish her favorite horse if he could see her.

Miss Davis made her social début in New Orleans, just after her return from Paris, as Queen of the Carnival. Shortly after this she accompanied her father to Atlanta, Ga., where, at a reception tendered to him, she was introduced to the cheering crowd by General John Gordon as "the daughter of the Confederacy," and by that name she is known all through the South. That the Confederate soldiers regard her in this light is proved by the number of regimental and brigade badges which they have presented her, and which she wears when she attends their reunions. Miss Davis' début as a writer may be said to have been made in a pamphlet she wrote for a New Orleans literary club, and which was published and passed through three editions. She has written for *The North American Review* and other periodicals, so that when she wrote *The Veiled Doctor* she was hardly a novice with the pen. That, however, was her first novel; but, judging by the way it has been received, it will not be her last. In fact, I believe that she was already engaged on another before *The Veiled Doctor* was published.

Famous Lewis Carroll The author of *Alice in Wonderland*, charming, kindly gentleman that he is, has a horror of anything approaching to publicity which might almost be called morbid, writes Ethel Mackenzie McKenna in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. So much does he dread a chance encounter with the ever wily interviewer, and even the possibility

of a betrayal by an acquaintance, that he avoids making friends. Only a very few of those who surround him are admitted to his intimacy and enjoy the charm of his quick sympathy, bright intelligence and wide learning. The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (who has striven to hide his individually under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll), has spent the greater part of his life in college. He was elected a student—i. e., a fellow—of Christ Church in 1854, and from 1855 to 1881 he was mathematical tutor. His subject is mathematics, and he has contributed a number of books to its literature. Curiously enough, he hardly realizes that his fame has come to him, not as the advanced mathematician, but as the author of the most fascinating nonsense that ever was written. When in the first flush of her success, Alice was in every hand, and her *Wonderland* adventures were the delight of grownup people as well as of children, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, sent a message to the author begging him to send her his next book. Like all her subjects, she was anxious to hear more of the delightful child, whose prototype was the daughter of the dean of Christ Church. She was much astounded to receive, soon after, a copy of *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants*, by C. L. Dodgson, for in those days he had managed to preserve his incognito, and her majesty, like the rest of the world, believed him a mere humorist. Mr. Dodgson is a clergyman in deacon's orders; he was never ordained a priest, owing, it is said, to a slight hesitancy of speech which prevents his speaking in public. This, however, he has in a measure overcome, and he not infrequently reads the lessons and prayers at the college services in the cathedral. He has even occasionally been known to preach at the special services for the college servants. He is a creature of habit, and in term-time is never absent from his own particular seat in St. Mary's.

Miss Braddon and Her Long Career. Miss Braddon's forthcoming serial, which has been secured by the Tillotson Syndicate from Leng & Co., of Sheffield, is not, we understand, a historical novel, though the scene is laid in London, and near Oxford, in the years of the Plague and the Fire. It is better described, says the London Literary World, as a novel of manners, a study of fashionable life under the Restoration, when the reaction against Puritanism was at its height, and London pleasures were more reckless and extravagant; when almost every man was a desperado, and almost every woman a rake. It is a story of "love that never found its earthly close." The fact that an Italian paper is now publishing a translation of *Aurora Floyd* in serial form, is of interest. There are few English novels that have reached more distant readers, or been translated into a greater number of foreign languages than Miss Braddon's early novel. In the islands of the South Seas, the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson described it as the "pièce de resistance" of the British and the favorite romance of the natives. In *The Wreckers*, Mr. Stevenson, in his fine description of the deserted ship, speaks of a yellow-backed *Aurora Floyd* lying on a shelf in the cabin; and he informed a friend that the trading schooners which tramp from island to island, acting as perambulatory Mudies, as well as Whiteleys, were always well stocked with *Aurora Floyd*; while one of his early experiences in the wonderful Southern home which the magic of his pen

brought before us with such vividness, was the recital at night to a wrapt audience of Aurora Floyd in the Hawaiian tongue.

Possibly the identification of Miss Braddon's genius with this early work, so that Aurora Floyd has, in the Colonies and America, come to be the author's representative novel, may be due to the fact that Providence has persistently lavished the choicest of free advertisements upon this particular story. When it first appeared Aurora Floyd was at once dramatized and half-a-dozen different versions put upon the stage. Then litigation began. The adaptors fell into legal quarrels among themselves, and, finally, an important copyright question reached a decision when the original author felt compelled to defend her own by restraining the multiplication of copies in the shape of prompt books. The decision given in favor of Miss Braddon was of importance to all fiction-weavers; and to this day there is rarely a copyright case in the courts in which the name of the fair Aurora is not bandied about between counsel. Then the notorious Tichborne claimant made his famous misquotation about "them as has plenty of money and no brains," etc., in his diary, and those who had never read Aurora Floyd now read it to verify this immortal passage, and discover if it threw any light on Arthur Orton's history. The Lord Chief Justice—the late Sir A. Cockburn—read the book, and in his marvelous summing-up paused to pay a handsome compliment to its writer, and to point out that the sentiment expressed in the epigram was that of a low-born adventurer and not the writer's, but that the bad grammar in the diary was not to be laid to the charge of the fictitious scoundrel, but the living one. To this day the claimant's own words are quoted from time to time in the public press, and are immediately followed by the correction that the epigram is Miss Braddon's and not Orton's.

Pierre Loti at Home

What a singular medley of characteristics we find in Pierre Loti! says Madame Adam in the *New Budget*. A dreamer to the point of absorption in dreaming, so active as to be fond of the "tour de force." All this gives Pierre Loti the aspect of a man of well-balanced, cool spirit, and at the same time of a certain supple, inflexibility which is peculiar to himself. Among the rarest of the artistic qualities with which Pierre Loti is endowed, is one which gives pleasure to all who approach him; that is, the exquisite and truly incomparable taste which enables him to turn the smallest object to account in giving character to a decoration. The slightest drapery, a vase, furniture disposed in a certain manner, and you say to yourself: "I am in such a country," or "I find myself back in another century." What in France is called "style" in the arrangement of interiors, reaches the same perfection in Loti as his ability to render what he sees. In reading one of his descriptions it is impossible not to see what he has seen. On entering a "salon" or a room with whose decoration he has been occupied, one has a precise representation of the time and of the country he has sought to recall.

The paternal residence at Rochefort is the most astonishing habitation imaginable. The first drawing-room in Loti's house is a modern room, richly furnished, very elegant, and altogether of the fashion of the day; but this drawing-room looks out on a pagoda—not an imitation, but a real pagoda—brought back piecemeal

from the island of Formosa. Loti and his comrade, Jean Dargène, went night after night, at the risk of their lives, to bring away some portion of it, before demolishing it altogether, to carry it home to France. Thus, bit by bit, Loti had traced its smallest detail, and was enabled to reconstruct it with such exactitude that it gives one the sensation of having been instantly transported to the scenes which witnessed both the glory and the sufferings of our great Admiral Courbet. Pierre Loti made the campaign of the isle of Formosa on the *Triomphante*. From the pagoda we ascend a little stairway, which leads to a Turkish "salon" of such strikingly original character that the impression made upon one who has once entered it can never be forgotten. It copies the interior of an Arabian dwelling with such scrupulous fidelity, that I do not exaggerate when I say that, in spite of the poetry and grace of every detail, in spite of the richness of the arabesque, the shimmering of the hangings, the attraction of the furnishings, which all invite to "dolce far niente," and the incomparable beauty of the carpets, of which Loti possesses a choice collection, a woman there feels the oppressive anguish of a prison. From the Turkish apartment one passes, by stairways leading back to the front of the house, to Madame Pierre Loti's own room. Loti's chamber is the room of a Breton peasant. The bed is very high, with tall posts of oak, and curtains of red and white checked cotton; there is a tall dresser and an ancient oaken table, which, with its little basin and ewer of water, serves as washstand. The floor is tiled. There is a pair of sabots at the foot of the bed. Here we find ourselves in Brittany, at home with the "Pêcheur d'Islande," after having traversed the First Empire and Turkey and China. But we go downstairs now, cross the garden, and ascend again to enter a mediæval dining-room, which is a most beautiful, most radiant room, and is, even among so many astonishing things, by far the greatest wonder of the house.

It was for the inauguration of this admirable apartment that Loti gave to forty selected guests a fête Louis XI., which we can never forget. He had written or given verbally to us all the design and color of our costumes, so that each of us might contribute to the perfect harmony of the general effect which he had planned. The preparation for this fête had acquired such fame in the city of Rochefort that the loungers in the streets fully expected to see me brought in a chariot drawn by oxen, and that I would alight "en costume." How shall I give an idea of an entertainment on which Loti and two young pupils of Jacob-de-Chartes had lavished their efforts during six months? The viands and drinks had been the subjects of much research; the former had been frequently essayed during a long period of time, and the latter were carefully made ready in advance, that they might most perfectly reproduce the sensations enjoyed by our ancestors. Loti had discovered in an isle of La Charente two old musicians who played airs of that bygone time. One of them was more than eighty years old, and he died of the joyous excitement of the occasion, a few days after his triumph. In the anteroom, as we entered, we saw the body of a man swinging from a gallows. Scarcely were we seated at the tables when the sound of trumpets announced the arrival of a troop of Saracenic prisoners. Since we were in "joie et festin," we bestowed pardon on them, and they seated themselves.

in our company. It was a surprise that wrung cries of terror from me, to feel a trapdoor rising under my feet, and to see thus admitted a band of acrobats, who proceeded to execute most curious feats of strength and agility. Meantime we continued to feast; foods and drinks were set before us in long succession; it would take a volume to describe it all. It would be impossible to mention all the details of that unique entertainment. I will speak only of the ceremonious entry of a superb roast peacock, with tail spread, carried on the shoulders of four squires, and preceded by a band of musicians playing the traditional peacock's march. After dinner there was a dance that was especially applauded—the torch dance—in which young girls wrapped in long muslin veils, and young men, danced the dance of the torches. The smoking flames flitting about the white draperies, outlining the intricacies of the figures of the dance, kept us in constant fear of danger; and, at the same time, the sensation of witnessing a sacred dance, revived after the lapse of centuries of neglect, aroused our enthusiasm.

Cambridge's New Professor of Modern History The appointment of Lord Acton, says the Westminster Gazette, to the regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge is the very best that could possibly have been made. It is equally creditable to Lord Rosebery who offered, and to Lord Acton who accepted the post. As every one is asking "Who is Lord Acton, and what has he written?" some information on these subjects may not be unacceptable to your readers. Lord Acton is a kinsman of the historian Gibbon. Gibbon says, in his autobiography, speaking of Sir Whitmore Acton of Aldenham: "I am thus connected, by a triple alliance, with that ancient and loyal family of Shropshire baronets." Later on he speaks of Dr. Acton, who "settled at Besançon, and became the father of three sons, the eldest of whom, General Acton, is conspicuous in Europe as the principal minister of the King of the Two Sicilies." This General Acton is Lord Acton's grandfather; his father was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and his uncle was a cardinal. Lord Acton became a baronet on his father's death, at the age of one year and three weeks, and five years later his mother married Earl Granville. At the age of sixteen he went to live in the house of Professor Döllinger, of Munich, to whom he owes his education and the formation of his mind. At the age of thirty-one Lord Acton married Countess Marie Arco Valley, of a distinguished Bavarian family well known in German history.

Much more might be said on this topic if space permitted, but I must try to answer the more interesting question, "What has Lord Acton written?" In the first place, he has written many books which bear the names of other people. The secret of these is only known to their reputed authors, for Lord Acton would never reveal it. He was for some years editor of the Home and Foreign Review, the volumes of which contain many articles from his pen on ancient and modern history and political science. He took his share with Döllinger in the great controversy about Papal infallibility. He published two letters on Liberty, and he has written a fair number of essays and reviews in the English Historical Review. Some fifteen years ago he was engaged on a history of the popes of the reformation, for which he had made large collections. It was

to have been written in German, and to have formed part of the series of Heeren and Uckert. He is now supposed to be writing a history of Liberty. His range of knowledge is most remarkable. He knows something of all history, and everything about some history. His Special Periods may, perhaps, be said to be the formation of the Roman Empire; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, especially in Italy; the reformation, the period of the revolution, and of Napoleon. Besides this he knows, as few only know, the history of political theory and the formation of the American Constitution. Perhaps the most remarkable evidence of his thoroughness and versatility is to be found in the English Historical Review for October, 1888, which contains articles on two subjects as dissimilar as Lea's History of the Inquisition and Bright's fourth volume.

Lord Acton is a man of most laborious habits. He works it is difficult to say how many hours a day. His library at Aldenham, said to be the finest private library in England, contains 60,000 volumes, all of which he has read, or, as Gibbon says, "sufficiently examined," and he can send for any book he wants without reference to a catalogue. His method of study is peculiar. He reads a number of volumes, and marks the passages which strike him by the insertion of long slips of paper. When a number of these books has accumulated, he copies out the passages on slips of ruled paper, about five inches deep by eight wide. These are sorted and arranged in boxes, so that they may be referred to at a moment's notice. Lord Acton possesses many thousands of these slips, which are of such a nature as to be of permanent value.

Eliza D. Keith and Her Work. Eliza D. Keith, whose excellent

work has been frequently reprinted in our columns, is of New England and Knickerbocker ancestry, a native of San Francisco and a graduate of its public schools. Under the pen name of "Di Vernon," Miss Keith began her career as staff writer for the San Francisco News Letter. Her articles have been extensively copied throughout the United States. Her work has appeared in the leading papers of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, and in many important journals of the East. Miss Keith on several occasions has acted as special correspondent for the Sacramento Record-Union, representing that paper at the Columbian Exposition. Her World's Fair letters were praised on all sides for their clearness and graphic power. The bronze medal of the San Francisco Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been awarded to her for eminent services rendered to the literature of the prevention of cruelty. Another most commendable hobby of hers is practical patriotism and earnest effort to rescue the stars and stripes from desecration by the advertising fiend. Her first published article, indeed, when she was about thirteen years old, was upon Our Flag, and was all aglow with the instincts of high patriotism. The importance of a Columbus Day celebration by school children was first urged upon the attention of the San Francisco public by Miss Keith in her "Di Vernon" column of the San Francisco News Letter. To her also belongs the honor of originating the idea of a patriotic organization among school children, to be known as "The Order of the American Flag." This idea has been claimed by an Eastern woman, but as she does not produce dates to prove the priority of her ideas, and Miss

Keith does, it is evident that to the Californian belongs the credit of the patriotic inspiration.

Eliza D. Keith was the first teacher to introduce the salute to the American flag as a part of the regular opening exercises each day in the classroom. After she had imbued other teachers with her spirit of patriotism so that where once she alone had had the flag saluted, a whole school joined in the exercise. This pioneer work in making American patriots, stimulated many others to follow in the path Miss Keith had opened.

In March, 1894, she had the proud satisfaction of witnessing the official adoption of her patriotic idea. The Board of Education in San Francisco passed a resolution that the last hour of the last Friday of each month should be given to patriotic exercises, including the salute of the flag. Miss Keith has been asked to address the National Council of Women at Atlanta in October, and has recently been reappointed a member for the Pacific Coast in their Committee of Patriotic Instruction. Frank Leslie's Weekly thus characterized Miss Keith in strong, clear terms: "One of the best known and most progressive of the newspaper women of the West—keen, active, alert mind, spontaneous and yet reflective withal; with concentrative, analytical keenness and pronounced individuality, a warm, enthusiastic temperament, a remarkable degree of fluency, both of idea and of language. Warmth, progressiveness, ardent aspiration, ambition, independence and artistic appreciation in her are all conspicuous. Perseverance, indomitable determination, nervous intensity and versatility are among her leading characteristics." Miss Keith is most sincere in her work; thoroughly, almost aggressively American, and with the courage of her convictions is doing good work in bravely standing for what she feels is right and true.

Catulle Mendès

The banquet which was given to M. Mendès to celebrate his nomination to the Order of the Légion d'honneur of France, says the St. James's Budget, was the literary event of the moment in Paris. For nearly forty years he has been one of the most conspicuous figures of the literary and social world in Paris. He was only a boy when he joined the ranks of the young Parnassians. He did as much as anyone to form them into a company, and to-day he is still fighting the battle of the Parnassians against the later movements and schools. Early in his tempestuous campaign he established the *Revue Fantaisiste*, which ceased to exist when he was fined and imprisoned for having published within its covers a poem the allurements of which offended the Public Censor. Then, in 1866, he married Mademoiselle Judith Gautier, the daughter of the poet, but they separated before long, and the reverberations of the incident filled the ears of Paris for several years. It was about this time that M. Mendès began to take an especial interest in Wagner, and became one of his intimate friends. Wagner had been a contributor to the *Revue Fantaisiste* in 1861, at the time of his unsuccessful débüt in Paris as a composer. But it was not until a decade later that M. Mendès commenced to champion Wagner's cause in France. One of the merits of M. Mendès is that he fought the Wagner fight to its recent finish in Paris, and by pen and by word of mouth he has always exalted Wagner in the teeth of a hostile public.

This has been only one feature of his ardent cult of

art and beauty. It is not his fault if the arena of modern French letters has not been a scene of duels, tournaments, galas, banquets, adventures, and exciting occurrences of every kind, for one of his characteristics is his capacity for furnishing "incidents." If a play of his is refused at a theatre the affair is somehow converted into a small "cause célèbre," and he is prone to find in personal paragraphs offenses which would escape the attention of other people. In such instances he courts duels by sending forth Hotspur notes like this: "Messieurs—The items which you have been impudent enough to publish about me are false. If you did not mean to be personal you were badly informed; otherwise you are imbeciles." If he is invited to read a poem at a banquet where such dignitaries as M. Berenger and M. Bruntière are present, he is certain to create an "incident" by maliciously, or at least mischievously, laying special emphasis upon "ce cher Baudelaire." In short, his life would yield more material for a sensational literary chronicler than that of most of his confrères. And yet he is a most indefatigable worker, a most prolific writer, some fifty volumes and plays owing their existence to his pen. He has poured forth poems, novels, "contes," dramas, comedies, addresses, prefaces. A facile and elegant artisan of prose, he is likewise an adept chiseller of verse. He has written of "boudoirs de verre," of love confessions, of the hygiene of beauty, and of the songs of France. His tales of his Colettes and his Luscignoles are prettily decked out. His Spanish serenades are full of rich decoration. But of all his productions, and as a result of his career, what will remain?

M. Mendès has answered the question for us as follows: "A few volumes preserved, because of their dedications, in the libraries of the friends whom I leave behind; two or three poems, or merely a sonnet in anthologies, and also, perhaps, a chimera of which I sometimes sweetly dream, my bust in the Luxembourg gardens—oh! by no means so high nor so large as that of my beloved friend and master, Banville. My pride rises up strangely when my devotion to poetry, not my output, is placed in question, and my greatest satisfaction comes from the fact that, through all the misfortunes, the joys and the agitations of life, I have fulfilled unfailingly and with enthusiasm my literary duty. It is for this that I love to be praised." M. Mendès is of medium size, his hair and beard are of a soft brown color, and silky. His manners are graceful and rather theatrical. You see him occasionally at the National Library in the Rue Richelieu, where he will order the attendants to bring him several piles of books; he will then begin to make a few notes, friends will come in, and, in his quick, nervous way, he will hurry off and forget to complete his research. At a "première" he often appears with his hat and clothes unkempt, his hair ruffled, and his beard untrimmed, as if he had been in a dream for a week. He has often described the miserable hole-in-the-wall where he was living when, one winter morning years ago, a pale, timid, unheard-of youth named François Coppée was ushered in, and their long acquaintanceship began. There was one chair, a "lit de sangle," a grate without fire, poverty, a very faint hope of success or notoriety. At present M. Mendès is "chez lui" at Chatou, that favorite suburban village which lies by the winding steel-gray Seine, not far from the terrace of Saint-Germain, in a most beautiful stretch of country.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The Confessional in Letters

ELBERT HUBBARD.....THE PHILISTINE

In the year 1848 Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Mass., made a lecturing tour through England. Among the towns he visited was Coventry, where he was entertained at the residence of Mr. Charles Bray. In the family of Mr. Bray lived a young woman by the name of Mary Ann Evans, and although this Miss Evans was not handsome, either in face or figure, she made a decided impression on Mr. Emerson. A little excursion was arranged to Stratford, an antiquated town of some note in the same county. On this trip Mr. Emerson and Miss Evans paired off very naturally, and Miss Evans of Coventry was so bold as to set Mr. Emerson of Concord straight on several matters relating to Mr. Shakespeare, formerly of Stratford. "What is your favorite book?" said Mr. Emerson to Miss Evans, somewhat abruptly. "Rousseau's Confessions," said the young woman, instantly. "And so it is mine," answered Mr. Emerson. All of which is related by Moncure D. Conway, in a volume entitled *Emerson at Home and Abroad*. A copy of Conway's book was sent to Walt Whitman, and when he read the passage to which I have just referred, he remarked, "And so it is mine."

Emerson and Whitman are probably the two strongest names in American letters, and George Eliot stands first among women writers of all time; and as they, in common with many Lesser Wits, stand side by side and salute Jean Jaques Rousseau, it may be worth our while to take just a glance at M. Rousseau's book in order, if we can, to know why it appeals to people of worth. The first thing about the volume that attracts is the title. There is something charmingly alluring and sweetly seductive in a confession. Mr. Henry James has said: "The sweetest experience that can come to a man on his pilgrimage through this vale of tears is to have a lovely woman 'confess' to him; and it is said that while neither argument, threat, plea of justification, nor gold can fully placate a woman who believes she has been wronged by a man, yet she speedily produces, not only a branch, but a whole olive-tree when he comes humbly home and confesses." Now, here is a man about to 'fess to the world, and we take up the volume, glance around to see if any one is looking, and begin at the first paragraph to read: "I purpose an undertaking that never had an example and the execution of which will never have an imitation. I would exhibit myself to all men as I am—a man. * * * Let the last trumpet sound when it will, I will come, with this book in my hand, and present myself before the Sovereign Judge. I will boldly proclaim: Thus have I acted, thus have I thought, such was I. With equal frankness have I disclosed the good and the evil. I have omitted nothing bad, added nothing good. I have exhibited myself, despisable and vile when so; virtuous, generous, sublime when so. I have unveiled my interior being as Thou, Eternal One, hast seen it." Now where is the man or woman who could stop there, even though the cows were in the corn?

And, as we read further, we find things that are "unfit for publication" and confessions of sensations that are

so universal to healthy men that they are irrelevant, and straightway we arise and lock the door so as to finish the chapter undisturbed. For, as superfluous things are the things we cannot do without, so is the irrelevant in literature the necessary. Having finished this chapter, oblivious to calls that dinner is waiting, we begin the next; and finding items so interesting that they are disgusting, and others so indecent that they are entertaining, we forget the dinner that is getting cold and read on. And the reason we read on is not because we love the indecent, or because we crave the disgusting, although I believe Burke hints at the contrary, but simply because the writing down of these unbecoming things convinces us that the man is honest and that the confession is genuine. In short, we come to the conclusion that any man who deliberately puts himself in such a bad light—caring not a fig either for our approbation or our censure—is no sham.

And there you have it! *We want honesty in literature.* The great orator always shows a dash of contempt for the opinions of his audience, and the great writer is he who loses self-consciousness and writes himself down as he is, for at the last analysis all literature is a confession.

The Ishmaelites who purvey culture by the ton, and issue magazines that burden the mails—study very carefully the public palate. They know full well that a "confession" is salacious: it is an exposure. A confession implies something that is peculiar, private and distinctly different from what we are used to. It is a removing the veil, a making plain things that are thought and performed in secret. And so we see articles on "The Women Who Have Influenced Me," "The Books that Have Made Me," "My Literary Passions," etc. But, like the circus bills, these titles call for animals that the big tent never shows; and this, perhaps, is well, for otherwise 'twould fright the ladies. Yes, I frankly admit that these "confessions" suit a certain constituency better than the truth. Writers of these confessions practice careful concealment of the truth that they have hands, senses, eyes, ears, organs, dimensions, passions. You can prick them and they do not bleed, tickle them and they do not laugh, poison them and they do not die; simply because they are only puppets parading as certain virtues, and these virtues the own particular brand in which the subscribers delight.

That excellent publication, *The Forum*, increased its circulation by many thousands when it ran a series of confessions of great men, wherein these great men made sham pretense of laying their lives bare before the public gaze. Nothing was told that did not redound to the credit of the confessor. The "Formative Influences" of sin, error and blunders were carefully concealed or calmly waived. The lack of good faith was as apparent in these articles as the rouge on the cheek of a courtesan: the color is genuine and the woman not dead, that's all. And the loss lies in this: These writers—mostly able men—sell their souls for a price, and produce a literature that lives the length of life of a moth, whereas they might write for immortality. Instead of inspiring the great, they act as clowns to entertain the rabble. Of course, I know that Rousseau's *Confessions*.

Amiel's *Journal* and Marie Bashkirtseff's *Diary* have all been declared carefully-worked-out artifices. And admitting all the wonderful things that scheming man can perform, I still maintain that there are a few things that life and nature will continue to work out in the old, old way. I appeal to those who have tried both plans, whether it is not easier to tell the truth than to concoct a lie. And I assiduously maintain that if the case is to be tried by a jury of great men, that the shocking facts will serve the end far better than sugared half-truth.

When Richard Le Galliene tells us of the birth of his baby and for weeks before how White Soul was sure she should die; and Marie Bashkirtseff makes pains-taking note of the size of her hips and the development of her bust; and poor Amiel bewails the fate of eating breakfast facing an empty chair; and Rousseau explains the delicate sensations and smells that swept over him on opening his wardrobe and finding smocks and petticoats hanging in careless negligence amid his man's clothes; and all those other pathetic, foolish, charming, irrelevant bits of prattle, one is convinced of the author's honesty. No thorough-going literary man, hot for success, would leave such stuff in; he would as soon think of using a flesh brush on the public street; these are his own private affairs—his good sense would have forbade. A good lie for its own sake is ever pleasing to honest men, but a patched-up record, never. And when such small men as Samuel Pepys and James Boswell can write immortal books, the moral for the rest of us is that a little honesty is not a dangerous thing. And so I swing back to the place of beginning and say that while even a sham confession may be interesting to "hoi polloi," yet to secure an indorsement from such minds as that of Emerson, George Eliot and Walt Whitman the confession must be genuine.

The Modern American Newspaper STUDYING THE VULNERABLE POINT....HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The evolution of the modern newspaper is, perhaps, the most interesting, as it is the most characteristic, expression of the age. In its present form it is scarcely twenty-five years old, and yet we are so familiar with it, it is so much a part of our daily life, like the water and gas and electricity laid on in our streets and houses, that we do not appreciate its cheapness, or stop to think often how dependent we are on it. The daily newspaper has taken on an entirely new aspect in the last quarter of a century, in the ground it covers and in the machinery for its production and distribution. No other product has so much increased in the cost of its production, and none that we daily use has decreased so much in cost to the consumer, relatively to its value. In many of the recent changes America has been the pioneer.

The great departure of American journalism, however, has been in the character rather than in the quantity of news given, though the character rather determines the quality. And it is just here that the question is beginning to be raised as to how long the newspaper can go on in its present course, and whether it will not break down by its own weight. We see what this question is and what this danger is when we reflect that the newspaper has made a recent violent departure in the kind of news it collects and prints. It used to be the province of the newspaper to give only public news, or news of private persons in their public capacity. There

could be set some limit to this, although to give the daily public news of the world would tax the capacity of any newspaper in existence. But now it is more and more the practice of the newspaper to give all the news possible of private persons who have no sort of connection with public affairs. In the nature of the case there is no limit to this sort of news. It is a chronicle of the most trivial actions of the entire population. The newspaper becomes a sort of daily directory. In response to this demand for publicity the newspaper must become more and more local. It cannot find space for general news if it is to satisfy this newly-awakened desire for notoriety on the part of its readers.

And the size of the newspaper is increased in another way, besides that of daily making itself a catalogue of unknown names and insignificant events. It seeks also to furnish reading for all within its reach, and to furnish all their reading. It becomes, therefore, more of a reading miscellany than a record of the important news of the world. This requires still more space. The subscriber expects not only to see his own name in the paper occasionally, but that it shall supply him with reading for his evenings and his Sundays. We are not now considering the effect of this upon the public, whether the reading furnished is good or bad, and whether the present generation, fed upon this sort of chopped food, frightfully mixed, will not get a fearful indigestion, and be unable to get any good out of books and real literature; we are thinking only of the ultimate fate of the newspaper itself. How long can it go without breaking down under this extreme expansion—this chase of advertisements through circulation? The quality of the newspaper can be no longer considered. It is only a question of size. The newspaper brags about its size. There may be no more news worth reading in the forty pages than formerly in the eight, but the paper is forced on in this direction, and there is no limit to the demand for increasing pages. It is, apparently, a hopeless race.

Perhaps the publishers may ascertain a limit to which they can go by the measure of the patience of their readers. That is beginning to be a little tried. The readers are beginning to say that the newspaper takes too much time, and that in the mass of miscellany, advertisements, and of displayed and diluted news, it is difficult to find anything they want. The kind of news offered has become a burden. Its infinite, unimportant details tire the reader. One hears very often a wish for the smaller, old-fashioned newspaper, that gave only the public news, and itself sifted rumors and spared the reader pains. A newspaper of the first ability and of the first enterprise, which reverted to the old idea of the newspaper, that it is not a neighborhood chronicle of small-beer or a mere miscellany of sensational stories, would be a costly paper to make, for the world is very much awake, and takes an interest in a much wider range of ideas and of intelligence than satisfied our grandfathers. The newspaper that attempts every day to present a picture of the world, and to be trustworthy, must have a most intelligent and discriminating corps of news-gatherers. The public is more and more capable of forming its opinions without editorial suggestion, but in order to do this it must know exactly and without prejudice what happens.

Anybody who is industrious can gather gossip and rumors and pour them into the telegraph or into the

newspaper columns, but it requires knowledge and experience to gather valuable and trustworthy news. And it is the news department of the American papers—that department which is generally supposed to be their great distinction—that just now most needs attention. No one at all acquainted with public opinion can fail to hear that confidence in the news daily printed is daily diminishing. This is common talk. This want of confidence is partly begotten by the absolute recklessness of a few prominent newspapers; and it is true that most newspapers take great pains to ascertain the truth of news they print, and that which is printed is commonly much more trustworthy than the talk of the street or the gossip of ordinary intercourse, which passes from mouth to mouth with little or no attempt at verification. The editors are generally anxious for the truth, and exercise great care and have a sense of public responsibility, but they are the victims of newsgatherers, telegraphic and other, who lack knowledge and discrimination, or who are forced into sensationalism by rivalry. Much as we boast of our "reportorial" enterprise, the lack of public confidence in the news printed shows that the reporting department of the American newspaper is its weakest part. It is doubtful if it can be greatly improved while the modern notion prevails of chasing the unlimited gossip about people in private life, instead of confining itself to legitimate news of general interest.

Poets Conscious of Their Power

H. M. SANDERS.....THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

Among English writers, Ben Jonson had as good a conceit of himself as most, and he was not afraid of uttering his conviction of his own superiority. His egotism was almost fierce in its intensity. For example, he left his Cynthia's Revels to the judgment of his audience, with the assurance that the play was good, and that they might like it if they pleased; and in the last line of the Court Epilogue to Every Man Out of His Humor, he proclaimed in Latin that he "hunts not for the suffrages of the windy multitude." But in determining to maintain a high poetic standard Jonson over-acted his part, and laid himself open to the ridicule and sarcasm of lesser men. As the late Mr. J. A. Symonds said, "He identified the sacred bard with his own person, posed before the world as Apollo's High Priest, and presumed upon his erudition to affect the lordly airs of an authentic Aristarchus." And yet when the victims of his satire dared to put in a good word for themselves, and to accuse their tormentor of "self-love, arrogance, impudence, and railing," Jonson blazed out in righteous indignation at their amazing conceit!—

If they should confidently praise their works,
In them it would appear inflation;
Which in a full and well-digested man
Cannot receive that foul, abusive name.

There is no doubt that Wordsworth actually regarded himself as consecrated to his special work. He sings in The Prelude:

I made no vows,
But vows were then made for me: bond to me
Was given that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit;

and a dedicated spirit he became and remained throughout his life.

Haydon, the painter, tells us that Wordsworth and Keats were the only two persons he had ever seen who looked conscious of a mission. Poor Keats, less gifted in body than the older poet, had the same conviction of the reality of his inspiration. Assailed even more fiercely by the critics, he knew equally well that he understood himself far better than his reviewers. Within six months of the savage attack made upon his Endymion, he could write to his brother in words that are very manly but very pathetic: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death. * * * The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is any doubt about my powers for poetry. I seldom have any, and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none." It was this same spirit that animated Milton, that fed the flame of his poetry during the stern times of the Civil War, when he subordinated his higher aspirations to his present duty as the champion of Liberty and Truth. As fully conscious of his poetic gifts as ever Wordsworth was, he never during the heat of his fiercest conflict, gave up his determination to write a great poem, one that should last forever. The words that Browning uses of his own mental growth might have been put into Milton's mouth:

So as I grew I rudely shaped my life
To my immediate wants, yet strong beneath
Was a vague sense of powers folded up—
A sense that though those shadowy times were past
Their spirit dwelt in me, and I should rule.

Victor Hugo is as self-impressed as most of the moderns, but there was a tinge of theatricality and exaggeration in the man that somewhat mars the effect of his belief. It appears in the preface which he wrote for the collected edition of his writings: "Of the value of the sum of work here presented time alone can decide. But this at least is already certain, and satisfies the author that in our own day, in the present tumult of opinions, * * * there is no reader, be he who he may, who, if he is himself worthy of respect, will lay down the book without respecting the author." There is one instance in which a question has arisen as to whether a poet were fully conscious of his genius or not. In the case of Wordsworth, of Keats, of Hugo, of Browning, there is no doubt at all. We can put our finger on their own words to prove the statement. But it is not so evident upon the surface with Shakespeare. The careless profusion with which his gifts were lavished, his apparent negligence as to the fate of his work, the strange omission to collect or edit his plays, have made some wonder whether, after all, Shakespeare was inspired without knowing it. They have taken literally his thirty-second sonnet, in which he speaks of his "poor rude lines," and begs his friend

Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

But how is this view swept away by the proud declaration with which the fifty-fifth opens—

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

and by the eighty-first—

Your monuments shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'erread.

But the grandest proof of all is the theory—if it is not

more than a theory—that identifies the poet with his own creation, Prospero, and makes the words of the great magician the true utterance of Shakespeare himself. And there is something very fit in the leave-taking when the poet, whose fingers have run over the whole gamut of the music of human life, bids farewell to the creatures of his brain, dismisses Caliban, his strength, and Ariel, his fancy, and drowns his book of magic

Deeper than did ever plummet sound.

It is difficult to take another view. It would be to make Shakespeare a monster, an intellectual deformity, incomprehensible and unreal. We cannot fall in with any conception of him that would regard him as "vox, et praeterea nihil," a mere mouthpiece for an irresponsible indwelling genius. We feel that the greatest of the world's poets was as fully cognizant of marvelous power as Shelley or as Milton, and that of himself and of no mere visionary wizard was he thinking when he wrote:—

I have bedimmed
The noon tide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war. * * *

* * * the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art.

Reticence in Literature

THE OPPRESSIVENESS OF DETAIL....THE SPECTATOR

The passion for detailed information about every conspicuous person must be energetic in mankind to consume the piles of biography which are annually heaped up for it—fuel enough to smother an ordinary flame. After all, biography is Clio's last word; it is generally by reference to the personal memoirs that a student of history checks and completes his chronicles. For even of men of action history records the bare acts, and without the motive, actions are only half understood; while among all books none are more valuable than those rare ones which present men whose personality more than any separable achievement confers on them a claim to greatness; men like Johnson, Maurice, or Jowett. But for artists of all sorts, and above all for poets, silence is the best endowment. What they produced, not what they did or what they were, is the thing to preserve. The life of Turner conveys curious information, but how does it help one to enjoy Turner's pictures? When we are told that Keats used to pepper his tongue to intensify the pleasure of a drink, we may understand better how he came to write the stanza:

"O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delved earth."

It stamps the fact that Keats lived intensely in the senses; but will the knowledge heighten our pleasure in his poetry?

Very often, indeed, biography ruins a work of art for us; inquisitive mankind rakes about in the dust-heaps of antique scandal, and pays for its curiosity in lost illusions. A poet has to make statements about feelings, often in his own person; his subject-matter is frequently suggested by his own experience and desires, always somehow connected with them; the web of lyrical thought is spun mostly spider-fashion. Then in steps

biography with a string of names and dates, and fails to work identifying Byron's Thyrza, Shelley's Miranda, and so forth. Who can take a pleasure in the stanzas to Lady Byron ("Fare thee well, and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well") for thinking of the rascality it was to publish them? Yet, considered apart from circumstances—considered as a poem—they are, in spite of their tawdriness, a splendid protest against cold, unfor-giving severity. We read, with delight in the workmanship, Horace's—

"Audire, Lyce, Di mea vota, Di
Audire, Lyce; fis anus et tamen
Vis formosa videri."

But then we have not Lyce's side of the story. Is Shakespeare the happier, or are we, that the sonnets may be read merely as the painting of passion in such verse as no one has equalled?—verse that we read with more exquisite pleasure, because in it the chief of all writers expresses to us not another's feelings but his own. Of the squalid circumstances we know nothing; only we know that the feelings are not imagined. Mr. Browning, it is true, doubted whether Shakespeare truly "unlocked his heart"; and, "if Shakespeare did, then the less Shakespeare he." If Shakespeare did not, language has no meaning; but whether Shakespeare was right to do so is another matter. Mr. Browning, for his own part, says that "he, too, has his cowslips, dewy and dear," but he declines to bring the world in upon them; still, there lies an appeal from the writer of *Pacchiarotto* (in which volume these sentiments occur) to the poet who wrote *One Word More*, the poem in which he dedicates to his wife the fifty "Men and Women":

"Take them, love, the book and me together;
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also;"

the poem written in the metre that he used—

"Once, and only once, and for one only."

Choice has to be made between the poem and the principle, and by a chorus of votes overboard goes the principle—Mr. Browning voting with the majority. For what is he saying in this identical poem but that, were the book extant in which Raphael "wrote his century of Sonnets," he and she—

"Would rather read that volume
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas;"

and again, had the angel been finished that Dante prepared to paint for Beatrice—

"You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? than read a fresh Inferno."

The curious thing is that all we English-speaking people approve of Browning's principle. It shocks many minds that a widower should publish poems describing his bereavement; they think that a man possessed by a great and real grief does not string rhymes about it; when a poet's own personal feelings are admittedly his stock-in-trade, the feelings become suspect; and the best possible poem on widowhood would be discredited if the poet remarried within a year. This is a perfectly uncritical point of view; poetry demands that a feeling should be felt, and no more; that it should convey through the words a sense of reality; whether historically

the artist did or did not experience what he describes; whether or not the circumstances were as he puts them, literature does not care; it only desires that he should give the impression of a feeling arising naturally from certain causes. Poetry demands a certain reticence no doubt; reticence is the supreme virtue in style; but that is only a restraint to heighten the effect produced. Ferdinand, in *The Duchess of Malfi*, looks at his sister whom he has done to death, and says nothing but—

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young."

Admitting at once, as a curse upon the artist nature, that it can experience no emotion without at the same instant, and by a kind of recoil, perceiving how the feeling could be turned to artistic account, it must also be admitted that for men whose business it is to express emotions in words, it becomes almost a necessity to throw into literary form their own masterful emotions. Even Scott, so sedulous in repressing his feelings, did this in his *Journal*. But Scott, it is answered, did not publish the *Journal* in his life. Where the exposure affects no one but the writer, it is hard to see why it should be less indecent after his death. If it is indecent to recall the secrets of your heart, death alters nothing in the case. The truth is, that a poet, like any other artist, obeys his instinct to produce; and having produced, an instinct no less imperious bids him communicate to others the finished work. That is the law of his artist-nature; to make something, so that other people may see and feel the beauty, the terror or the sadness, of what he has made. Only by communicating his work can he test the success of his effort to embody the feeling in his own mind and thereby produce like feelings in other minds. Why express if not to impart? And in this peculiar power to express resides his best justification, for, as the expressing of his feelings solaces himself, so it gives relief to others, in whom feeling is a dumb inarticulate murmur, when they find their inmost thought worthily set forth. That a man should not lightly parade bereavement, whether real or imagined, is well; but if he can make sorrow beautiful, and in the doing of it relieve not his heart only, but other hearts, perhaps in other ages,—is he to be silent, to hide away his music, lest he should be suspected of shallowness? Decency and self-respect must fix the limit; and the question is complicated by sex—since things that women talk of freely enough to one another have, until recently, been kept out of books written for men as well as women. But upon many matters a writer may use language that he would avoid with his closest friend in the small hours of morning: for though writing of feelings as his own, under circumstances known to be real, he addresses no one directly and looks for no answer; no matter how intimate a friend may be, you cannot grow lyrical with him over your sorrows, because if you did he would not know which way to look; he can read with sympathy and a tragic pleasure what he could not hear uttered without confusion and awkwardness.

The Literary Labors of Genius

THE PRICE OF FAME.....ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

Scott is said to have written *Waverley* in less than six weeks. He wrote very rapidly, *seldom revised, and as a consequence, his novels are full of blunders, inaccuracies and anachronisms.

Burns committed his poems to memory as he com-

posed them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labor of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.

Gibbon devoted over twenty years of his life to the labor of reading for and writing the *Decline and Fall*. It is one of the most stupendous literary feats ever accomplished by the labor of one man.

Thomas Moore often wrote a short poem almost impromptu. He consumed over two years in reading and preparing material for *Lallah Rookh*, and two years more in writing that inimitable poem.

Congreve would prepare a drama for the stage in a week or ten days, though four or five times this period was given to the work of revision and reconstruction after the play had been to the actors.

Irving wrote the first 120 pages of *Bracebridge Hall* in ten days; the *Alhambra* was mostly written during the three months he spent in that palace; his *Life of George Washington* required nearly five years.

Emerson is reported often to have spent from six months to a year in the composition of one or two short essays. His object was the condensation of the greatest possible thought into the fewest number of words.

Johnson commonly required three or four months for the composition of a drama. He generally revised it after the rehearsals had begun, adding here and taking away there, as his judgment and fancy dictated.

Froude passed seven years in collecting materials and in writing his *History of England*. He was very careful in the selection of data and spent whole days in the effort to verify a single fact or citation.

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the sketching out of the plan of *Paradise Lost* and the completion of that work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into two or three years.

Dickens says, in the introduction to *David Copperfield*, that he spent two years in the composition of that novel. He did not usually require so long a time, many of his novels being finished in less than a year, and most of his shorter stories in a few days.

George Eliot is said to have written *Middlemarch* in four months. Some doubt is thrown upon this statement by the fact that she commonly worked slowly, writing with great care and deliberation, and making few erasures after her work was done.

Bancroft devoted nearly thirty years to his *History of the United States*, which is not a history of the United States at all, since it ends where the history of the country properly begins. Had the work been continued on the same scale down to the present, seventy-five or eighty volumes would have been required.

Mrs. Clark required sixteen years to prepare the *Concordance to Shakespeare*.

Cruden labored nineteen years on his *Concordance to the Bible*, and immediately after its publication was sent to a lunatic asylum. He never entirely recovered from the mental disease induced by this gigantic undertaking.

Buckle devoted nearly twenty years to the collection of materials for his *History of Civilization*. He wrote only a portion of the introduction, which remains a great monument to his literary and philosophical teachings. If the work had been finished on the same scale as begun, a hundred volumes would not have sufficed.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Baffled....Waking to Loneliness....Travellers Record

To sleep and dream of him
Is all that will ease my pain ;
A soft little hand on my throat,
And I wake to the horror again.

His baby and mine lies there
With his father's very smile,—
All that is left to prove to me
That we lived and loved for a while.

Sometimes I think I must wake
And be crushed in a close embrace ;
That I'll hear him say " My Beloved,"
And feel his hot breath on my face.

This torture is driving me mad ;
I wake, and I can't understand,
For his baby is clasping my throat,
With the trick of his father's hand.

To sleep and dream of him,
Is all that will ease my pain ;
A soft little hand on my throat,
And I wake to the horror again.

She and I....James Berry Bensel....Lover's Year Book (Roberts)

And I said, " She is dead ; I could not brook
Again on that marvelous face to look."

But they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin.

Once again alone in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I, face to face.

And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood, and with love I looked on her.

With love and with rapture and strange surprise
I looked on the lips and the close-shut eyes ;

On the perfect rest and the calm content
And the happiness in her features blent,

And the thin white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch,—

My beautiful dead who had known the strife,
The pain and the sorrow that we call life,

Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss.

And the smile that sweetened her lips alway
Lay light on her heaven-closed mouth that day.

I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but could not think her dead.

I felt, with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.

And down over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I should not hear.

Then out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul.

"Why weep you to-day who have wept before
That the road was rough I must journey o'er ?

"Why mourn that my lips can answer you not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot ?

"Behold, all my life I have longed for rest,—
Yea, e'en when I held you upon my breast.

"And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing you sigh and weep.

" My dearest, I know that you would not break—
If you could—my slumber and have me wake.

" For though life was full of the things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."

Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head
I left my mother, my beautiful dead.

Judge Not....Adelaide A. Proctor....Poems

Judge not ; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eye a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
Maybe a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou darest to despise—
Maybe the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait, and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain ;
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days !

A Message from the Dead.....Poems from the Inner Life

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal, [floor—
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore.

Once before I found a mortal,
Waiting at the heavenly portal— [door ;
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening
When I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as
of yore ;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending, [shore.
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial
As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother, [more,
From the golden gate of glory turn I to the earth once
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness, [being o'er.
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened
Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampires, sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in
anguish sore ;
Life and I then seemed mismatched,
For I felt accursed and fated, [shore.
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered
channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—life's token—
Into shining shards was broken, [prison door.
And my chained and chafing spirit leaped from out its
But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying, [I implore,
"Ye who guide the Fates and Furies, give, O give me,
From the myriad host of nations,
From the countless constellations, [adore! "
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened
spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real— [Lenore.
Burst more brightly on my vision than the loved and lost
'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me, [upbore;
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary, [shore.
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending, [for evermore;
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

O, my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's, [the more;
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart for evermore.

Sympathy.....Hamilton Aide.....Poems

We are as harps that vibrate to a touch
From stranger hands, unconscious of the strings,
While the soul's slumbering echoes wake to life,
And through its halls responsive music rings.

Few are the Davids to these harps of ours!
Few learn the cunning of the instrument;
And those to whom the gift has been denied
Are oftenest those with whom our lives are spent.

But God's large gift of love is showered around.
Let us be thankful. Earth were too like Heaven,
If, with the power of loving deep and long,
That other gift of sympathy were given.

Unending.....Love's Empire.....All the Year Round

There is an end to kisses and to sighs;
There is an end to laughter and to tears,
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears,
An end to enmity's foul libeling
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword;
The empire now is but like him—a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;

Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men; to them we bend.
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas,
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of nature pass and pass;
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee,
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad, farewell of his friend.
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

Love's Good-bye.....Katrine Trask.....Poems

Look into my eyes, my love, and say good-bye—
Love is not love save it hath made us strong
To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng
For doing. Men may fail, but you and I
Should be invincible to live, or die;
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long,
For joys withheld, and God to answer why;
To banish yearning hope if it be vain;
To say good-bye if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved, then we might complain
Parting were murdered possibility;
But loving, O my love, so perfectly,
We are beyond the touch of any pain.

Beautiful Hands.....James Whitcomb Riley.....Poems

O your hands—they are strangely fair!
Fair—for the jewels that sparkle there,—
Fair—for the witchery of the spell
That ivory keys alone can tell;
But when their delicate touches rest
Here in my own do I love them best,
As I clasp with eager acquisitive spans
My glorious treasure of beautiful hands!

Marvelous—wonderful—beautiful hands!
They can coax roses to bloom in the strands
Of your brown tresses, and ribbons will twine,
Under mysterious touches of thine,
Into such knots as entangle the soul,
And fetter the heart under such control
As only the strength of my love understands—
My passionate love for your beautiful hands!

As I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze and the queenly bow
As you said to me, laughingly, "Keep it now!"
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fullness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet,
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering and give me to-night,
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Fooling the Great Tree Crab

SPORT IN AFRICA....LONDON PUBLIC OPINION

In Africa there exists a certain member of the crab genus commonly known as the Great Tree Crab. This peculiar shellfish has an offensive trick of crawling up the cocoanut-trees, biting off the cocoanuts, and then creeping down again backwards. The theory is that the nuts are shattered by the fall, and the Great Tree Crab is thus enabled to enjoy a hearty meal. Now, the natives who inhabit regions infested by this ill-conditioned crab are well aware that the lower portion of the crab's anatomy is soft and sensitive, and they believe that the "bivalve" was thus constructed in order that he might know when he had reached the ground, and when, consequently, he might with safety release his grasp of the trunk. So what they do in order to stop his depredations, which often ruin the cocoanut crops, is this: While the crab is engaged in nipping off the cocoanuts, they climb half-way up the trees, and there drive in a row of long nails right round the tree, allowing an inch or so of the nails to project. The crab has no knowledge of disaster nor yet of the fitness of things. As he descends, the sensitive part of his body suddenly touches the nails. Thinking that he has reached the ground, he naturally lets go. Instantly he falls backwards and cracks his own shell on the ground.

The Love Instinct in Animals

NATURAL HISTORY COURTSHIP....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

Naturalists who have studied the habits of the lower animals have discovered in them a physical development totally unexpected. A degree of æstheticism is found in many families of the animal kingdom; while ethics, concrete, it is true, yet, nevertheless, pure and well defined, has reached a remarkably high degree of development. Although the lower animals do not possess a conscience like man, yet some of them have acquired a psychic element which dimly foreshadows a knowledge of the difference between good and evil in their concrete meaning. We find the evidence of this concrete ethical element in all animals which have memory, and which are at all social in their habits. The dog in its primitive condition, before it became domesticated, was essentially a social animal; so, also, was and is the elephant. The ant, the bee, and the wasp are social animals; so also are some of the birds; and it is in these animals that we find evidence of concrete ethics. Concrete ethics concerns the individual weal alone of the animals in which it is to be noticed; it subserves the purpose of preserving the species, of continuing the race, and is strictly material; hence, it should not be confounded with abstract ethics or morals. To put it plainly, the ethics of the lower animals is simply social law. Æstheticism, however, is confined to no particular family. We find evidence of it throughout the entire animal kingdom. Nature has implanted the love of beauty (ornament) in the receptive ganglia of almost every living creature, however dimly it may be felt. It is intimately associated with sexual passion, and though latent in most of the lower animals, in some it is powerfully developed.

There is no truer law in the whole system of evolution than the law of selection, and this law is based on an æsthetic emotion, the love of beauty and sexual desire. No matter how low we descend in the scale of animal life, wherever we find a meeting of animals we find a development of color or of subsidiary adjuncts, such as hair, feathers—excrescences whose functions are purely ornamental. These ornamental adjuncts are commonly found in the male, though in some instances (notably the insects) the female possesses them instead of the male. When mating, these natural ornaments are always displayed to the best advantage. Courtship is popular among butterflies, and is usually carried on in mid-air. The female may frequently be seen accompanied by two or even three males circling about in graceful flight. The males fly about the females, first on one side then on the other, and display their elegance to the best advantage. The lady butterfly on such occasions is full of coquetry, and keeps her lovers hovering about her for some time ere she makes her selection. The dragon fly is another graceful wooer, and shows all his points of beauty and ornament when courting the female. He will alight near her on a twig or on the ground, and rapidly vibrate his wings; his abdomen plays up and down in unison with his wings, and he often performs a short but stately march in front of the object of his affection. Like those of the butterfly, the love scenes of dragon flies commonly occur in mid-air. At or about the time the queen bee feels the first promptings of love, and before she takes her flight from the hive in search of a lover, the drones may be seen any bright day congregated about the entrance of the hive, or making short and purposeless flights in the vicinity. They remind one very forcibly of the youths one sees loitering about church doors or at the entrances of theatres, awaiting the outcoming of their sweethearts. The drones are much handsomer than the workers; their markings are different, their colors are more vivid, and their bodies are more graceful. They may frequently be seen on the footboards of hives walking slowly and sedately up and down or making queer little waltzing movements, vibrating their wings in a rapid and agitated manner. When the queen flies forth she is immediately surrounded by a bevy of drone lovers. Her choice of a lover may be the result of an accident, but this is certainly not the case on all occasions. Many insects give unmistakable evidences that they knowingly show their points of beauty when seeking to mate. There must be some appreciation of beauty in animals for whose benefit these exhibitions are made, otherwise they would be purposeless displays, a condition of affairs that nature does not permit.

Birds are skillful and accomplished wooers, and the males of all species show themselves off to the best of their abilities when seeking to mate. Some of them are grotesque and bizarre, and perform clownish and absurd antics during courtship, while others are exceedingly graceful in their gentle endeavors to gain mates. The peafowl is clownish in his courtship, and captivates the female by indulging in the most absurd and grotesque antics. Several males will form a

"stamping ground," beating down and removing all the weeds and grass in a space ten or fifteen feet square. When this queer dancing hall has been fixed to suit their tastes, they call the females about them, in order that they may witness the agility and gracefulness of their would-be suitors. The males will then enter the arena, holding their heads far back between their trailing wings, and, spreading their tails to the fullest extent and holding their legs perfectly stiff, will jump awkwardly about the ring; or, folding their wings and tails, and stretching out their necks as far as possible, will run at full speed around the improvised ballroom; or, standing in the centre of the square, they will elevate their tails, lower their heads, and beat the ground with their feet. Every now and then they will utter the most discordant shrieks and yells, doubtless very pleasing to peafowl ears, but unmistakably disagreeable to our own. Everyone is familiar with the curious wattles and excrescences that ornament the head and neck of the turkey cock. Probably, in the entire animal kingdom there can be found no better example of the "showing-off" instinct than is evinced by this bird. When its "snout" and wattles become surcharged with blood and it indulges in its pompous strut, it is a living embodiment of amatory vanity.

The great bird of paradise is the most beautiful bird known to man. It is the largest of its species, being eighteen or twenty inches from the tip of the beak to the tip of the tail. The body, wings and tail are brown, and the breast deep violet. The top of the head and neck are straw-yellow; the lower part of the throat is emerald-green. Across the forehead extends a band of green plumes, fluffy and exquisitely delicate. The two middle feathers of the tail are not webbed, save at the base and extreme tip, where they spread out in a graceful double curve. These wire-like middle feathers are two feet and three feet long. A thick tuft of yellow plumes arises on each side of the body from beneath the wings, and these can be elevated and spread out at pleasure, so that they almost hide the body. When these birds are about to mate, they select a tree for their place of exhibition, to which all the males resort at early sunrise. They lift up their heads, stretch out their wings and elevate their side plumes, agitating them continuously. They fly from limb to limb in a kind of fantastic dance until the tree seems to be a mass of waving plumes and glancing colors. The brown and unadorned females watch their superbly beautiful wooers from the surrounding trees.

The courtship of the red-headed woodpecker is commanding and masterful from beginning to end. It commonly takes place among the branches of some giant oak or hickory-tree, and lasts, sometimes, from early dawn until late in the afternoon. The female is not allowed to forget the presence of her persistent wooer for one single instant during the entire courtship. He clamorously and persistently declares his love, often punctuating his entreaties with pecks of his hard beak and blows of his muscular wings. The female defends herself as best she can, and scolds back at him with all the power of her lungs. Notwithstanding the fact that he compels attention by his violence, the lover does not forget to show off his personal pulchritude. He erects his brilliant scarlet cap until it becomes almost crestlike; he trails his black and white wings, spreading them out to their fullest extent; he

spreads out his rounded tail feathers until they become stiff and fanlike; he then crouches close to the body of the tree, stretches out his head and neck, and emits a volley of sharp, rasping cries. Turning suddenly, he will scurry up and down the tree with extraordinary swiftness, emitting soft, low cries, every now and then, however, sending forth a flood of sharp, rasping screams. During his courtship the woodpecker does not allow any other bird to alight in his tree nor even in his immediate neighborhood. He even forgets his fear of man during this interesting epoch. The female at last, seemingly utterly worn out by his persistent, violent and domineering courtship, gives her consent, and accepts him as her mate. *Presto!* what a change! The violent, rampant, loud-mouthed, domineering suitor at once becomes gentle and affectionate; his soft, sweet love whispers can barely be heard as he caresses her with his beak and presses up close to her side. As the sun sinks to rest in the western sky, his last glance falls on, as "gentlemanly" a bird as could be imagined.

Jellyfish Who Take Boarders

COMMENSAL LIFE IN FISHES.....SCIENCE GOSSIP

A singular case of commensalism (living on or with another) has just been made known by M. Gadeau de Kerville. It concerns the young of the marine fishes called false mackerel, which are almost always found in company with the large medusæ known as rhizostomes. These young fishes swim parallel with the long axis of the jellyfish, and in the same direction as the latter. They remain above, beneath, and behind the animal, but never advance beyond its umbel. It frequently happens that some of them introduce themselves into the cavities of the jellyfish, and are then visible from the exterior, owing to the transparency of the host. Sometimes the school of fishes wanders a few yards away from the medusa, but at the least alarm, immediately returns with great rapidity to occupy its former position. It is evident that the medusa very efficaciously protects the young fishes by means of its innumerable stinging capsules. This is demonstrated by the fact that when the fishes become larger they no longer protect themselves by accompanying the medusæ.

The Green Woodpecker at Home

GRANT ALLEN...ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

We live so closely and familiarly with nature on the isolated hilltop where my cottage is perched, that we often behold from our own drawing-room windows pretty rural sights which seem intensely strange to more town-bred visitors. A little while since, for example, I was amused at reading in an evening newspaper a lament by a really well-informed and observant naturalist on the difficulty of actually seeing the nightjar, or fern-owl, alight upon a tree, and stand, as is his wont, lengthwise, not transversely, to the branch that bears him. Now, from our little bay lattice that doubting Thomas might see the weird bird nightly, not twenty yards off, the whole summer through, crooning its passionate song, full in view of our house, from a gnarled old fir-tree. So again this morning, at breakfast, we raised our eyes from the buttered eggs and coffee, and they fell at once on a big green woodpecker, creeping upward, after his fashion, along a russet-brown pine-trunk, not fifteen feet from the place at table where we were quietly sitting. One could make out with the

naked eye the dark olive-green of his back, relieved by the brilliant crimson patch on his gleaming crown. For several minutes he stood there, clambering slowly up the tree, though we rose from our seats and approached quite close to the open window to examine him. When he turned his head and listened intently after his tapping, with that characteristic air of philosophic inquiry which marks his species, the paler green of his under parts flashed for a second upon us; and when at last, having satisfied himself there was nothing astir under the bark of the stunted pine, he flew away to the next clump, we caught the glint of his wings and the red cap on his head in motion through the air.

The yaffle, as we call our red-headed friend in these parts, is one of the largest and handsomest of our woodland wild birds. About a foot in length, by the actual measurement, "from the end of his beak to the tip of his tail," he hardly impresses one at first sight with a sense of his full size because of his extreme concinnity and neatness of plumage. A practical bird, he is built rather for use than for vain gaudy display; for, though his color is fine and evidently produced by many ages of aesthetic selection, he yet sedulously avoids all crests and topknots, all bunches and bundles of decorative feathers protruding from his body, which would interfere with his solid and business-like pursuit of wood-burrowing insects. How well built and how cunningly evolved he is, after all, for his special purpose! His feet are so divided into opposite pairs of toes—one couple pointing forward and the other backward—that he can easily climb even the smooth-barked beech-tree by digging his sharp claws into any chance inequality in its level surface. He alights head upward, and moves on a perpendicular plane as surely and mysteriously as a lizard. Nothing seems to puzzle him; the straightest trunk becomes as a drawing-room floor to his clinging talons. But in his climbing he is also aided not a little by his stiff and starched tail, whose feathers are so curiously rigid, like a porcupine's quills, that they enable him to hold on and support himself behind with automatic security. Long ancestral habit has made it in him "a property of easiness." A practiced acrobat from the egg, he thinks nothing of such antics; and when he wishes to descend he just lets himself drop a little, like a sailor on a rope, sliding down head uppermost.

But best of all, I love to watch him tapping after insects. How wise he looks then, how intent, how philosophic! When he suspects a grub he hammers awhile at the bark; after which he holds his head most quaintly on one side with a quiet gravity that always reminds me of John Stuart Mill listening, all alert, to an opponent's argument and ready to pounce upon him. If a grub stirs responsive to the tap, tap, tap of his inquiring bill—if his delicate ear detects a cavity, as a doctor detects a weak spot in a lung with his prying stethoscope—in a second our bird has drilled a hole with that powerful auger, his wedge-shaped beak, has darted out his long and extensile tongue, and has extracted the insect by means of its barbed and bristled tip. The whole of this mechanism, indeed, is one of the most beautiful examples I know of structures begotten by long functional use and perfected by the action of natural selection. It is not only that the bill is a most admirable and efficient boring instrument: it is not only that the tongue is capable of rapid and lightning-like protraction: but further still, the barbs at its ends are all projected

backward, like the points of a harpoon, while the very same muscles which produce the instantaneous forward movement of the tongue press at the same time automatically on two large salivary glands, which pour forth in response a thick and sticky secretion, not unlike bird-lime. The insect, once spotted, has thus no chance of escape; he is caught and devoured before he can say "Jack Robinson" in his own dialect. But though the green woodpecker is so exceedingly practical and sensible a bird, built all for use and very little for show, he is not wholly devoid of those external adornments which are the result of generations of aesthetic preference. Dominant types always show these peculiarities. His ground-tone of green, indeed, serves, no doubt, a mainly protective function by enabling him to escape notice among the leaves of the woodland; and even on a tree-trunk he harmonizes so admirably with the tints around him that you may pass him by unobserved, on a hasty glance, if you are a benighted townsman. But his bright red cap is obviously decorative and alluring in intent; while his peculiar cry, commonly described as "the laugh of the yaffle," seems to act as a love-call for his expectant partner. Altogether, a gentleman who combines business with pleasure, this great green woodpecker: attentive to work, yet not wholly without interest in his personal appearance, and a dandy, in his way.

The Snail's Talent for Sleeping

AIR AS A SUPERFLUITY....ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

The common snail has lungs, heart, and a general circulation, and is in every respect an air breathing creature. This notwithstanding, he can live on indefinitely without inhaling the least atom of air—that which is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs. Leppert says: "To all organized creatures the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment, and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made, he does not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of "organized beings," for the experiments made by Professor Spallanzani prove that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in its case without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

It is a fact well known that the common land snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather in the fall, and that the opening or mouth of the shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to both air and water. In this condition it is plain that he is deprived of three out of the four elements of life mentioned by Leppert, viz., air, water, and nourishment.

Taken after he has been thus handicapped for months, he may be plunged into a chemical mixture 100 degrees colder than the degree marked at Fahrenheit's zero and allowed to remain in that chilly solution for weeks. Yet as soon as restored to normal temperature life is renewed, and the snail soon regains his natural powers, clips the silken curtain from his house door and begins to feed as naturally as though just awakening from a winter's sleep. Spallanzani kept a snail of the great helix family hermetically sealed in a glass tube, from which all air had been carefully removed, for a period of four years and two months, yet he declares that the creature regained all its normal functions within less than an hour after being exposed to a temperature of 90 degrees.

WHEN HANDY ANDY VISITED THE POSTMASTER*

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me at the post-office," said the Squire to Andy.

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said:

"I want a letter, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life.

"I want a letter, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?"

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get the letter here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The master."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond o' axin' impudent questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impudence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar' to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes. Have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, may you never see me agin."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one knows you?"

"Plenty; it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"Fourpence." The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with the letter.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkin to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letter."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then

* By Samuel Lover. From *Humor of Ireland* (Scribner's Sons).

putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letter?"

He waited for above half-an-hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; so Andy determined to give only the fourpence.

The Squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That ould chate beyant in the town—wantin' to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be chated? It's not a double letter at all; not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you *omad-haun*; pay what he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you."

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I've come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco were going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up the prizes from the bottom of his pocket, and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying:

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth of your money, anyhow!"

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

Pasteur and His Wondrous Work

EDWARD MARSHALL..... BOSTON HERALD

He is the son of a tanner, and he has saved more lives than any other man who ever lived. Louis Pasteur is a paralytic. His hair is white as snow. His days are numbered. But if his walking is ended, the march of progress which he began still goes irresistibly on; if his hair is white and his eyes are dull, the memory of his achievements will stay bright in the memory of the world forever; if his life must soon end, countless lives prolonged will add their usefulness to the world's sum total, and thus testify that his was not lived in vain. It is a distinction to have met him, it is a privilege to be permitted to even faintly hint at what he has accomplished. The Pasteur Institute is a great red-brick building, inclosed by a high iron fence on the Rue Dutot. To reach it, one passes the famous Hotel des Invalides and the vast buildings in which the Paris Exposition was held, from the midst of which the Eiffel tower rears its iron head. The man who designed the unique institution, and to whose genius is due all the wonderful work which has been done in it, spends his long days in seclusion in his great apartment on its second floor, waiting calmly, and, indeed, happily, for his seventy-fifth birthday, and the end, which can scarcely be far beyond it.

Honored as perhaps no other scientist ever has been, the presiding genius of this place is not even now content to give up his studies and enter upon the period of absolute rest which he has so richly earned, and which his friends so strongly urge. He is no longer able to carry on experiments himself—it has been difficult and often impossible for him to go to the laboratories during the last two years. He has at last been forced to give up even the superintendence of the researches which are constantly being carried on in the strange workshop, where science is learning how to baffle death. But still, his is the dominating spirit of the place. He is old and ill, weary and worn, but it is true that not one of the world-startling and world-benefiting discoveries which have developed in the Rue Dutot during the past five years would have been perfected without the aid of his counsel and advice, despite the fact that there is every day gathered under the great roof of the institution such a group of learned men as have never before worked together, along one line, in harmony, since the beginning of scientific investigation. And in all that group of great scientists there is not one who would, for any price, try to rob the master of this tribute. Charcot, himself one of the greatest scientists the world has ever produced, wrote: "If it were still the usage to bestow upon an age the name of a single man, ours might justly be called the 'Age of Pasteur.'"

His work has grown out of one great discovery. It was, until he came, the belief of science that organic decomposition—decay—was the result of purely chemical action. He proved that there is nothing chemical about it; that decay is merely the generation of destructive life—of microbes. Pasteur might also be spoken of as the inventor of the microbe. He proved that there constantly exists in the air certain forms of life which, if they come in contact with a field sympathetic to their growth, thrive and multiply incredibly, consum-

ing the substance and disorganizing it in order to maintain their own life. He found that decay was the work of these germs. Thus originated germinology—bacteriology. Bacteriology is the basis of almost every great medico-scientific discovery which has been made since he discovered it. The science of curing and the science of preventing disease have advanced by leaps and bounds since this avenue was found. After he had discovered germs and their place in the world, he discovered how to use them—how to make them fight themselves. The virus of certain diseases was made up of germs. These seemed to be proof against any enemy to them which he was able to create out of drugs. But he found that he could attenuate the virus—that is to say, that he could artificially vary the virulence of the germs. He could make it weak enough so that it would be apparently without effect, or he could make it so strong that it would instantly kill. By weakening it he made it safe to introduce it into the veins of animals, and he found that when he had done this those animals were rendered stronger in their resistance. The germs created a property which was fatal to themselves. It was the old theory of "similia similibus curantur." (Like cures like.) He made germs fight germs.

That is the story of his great gifts to humanity. This is the order in which they are given: His first work was turned to the protection of the animal kingdom. He wiped out epidemic carbuncle from the stables of the world and destroyed hen cholera, a disease whose ravages had been severe and irremediable. Next came the food supply. His studies of the diseases of wine, beer and vinegar have entirely robbed these three important products of their danger as the originators and communicators of disease. When he advanced to work upon the human system he amazed the whole world by his utter destruction of such diseases as he attacked. Hydrophobia fled out of the world when he fought it, and his treatment of it has enabled other men to take up the battle along similar lines against other diseases, and to vanquish them also. His methods of isolation and disinfection to-day protect the cities of the earth from contagious and infectious diseases, and will, when fully developed, make epidemics impossible. His aseptic and antiseptic treatments have cleared hospitals of the dreadful sores—prurient infection, septicimia, erysipelas—which formerly so often followed the surgeon's knife, and nullified its skill. In lying-in hospitals especially have his discoveries worked a revolution by rendering puerperal infection impossible. It is estimated that 50,000 mothers' lives have been saved through this method.

In the eyes of the world his greatest work has been the discovery of a cure for hydrophobia. The horror of rabies had come down uninterrupted from the Dark Ages. No one had tried to relieve it; no one had been able to learn its true source. The only remedy which was even tried was a relic of barbarism. People rang a brass bell in the presence of sufferers from rabies, and believed that it quieted them. This probably originated in the days when disease was supposed to be a devil, which could be frightened away

by noise. Pasteur mastered hydrophobia. First, he studied out its cause, learned the nature of the venom in the dog whose bite caused it. Then he found his means of attenuating—of thinning—that venom, until it could be given to an animal without killing it. He gradually increased these doses until the animal had become so inured to the venom that he could stand a dose so large that it would at first have been fatal to him. Thus he was protected against rabies. That was the theory. His first experiments were made on dogs, guinea pigs and rabbits. The guinea pig is more like the human being in its susceptibility to such doses than is any other animal. That accounts for its frequent use in medical experiments. Pasteur hesitated a long time before he experimented with a human being. It was a serious matter to introduce the active element of so horrible a disease as hydrophobia into a man's blood. What if, instead of making him proof against rabies, he should give him the disease? The possibility was not a pleasant one, and it was a hard thing to find a subject who was brave enough to accept the scientist's confidence as certainty, and submit himself to the experiment. But at last one was found. He was a shepherd boy, and the hours that intervened between the giving of the first dose and the time when it would be possible to ascertain whether the medicine would cure or kill were anxious ones. But they ended at last, and the medicine was found to have cured. Pasteur had solved the problem offered by one of the most horrible diseases to which flesh is heir, and the whole world showered its gratitude upon him.

M. Pasteur never talks about himself. About his science he will talk untriringly. But a more modest man never lived. There is something like Abraham Lincoln in this phase of the man. He rose, also, like Lincoln, from the humblest beginnings. He is proud of what he has done, but he is not proud of himself for doing it. His father's tannery was not profitable enough to support the son after he had grown to youth, so he taught a French country school for the equivalent of \$16 a month. All the time he studied. Night and day, day and night. So, in 1846, he was admitted to the examination for physical sciences and made a doctor of science. Then he was appointed professor of chemistry in the high school at Dijon. By that time he had begun to make himself felt—that is, he had begun to make the scientists of France laugh at the absurdity of his theories. That apparently did not worry him. He went on talking about his theories, and during the succeeding years, up to 1867, while he was successively member of the faculty of Strasburg, head of the faculty at Lisle, and director of sciences in the normal school at Paris, he began to make people believe that he would prove some of them. All at once he did prove some of them. He utterly discomfited the old school. He won every point. He laid opposition low. He was made professor in the Sorbonne. He gained the Rumford medal in reward for his studies of light, the Austrian prize of 10,000 florins for having discovered the best cure for the silkworm disease, a prize of f.12,000 for his work on wine, vinegar and beer. Finally, in 1879, a life pension of f.12,000 annually was voted him by the French Government, and he entered into his exalted position of the greatest living scientist in France—of the greatest scientist France had ever produced.

Then came the building of the Pasteur Institute.

No one seems to know just who originated the idea of the institution. If Pasteur did, it is certain that he did not originate the idea of naming it after himself. But the people of France took it up as they have never taken up anything before or since. Subscriptions poured in. The building and its fittings were provided for in a jiffy. It is one of the most wonderful buildings in the world. It was in this building, and through experiments, if not inspired by Pasteur, then, at least, made possible by what he had discovered, that the marvelous cure for diphtheria, which has delighted the world, was found. Dr. Ruh, who is one of the two men credited with having done most to develop it, is one of Pasteur's most trusted lieutenants. Indeed, he may be said to be in charge of the institute, now that the great man himself has become too feeble to attend to its affairs. By some, Ruh is spoken of as a man who will succeed Pasteur. But no man can do that.

It has been said that the injections of anti-toxine, while they might cure the diphtheria, were also likely to cause other complications—in fact, that the cure was sometimes worse than the disease. I asked Dr. Ruh about this. "It is not true," said he. "In all the cases which I have treated I have not once found any bad effects. The statement that the diphtheria cure unfavorably affects the kidneys is unfounded. As a matter of fact, we have demonstrated that there are fewer traces of albumen after the treatment than before. If that means anything, it means that the diphtheria cure has good effect upon the kidneys. See what it has done," he went on. "In France—taking the nation as a whole, and not merely figuring on Paris—the mortality from diphtheria has decreased to between 10 and 15 per cent. Little more than a year ago, before the cure was used, it amounted to between 50 and 60 per cent. It's a great age, and we shall do great things in it," he said. "Of course, neither I nor anybody else has any definite idea as to what the next important discovery will be. Each medical scientist chooses his field. Then he works that field until he has done all that can be done with it, not crossing the fence and encroaching upon neighboring land. We, for instance, devoted our time to the one disease, diphtheria, until we had done all that we could do with it. Others are giving their whole attention to consumption. Others to typhoid fever. One man I know of is doing nothing except study scarlet fever. If he does not evolve a cure for that often fatal ailment I shall be very much surprised, although it may take him years to do it. He is young, and may very well work twenty years without becoming worn out." Dr. Ruh thinks that the next really great scientific advance may very well be along the line of cancer cure. The sterilized poison of erysipelas is being used very freely in cancer cases, and with splendidly successful results.

In the House of a Magician

HERMANN AT HOME...INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL

It requires a man of strong nerve to visit Hermann, the great, at his villa at Whitestone, Long Island. The writer accepted an invitation from the magician to call upon him at that place the other day, and when he went away he was glad to mingle again in everyday affairs. Hermann's home stands eleven miles from any other residence. It consists of twenty-eight acres, dotted with stables and greenhouses. In response to

the newspaper man's bell-ringing an automatic dwarf figure opened the front door, and extended a tray on which was the legend: "Please Leave Your Card." This having been done, the figure vanished down the hall and shortly returned with a note from the professor bidding the visitor enter the reception-room. Here were noticed innumerable curios and souvenirs from the princes, presidents, rajahs and other rulers of countries. Shortly the host entered and asked the visitor what he would have to drink. When he replied: "Brandy and soda," a wicker table arose from the floor with brandy glasses and soda bottles on it. Examining a large landscape painting, it suddenly shifted into a figure of Venus, and when the scribe looked into a cheval glass in the Japanese room he saw himself reflected in oriental costume. In this modern wizard's home all things were as seemed not, and every moment one felt as if he were in fairyland.

The Composer of *Princess Bonnie*

MRS. GARRETT WEBSTER....LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Personal modesty of so pronounced a type as to render its possessor almost the most hopeless of biographical subjects is Willard Spenser's strongest characteristic. His talent and love for music are his by inheritance, although his accomplishment has been much greater than that of any of his ancestors. His paternal grandfather, Dr. Spenser, a distinguished physician, was also an unusually able amateur musician, and his mother, who was a remarkable pianist, possessed also a beautiful voice, which was thoroughly trained by Carlo Bossinio. From his mother and grandfather the boy learned to play upon the piano, and by them also was taught the first rudiments of harmony and thorough bass. Willard Spenser was born at Cooperstown, New York, on July 7, 1855. He was educated at home and at private schools, his musical training keeping even pace with his secular education.

At the age of seven he improvised upon the piano a short idyllic composition, which he played to his elder brother and sister. They laughed at his claim for its originality, and that to the young child's sensitive nature was the worst kind of discouragement. For several years he desisted from composition, but when quite a young lad wrote a sonata for the piano so ambitious as to prove its own enemy with music publishers, who declined it because of its difficulty. The classical school seeming to be thus barred from his ambition, young Spenser turned his attention to simpler musical matters. A set of waltzes, followed by others, met with such popular favor that his future musical career was thus decided. These waltzes were arranged first for piano and having proved a success were later on rewritten for stringed orchestra. Only a person who has made a special study of the innumerable things which it is necessary to learn in writing for orchestra can realize what an amount of application and knowledge it is necessary to add to the natural gift of composition before an orchestral work can be claimed as the composer's own creation. This application Mr. Spenser has added to his natural genius for melodious composition, and *The Little Tycoon* and *The Princess Bonnie* are monuments to both.

The music of *The Little Tycoon* was written during 1880-81, in illustration of an idea of the composer's that Japanese color in opera bouffe would be success-

ful. For months Mr. Spenser searched hopelessly for a librettist and finally undertook the task of himself providing words for his music. *The Little Tycoon* was completed four years before *The Mikado*, but owing to the difficulty of getting it properly staged was not produced until two months later than its Japanese rival, with which, however, it has had an equal success. It was produced in Philadelphia on January 4, 1886, and had a phenomenal run. Mr. Spenser's second operatic venture, *The Princess Bonnie*, of which he is also the librettist, has all and even greater charm than its predecessor. Melodies run riot throughout the score, and its tunefulness is as great as its popularity. Mr. Spenser has lived a large part of his life in New York City, although he spent ten years at New London, Connecticut. On May 27, 1886, he was married at Philadelphia to Miss Clara T. Stackhouse, a granddaughter of the well-known Friend, Mira Townsend. They have one child, Willard Spenser, Jr., aged three and a half years. For the past four years Mr. Spenser has lived in Philadelphia.

The New British Commander-in-Chief

LORD WOLSELEY'S WORK.....THE OUTLOOK

The new Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is not Lord Roberts, perhaps its most distinguished soldier so far as actual fighting is concerned, but Lord Wolseley, whose services in various parts of the world have given him a wide and extremely valuable experience, which will be of great use to the army at the present trying time for the defense of British possessions all over the world. In addition to this, Lord Wolseley's position as to improving the service will probably be realized, to the great benefit of that service. He has long advocated a reconstruction of the recruiting system, in order to make the army more attractive to young men. This plan is to increase the pay of soldiers, and thereby to reduce the expense of recruiting. He believes that many men who now join the police force will be induced, by higher pay, to enlist in the army. It must be said, however, that his plan will hardly commend itself to the hard-headed British taxpayer. It may not be generally known that Lord Wolseley's father was also a soldier. He was Major Garnet Joseph Wolseley. Lord Wolseley has served in the Burmese, Crimean, and Chinese wars. He has also served in Canada, and after the Red River expedition in 1870 received the honor of knighthood. In 1873, after the successful expedition to the African Gold Coast, he received the thanks of Parliament, a grant of one hundred thousand dollars, the honor of K. C. B., and the freedom of the city of London. The next year he was made Administrator of the Natal Government, and four years later went to Cyprus as High Commissioner. When, in 1879, the British troops were defeated by the Zulus, he was dispatched to South Africa. The most interesting part of his career, however, began in 1882, when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the expedition sent to crush the rebellion of Arabi Pasha in Egypt. As is well known, he was the hero of the battles of Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and, above all, of Tel-el-Kebir. For these successes he was raised to the peerage, and was promoted to the rank of Adjutant-General of the forces. Lord Wolseley has written some important articles on military affairs for the magazines, and though not posing as a litterateur, has done most excellent work.

MEG'S MARRIAGE: INTO HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES

By F. F. MONTRÉSOR

A selected reading from *Into the Highways and Hedges*. By F. F. Montrésor. D. Appleton & Co. This chapter from one of the best novels of the year tells how Margaret Deane was lead to join the strange revivalist preacher and to go with him into the highways and hedges, preaching the gospel of truth to all suffering and pagan humanity. "When a motherless girl of tender years her father placed her with two sisters in the charge of an aunt. The two sisters succeeded very well in gaining their aunt's good wishes; but Margaret, by reason of her youth and inexperience, was left much to herself. Because she happened to be the favorite of her father who was absent, she was cordially hated by his jealous sister. One day the aunt becomes thoroughly enraged over an incident which, to her bigoted mind, admits of no explanation. Thus Margaret is almost forced into Barnabas Thorpe's arms. She marries the itinerant preacher; at first she is his wife in name only, but later she learns to love him with her whole heart."

It was only eight o'clock, when, with her letter in her hand, she started for the Dover post office.

It was a long lonely walk; and an older woman than Meg might have thought twice about it, but the girl was too ignorant of evil to be afraid.

She had scruples about asking a servant of her aunt's to accompany her, but she had no doubt that she was justified in her own action.

Her father had told her to write to him—that was reason enough, and to do anything was a relief.

Meg's strength and weakness both rose from the same source: she could be unhesitatingly daring for the person she loved, but if that support should fail, would slip into confusion and despair. Even now there was a leaven of bitterness working in her, a terror that was making her restless. Were Aunt Russelthorpe and Laura right? Did "father" not "care" much after all?

She turned instinctively from that suggestion, and tried to fix her mind on the topics that had lately filled it. As she took the short cut over the cliffs, and walked quickly along the footway that skirts their edge, she thought of that still narrower path Barnabas Thorpe had pointed out as the only way of salvation.

The sky still glowed behind Dover Castle, though the sun had disappeared; there was hardly a breath of wind to stir the short crisp grass, the broad downs lay still and peaceful in the gathering dusk: Meg was the only human being to be seen, but the little brown rabbits scurried by, and peeped at her from a safe distance, making her smile in spite of her sadness. She was as easily moved to smiles as she was to sighs.

It had been a hot summer, and there were ominous cracks across the footway, which had been deserted of late. Meg, who was Kentish born, ought to have known what those fissures and gaps meant. Perhaps the rabbits would have warned her if they could; for one of them loosened a morsel of chalk as he leaped, which bounded and rebounded down the side of the cliff. She watched it, not considering the signification.

Earlier in the day there had been a heavy thunder-storm, which was growling still in the far distance. Meg lingered a moment, listening to the echo among the chalk caves below—smuggling haunts, where many a keg of brandy had been hidden.

If she had not paused, her light footsteps would have carried her safely over the dangerous bit. As it was,

the "crack" she had just stepped carelessly over, suddenly widened to a chasm, the earth seemed to give way under her; she stretched out her arms with a wild cry, and fell—fell, with a vision of clouds of white powder and flashing lights, stopping at last, with a sharp jarring shock, to find herself grasping desperately at something steady, just above her, in a reeling tumbling world! She lay on her side on a narrow ledge, a quarter of the way down the cliff, her right shoulder and arm bruised by the fall; but she was hardly conscious of pain, her mind being set on clinging fast to the friendly poppy-root that was keeping her from death.

She could hear the sea washing hungrily, with a sullen break, and a strong backward suck, many feet below; she shuddered, and then screamed with all her might, again and again, waking the echoes and the sea-gulls, who answered her derisively.

She was in terror lest her fingers should relax their hold, in spite of her will. She lost count of time, and began to feel as if she had lain for ages between earth and sky.

Her left arm was getting numb, and her brain dizzy; she was dreadfully afraid of losing consciousness, and tried hard to keep possession of "herself," knowing that if she fainted she would slip down at once, and the green water would roll her over and draw her back.

"Like a cat with a mouse," thought Meg. Her reflections were getting indistinct, and she gathered her strength together to scream once more. A horror of losing her identity, of being swamped in a "black nothingness," was strong on her.

"Help me!" she cried, with an effort to make the words articulate, that was followed by a vague recollection that she had asked some one to "help her" once before, but he never did or never could.

She couldn't quite remember how it was; her past life seemed to have got far away, to have dropped off her, leaving her soul all alone, face to face with this black empty space that was trying to engulf it.

"There isn't any help," she said to herself. "It's all really like the sea, or cats and mice, and my fingers don't seem to belong to me any more," and then—

"Hold on!" said a voice above her. "Don't move, I'll run for a rope."

She opened her eyes and tried to collect her wits.

"I can't hold on more than a minute more," she said, a little indistinctly. "If you go I shall fall." While she spoke the root she was clinging to "gave" a little, and a light shower of chalk fell on her face.

"I'm falling! Oh, be quick!" she cried; and the next moment something blue dangled above her face.

"Let go those leaves, and catch hold of my jersey; I'll pull ye up by it," shouted the voice, the owner of which had flung himself full length on the cliff, his face and arms over the edge.

"Do it at once!" he called, this time as peremptorily as he could, for he was in momentary terror lest yellow poppy and girl should go together to the bottom.

To his relief she obeyed him.

"Both hands!" he cried, encouragingly. "I can't pull you up by one."

"I can't move my right arm," she answered. "It's twisted somehow," and he whistled in dismay.

Meg was as white as the chalk, but she showed some courage, now that help was at hand, and she managed to pull herself into a sitting posture, holding tight to his jersey. Further than that he couldn't get her, and he did not dare to leave her lest she should turn giddy.

"I tell you what," he said at last, "there is only one way; I can't pull ye up, an' I doan't risk leaving ye on that narrow bit; ye must e'en come down to me. If I drop over the face o' the cliff there's a foothold close beside ye, now that you're sitting up, and a drop below that again there's a broader ledge and a cave. Ye'll be safe enough there. Will 'ee try? But we must, for there's naught else to be done. Can ye let go my jersey and sit quite still one minute? Doan't 'ee look, lass; shut your eyes and put your hands down each side."

Meg nodded and held her breath. She felt him alight at her side, and then heard him shout from below.

"All right! There's room enough here," he cried. "Edge along sideways as far as ye can to the right. Don't be scared, ye won't fall! It's quite possible."

He spoke with assurance, and his confident tone gave her courage, as he intended it should; but, nevertheless, his own pulses were beating rather fast, albeit his nerves were good as a rule.

Would the girl do it, or would she slip before he could catch her? She was directly over him at last. "Now," he said, "your foot almost touches my shoulder. Ay—that's it, put your weight on it, and—ah! that's right. Thank God!" He held her in his arms now, and the next moment she was safe at his side.

Meg leaned against the entrance of the cave, half laughing and half crying.

She was not in the least surprised to see that it was the preacher who had saved her, but the absurdity of the situation struck her with a sudden reaction.

The cave was dark and very damp and ill-smelling; the ledge was just wide enough for them to stand quite safely on it. They were perched like two big birds on the face of the cliff, with a sheer descent that not even Barnabas could have swarmed down, below them.

"Yes, yes!" she gasped, in answer to his ejaculation of thankfulness. "But—we shall never, never get up again!"

The preacher made no reply directly. Possibly the same idea had occurred to him.

She sat down in the entrance of the cave, and he tied up her bruised arm as well as he could, improvising a sling with the lace scarf she wore round her neck.

Fortunately, no bones were broken; and she assured him with a smile that he "hardly hurt her at all," though the muscles had been badly strained and her arm was still quite useless. He looked at her doubtfully, but could hardly gather from her face how much or how little she was suffering. He was not accustomed to women of Meg's class, and was sorely puzzled as to what he had best do next.

"Look here!" he said, at last. "It's not possible that ye should spend the night in this wet hole; ye'd be fairly starved wi' cold, and no one's likely to come by before morning. I'll climb up somehow and run to the coastyard for help. Ye won't be scared here, eh?"

He bent down and put his jersey between her and the wall of the cave.

"It's been an Irish way of helping ye up!"

Meg looked at him. Her face was very pale, but she had quite recovered her self-command now.

"Don't go," she said. "You might so easily be killed trying to climb in the dark. It is dark. I can hardly see the sea now. It would be my fault if you were to fall, and really I don't think I am worth it."

"If I am to die, it 'ull happen the same whatever I do, an' if not, I'll be as safe as if I were in my bed," said Barnabas Thorpe. "But I doan't fancy ye need be scared, for I believe neither you nor I ha' come to an end o' things yet. It has been on my mind that I'd see ye again."

He turned and began to swarm up the cliff as he spoke; and Meg stopped her ears, for the sound of the crumbling chalk sickened her, and waited in the dark.

The preacher shouted cheerfully when he scrambled to his feet at the top; and then, without further loss of time, started off towards the coastyard station. He was barefooted, having taken off his boots in order to climb; but that troubled him little, as he ran steadily across the night-curtained sleeping country.

Some hours later they stood together in the hall at Ravenshill, Mrs. Russelthorpe facing them.

It was one o'clock; the short summer's night was nearly spent, but the big swinging-lamp was still burning. To Meg and Barnabas, coming in from the sweet, dark garden, the house seemed in a blaze of light.

The men were all out, searching far and wide for Meg. Only Mr. Russelthorpe had not been told of her absence; he had gone early to bed and locked the door on himself, giving orders that no one was to disturb him.

Mrs. Russelthorpe was white with passion. Meg was quite silent.

Barnabas Thorpe stood looking from one woman to the other.

"You are a disgrace to the house! You have no shame left!" said Mrs. Russelthorpe. Then the man's blue eyes flashed angrily.

"There's only one of us three has any cause for shame, an' it's not this maid nor me. It's not fit that any should say such things to her. Have ye no brother or father, lass? If ye have, I would like to speak wi' him."

Meg shook her head.

"Yes; but he is a very long way off, and I don't quite know where," she said; "and, perhaps, he'll believe Aunt Russelthorpe."

Mrs. Russelthorpe's face hardened; the preacher could not have done worse than appeal from her to Meg's father. She was a hard woman, and rather a coarse one; but she would scarcely have said what she said that night if the jealousy which always smouldered between her and her brother's child had not been fanned by his words.

"He will most certainly believe me," she said. "But it is almost a pity (for his sake) that, having stayed away so long, you ever came back at all."

Meg caught her breath with a low cry, as if she had been stabbed; but a sudden light broke over the preacher's face.

"Cast thy garments about thee and follow me," he cried. "I did not understand before. My eyes were holden; but now it is made clear to us: it is the message from the Lord."

He made one stride forward and stretched out both his hands.

"Come *now!*" he cried. "I will snatch you like a brand from the burning. Come with me! Let us go out together and preach the Master in the Highways and Hedges. Your example shall be as a shining light to guide the feet of those who are snared by riches. Come! The world has called you on one side and the Master on the other, and you have hesitated; and now the call has been made clearer. Choose quickly, before it is too late. Let me take you from the evil that you feel too strong for you. No one can stay us. You shall go like Peter through the prison doors at the call of the Lord, an' in His strength I will hold ye safe."

Meg looked at him, one long, earnest look, then away from him, at the familiar hall, where she had danced gayly three months ago. She thought of the portrait of the great-aunt whose eyes always followed her, and who had done something mysteriously "dreadful." Aunt Russelthorpe would say she was as bad, but she wasn't, she was following a call. She thought of her old uncle, who was sleeping through all this commotion; she thought of Laura and Kate; her aunt's words about her father had hurt her so much that she tried not to think of him; she saw again the preacher on the beach, ah! that was the beginning, and to-night only grew out of it; or was the beginning further back still, in the days when her father had told her of Lazarus waiting "outside"?

"Choose while ye may," said Barnabas Thorpe. And she put her hand in his with an odd sense that very little "choice" was left.

"You say it is a message?" she said. "Very well. Let it be so—I will go with you."

Mrs. Russelthorpe had stood with lips compressed, rigidly still, during the preacher's extraordinary proposal; she made one faint attempt to stop them now—but it was too late.

Barnabas Thorpe put her aside as easily as he would have brushed away a fly. "You ha' said your say. It was a cruel one," he said. "You ha' done wi' this maid." And they went out together into the night.

There is—or rather there was when Margaret Deane was young—a fishing hamlet on the Kentish coast that consisted of just one line of tarred wooden huts, and a square-towered chapel.

The women would put their candles in the windows after the sun had dipped, that the twinkling friendly eyes of their houses might guide the fishermen home; but whether it was day or night Sheerhaven had always the air of a watcher by the sea.

The glow of dawn was just warming the gray water when a boat grated on Sheerhaven beach, and a man and a woman climbed slowly up the yellow shelving bank. When they had gone a few steps the man turned and held out his hand. "You are over weary, an' it's no wonder," he said. "Best let me help you."

A fisherman who was pushing off his boat paused and marveled, as well he might.

"That's Barnabas Thorpe. But who is the girl?"

They walked along the queer old street that was bounded on one side by the shingle, and was often wave as well as wind-swept, in the high spring-tides.

Barnabas knocked at a door. His mind was still running on St. Peter and the angel. "It 'ull be the

mistress not the maid who will open to us here," he remarked.

The smell of a clover-field was blown to them, and a cock crowed lustily while they waited.

"The new day has begun," said the girl, in a low voice.

The woman who opened the door, a muscular, large-featured fish-wife, started when she saw them.

"Dear heart! it's the preacher—and wet through," she cried. "Now step in, Barnabas, and I'll have a fire in a minute. Eh! what's this? What do you say? A maid as wants shelter?" Her good-natured face fell. She had little doubt that it was some "unfortunate" the preacher had rescued.

"We—el—yes; let her come along, she'll do us no harm."

She took them into the parlor, and began to lay the sticks.

"Ran down with the tide from Dover, eh? Well, you've given the lass a salt baptism; she's not got a dry stitch on her. Come nearer, my woman; the fire will blaze up in a minute. Why!" with a sudden change of voice as Meg obeyed her. "The Lord have mercy on us, Barnabas! What have you been about?"

"I'll tell ye by and by when she is a bit dryer," said the preacher; but Mrs. Cuxton's eyes did not wait for his telling. She took one more long stare at her strange visitor, who had taken off the rough coat Barnabas had wrapped round her in the boat, and who stood shivering a little by the fire.

Her glance fell from the delicate, refined face to the small nervous hands, and the dainty shoes soaked in salt water.

"You belong to gentlefolk, missy?" she said. "Ah, yes! I can see—"

"I don't belong to them any more," said the girl, speaking for the first time with a thrill of excitement, but with an intonation and action which belied her words; and their hostess shook her head, and looked again at Barnabas, who was staring thoughtfully at the flames.

"I'd as lief speak a word to 'ee," he said, gravely; and she followed him out of the room with the liveliest interest depicted on her face.

When she returned alone she found her guest sleeping from sheer exhaustion, her head on the seat of the wooden chair, her slim girlish form on the sanded floor. Mrs. Cuxton bent over her, her gratified curiosity giving place to a protective motherly compunction. Meg's fair hair was wet with the sea, and shone in the firelight like a halo; her lips were just parted, she looked less than her twenty-one years.

"Poor lamb! to think what I thought of her! Eh! but it's a bad enough business as it is!" muttered the woman; and even while she watched, her heart went out to the girl.

Meg awake might possibly have aroused criticism or disapproval; Meg sleeping took her unawares.

Mrs. Cuxton made up a bed on the settle, and drew it to the fire and then took off the wet shoes and stockings, warming the cold feet between her hands. Meg woke up and remonstrated faintly, but was too utterly worn out to care much what happened. The reaction from the tremendous excitement of the night was telling on her, and she was almost too weary to stand, though she felt a sort of comfort in this rough woman's tenderness.

"How kind you are, and what a deal of trouble I am giving you!" she said, as Mrs. Cuxton made her lie down in the improvised bed, and tucked her in with a motherly admonition to "put sleep betwixt her and her sorrows."

"I can't think whatever your people were about to let you do such a thing, and you only a slip of a girl. Trouble? You're no trouble in the world, missy; but your mother must be breaking her heart to-night for you!" cried Mrs. Cuxton; and there were actually tears in her eyes.

"I haven't got a mother," said Meg. "Nobody's heart will break for me, so it really doesn't much matter, you know, what happens, and I am too tired to think; besides it is done now!" Her eyelids closed again, almost while she was speaking.

It was in Sheerhaven that Meg was married to Barnabas Thorpe. She took that last irrevocable step with a curious unflinching determination—a sense, half womanly, half childish, that having gone so far, there had better be no going back; that having trusted him so much, the responsibility was his altogether.

"I can't do any other way," he had told her. "I couldn't take ye with me without that; ye must have the protection o' my name, and give me that much right i' the eyes o' the world to fend for ye,—that's all I am wanting. I ha' never thought to marry since I was 'called.'"

The girl, standing in the door of the black hut where he had brought her the night before, was quite silent for a full minute, her face full of conflicting emotions.

"If you say we must do it, then—very well," she said, at last. "I may as well be Margaret Thorpe as Margaret Deane."

The preacher turned quickly; her quiet assent discomposed him, though in his heart he believed his own words: for the sake of the maid's good name there was no other way.

"Lass!" he said, earnestly, "it seemed to me a call o' the Lord's, an' I had no doubts; but ye are young, an' I'm no natural mate for ye. If ye choose, I'll find that father ye talk of, wherever he may be, an' make him understand' the truth. I'll leave ye here this hour and go; but, having come out o' the city o' destruction, to my mind ye had better stay out."

She did not see him again till she saw him in the church, where they exchanged vows. Mrs. Cuxton gave her away with grim disapproval. The guest whom the sea had brought in the early dawn, and who had spent two whole days under her roof, had charmed the heart out of the woman like a white witch.

Meg's fineness and slenderness touched the big fish-wife. Meg's sweet smile, the manner that was her father's, and her pretty voice, when she sat singing the whole of one morning to the little cripple lad whose life Barnabas Thorpe had once saved, were all part of the witchery. During the whole of her checkered life there were always some people (and generally people of a very opposite type to her own) who were inclined to give her that peculiarly warm and instinctive service that has something of the romance of loyalty in it; her home had been somewhat overcold, but more than once the gift of love, unexpected and unasked, was held out by strange hands as she passed by.

It was a gusty morning, and the break of the waves sounded all through the short service when Meg was

married. She paused when they stood on the steps of the church and looked across the sea,—a long look—(somewhere on the other side of that water was her father); then they went inside.

They were a deeply interested congregation. All of them knew the preacher; many of them were bound to him by close ties.

Meg's fresh, sweet voice, with its refined pronunciation, troubled the clergyman afresh; but it was too late to ask questions, and the service went on undisturbed to its conclusion. The two signatures are still visible in the vestry. "Margaret Deane," in the fine Italian hand that Mrs. Russelthorpe had inculcated; and underneath, in labored characters, like a schoolboy's, "Barnabas Thorpe."

Meg's pride carried her safely through the meal that waited them on their return; it was spread in the kitchen, and some of the fishermen who had been in the church lounged in, and stared silently at her through the sheltering clouds of tobacco. She made a valiant attempt to eat, and then escaped to change her dress for the blue serge skirt and cotton body, that Mrs. Cuxton had got with the slender stock of money Meg had had in her pocket.

Mrs. Cuxton followed her after a minute.

"Barnabas is writing them word at home that he has married you. He says have you aught to say?" she said.

"No," answered the girl; "there will never be anything more said between them and me."

The old clock's ticking reminded Meg of home.

Mrs. Cuxton nodded; her manner had changed slightly since the deed had been done, and the last gleam of doubt as to Meg's "really going on with it" had disappeared.

"I don't know what led you to this," she said, putting her hand on Meg's shoulder; "but you say true—you've done it! And whether the blame was mostly yours or not, it's you that must take the consequences! But you've a bit of a spirit of your own, that I fancy may carry you through; and Barnabas Thorpe is a good man, for all I blame him for this day's work. You just stick by him now, and don't never look back at what you've left—it's your only way!"

Meg made no answer; an odd, frightened expression crossed her face; then she drew herself up. "I am ready," she said; "only just say 'Good Luck' to me before I go."

"God help you and bless you," said Mrs. Cuxton, earnestly, "and him, too!"

There was a hush when the bride came in, as unlike a fish-wife in her fish-wife's gear as a woman well could be.

Barnabas Thorpe sprang to his feet and cut leave-takings short. A cart was waiting for them; he threw up a bundle and lifted Meg in before she knew what he was about, and they were off at a rather reckless pace down the uneven street.

Meg leant back to wave her hand to Mrs. Cuxton; she had not said good-bye, or thanked her, but she watched her till they were out of sight. It seemed to the good woman that those gray eyes were saying a good deal that Meg's tongue had not said; and as the cart dwindled to a speck in the distance she turned indoors with a heavy heart.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Prewarned of a Meeting

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY... MARK TWAIN... HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Several years ago I made a campaign on the platform with Mr. George W. Cable. In Montreal we were honored with a reception. It began at two in the afternoon in a long drawing-room in the Windsor Hotel. Mr. Cable and I stood at one end of this room, and the ladies and gentlemen entered it at the other end, crossed it at that end, then came up the long left-hand side, shook hands with us, said a word or two, and passed on in the usual way. My sight is of the telescopic sort, and I presently recognized a familiar face among the throng of strangers drifting in at the distant door, and I said to myself, with surprise and high gratification, "That is Mrs. R.; I had forgotten that she was a Canadian." She had been a great friend of mine in Carson City, Nevada, in the early days. I had not seen her or heard of her for twenty years; I had not been thinking about her; there was nothing to suggest her to me, nothing to bring her to my mind; in fact, to me she had long ago ceased to exist, and had disappeared from my consciousness. But I knew her instantly; and I saw her so clearly that I was able to note some of the particulars of her dress, and did note them, and they remained in my mind. I was impatient for her to come. In the midst of the handshakings I snatched glimpses of her and noted her progress with the slow-moving file across the end of the room, then I saw her start up the side, and this gave me a full front view of her face. I saw her last when she was within twenty-five feet of me. For an hour I kept thinking she must still be in the room somewhere and would come at last, but I was disappointed.

When I arrived in the lecture-hall that evening some one said: "Come into the waiting-room; there's a friend of yours there who wants to see you. You'll not be introduced—you are to do the recognizing without help if you can."

I said to myself, "It is Mrs. R.; I shan't have any trouble." There were perhaps ten ladies present, all seated. In the midst of them was Mrs. R., as I had expected. She was dressed exactly as she was when I had seen her in the afternoon. I went forward and shook hands with her and called her by name, and said:

"I knew you the moment you appeared at the reception this afternoon." She looked surprised, and said: "But I was not at the reception. I have just arrived from Quebec, and have not been in town an hour." It was my turn to be surprised now. I said, "I can't help it. I give you my word of honor that it is as I say. I saw you at the reception, and you were dressed precisely as you are now. When they told me a moment ago that I should find a friend in this room, your image rose before me, dress and all, just as I had seen you at the reception."

Those are the facts. She was not at the reception at all, or anywhere near it; but I saw her there nevertheless, and most clearly and unmistakably. To that I could make oath. How is one to explain this? I was not thinking of her at the time; had not thought of her for years. But she had been thinking of me, no doubt; did her thought fit through leagues of air to me, and

bring with it that clear and pleasant vision of herself? I think so. That was and remains my sole experience in the matter of apparitions—I mean apparitions that come when one is (ostensibly) awake. I could have been asleep for a moment; the apparition could have been the creature of a dream. Still, that is nothing to the point; the feature of interest is the happening of the thing just at that time, instead of at an earlier or later time, which is argument that its origin lay in thought-transference.

The Burning of the Clavie

HUGH W. YOUNG.....THE RELIQUARY

On the last night of the old year, Old Style, the mysterious ceremony known as "the Burning of the Clavie" is still carried out in the fishing and seaport town of Burghead, in the north of Scotland. The custom is so strange that it is quite unknown in any other part of Great Britain, although similar ceremonies are still in existence in some remote parts of Brittany and Russia. From the most remote ages this burning of the Clavie appears to have come down. Antiquaries have formed endless theories about it, some holding that it belongs to Roman times, and others that it is of Scandinavian origin; while the natives of Burghead assert that it is a Druidical worship, and has been handed down from time immemorial. It appears to me to be simply a survival of the worship of Baal, which was the universal faith of our fathers—a remnant of that great fire-worship which prevailed over the whole world as known to the ancients, from the sands of Arabia to the northern Atlantic Ocean, and from India to the Pillars of Hercules. At Burghead may be seen the remains of ancient fortifications of immense strength. Much doubt has hitherto existed as to the period to which these belong, but recent excavations show the great antiquity of the place. The few objects found are some of them prehistoric and some of them Roman, and the construction of the ramparts is of the type of the Gaulish Oppida as described by Caesar. These ramparts are twenty-four feet thick, faced with stone on both faces, and joined by oak beams crossed by planks and nailed together with huge nails.

As evening approaches, a group of men may be seen, one of them carrying a large Archangel tar-barrel presented for the occasion by some merchant in the town; another carries a herring barrel, and others bring the tools required. The tar-barrel is then sawn into two unequal halves, the larger half and the other cask are broken up and the pieces placed inside the smaller half, with lots of tar. The tub is fixed to a stout prop of fir, some five feet long, and a hole is bored in the bottom of the Clavie, in which the spoke is fixed by a long iron nail, which is driven home by a smooth stone. No hammer is allowed to be used. Supports of wood are then nailed all round and secure the spoke to the tub. The completed Clavie is then filled up with chips of wood and tar, and finally lit with a burning peat amidst rounds of cheering. Robert Chambers, in the Book of Days, says: "Though formerly allowed to remain on the Doorie the whole night, the Clavie is now removed when it has burned about half an hour. Then

comes the most exciting scene of all. The barrel is lifted from the socket, and thrown down on the western slope of the hill, which appears to be all in one mass of flame—a state of matters that does not, however, prevent a rush to the spot in search of embers. Two stout men, instantly seizing the fallen Clavie, attempt to demolish it by dashing it to the ground, which is no sooner accomplished than a final charge is made among the blazing fragments, that are snatched up in total, in spite of all the powers of combustion, in an incredibly short space of time."

Marriage of the Dead

ARE THERE MARRIAGES IN HEAVEN?....BUCH FÜR ALLE

A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, some one who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of a year calls upon the bereaved parents and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

The Poison Ordeal of Madagascar

TANGHIN AS A DETECTIVE....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Though ordeals by fire and water are, or have been, national judicial institutions of worldwide distribution, recourse to a deadly poison as a legal remedy has not met with such universal recognition. With the exception of the "Red Water" ordeal of the Papuans, and the "Bitter Water" of certain Melanesian tribes, poison ordeals are strictly confined to the Dark Continent, of which the ordeal of the Calabar bean as practiced by the negroes of Old Calabar is the most popular and well-known instance. Although Livingstone, Du Chaillu and other African explorers mention the use of certain roots for poison ordeals by Central African tribes, and Guinea natives are known to use a form of strychnos for the same purpose, we think we are justified in stating that no exact analogue of the tanghin of Madagascar can be found in any of other ordeals.

The source of the poison—from which it also derives its name—is the *Tanghinia venenifera*, a plant indigenous to Madagascar. Teacourt, Governor of the French settlement at Fort Dauphine in the seventeenth century, wrote an account of the island of Madagascar on his return to France, and in this quaint and interesting work a description of *Le Tangèna* is given, which evidently was not the modern form of the ordeal, but was more akin to the Melanesian Bitter Water, in that death never resulted from the direct action of the poison. Evidence from various sources leads to the conclusion that the *Tanghinia venenifera* was first used for judicial purposes at the beginning of this century, from which period it was consistently employed until the abolition of ordeal by poison in 1864 by international treaties.

The tanghin-tree is somewhat like a chestnut in appearance. As its foliage is of a dark-green hue and its flower of a gorgeous crimson, it presents a very attractive sight during the months of October and

November. Botanists would more accurately describe the tree as belonging to the order of the Apocynaceae, and its fruit as a drupe; but as botanical names only appeal to the initiated, we will continue the description without employing them.

About the middle of November the flowers fade and a small green fruit appears, which rapidly increases in size until Christmas, when the fruit attains maturity. It is then something like a large yellow egg-plum, though the skin is not of one uniform tint, but is streaked with varying tints of red and brown. The pulpy portion of the fruit is of a repulsive gray color, and possesses a correspondingly disgusting taste; and in the centre of this is found the kernel, which is inclosed in a bivalve like the common almond. The kernel is the poisonous part of the fruit, and has been found to contain a most violent poison, which is not strychnine, or, in fact, an alkaloid or nitrogenous compound at all, but a substance which is probably unparalleled in the range of toxicological chemistry. The tanghin was reserved for the detection of such crimes as treason and witchcraft, or anything directly or indirectly due to the intervention of the supernatural; and as such crimes were frequent and the circle of suspicion wide, it acted as a constant drain on an already scanty population. Ellis computes that three thousand persons perished annually under this ordeal, and a tenth of the entire population drank it in their lives—some four or five times—while of those who drank, more than half died on the spot.

For minor offenses the ordeal was performed thus: If two parties disputed on a subject on which no direct evidence could be got, each selected a dog from a pair of equal size and condition, and both animals received similar doses of tanghin. The party whose dog first succumbed was adjudged to be in the wrong; and if both dogs expired simultaneously, the case was decided on a basis of equality; or if this was out of the question, the ordeal was repeated.

In the case of serious crimes, however, being alleged against anyone, the ordeal was much more severe, as the persons suspected had themselves to swallow the tanghin. The ordeal was a truly national institution; government officials called *mpanozon-doha*, or "cursers of the head," or more colloquially, *mpampinona*, that is, "those who compel to drink," administered the ordeal; and to be a *mpampinona* was considered both a lucrative, respectable, and even an honorable position. The *mpampinona*, by personal and secretly transmitted experience, could so manipulate the ordeal that their clients had a chance of escaping with little more than a violent fit of vomiting; while they could insure with deadly certainty the removal of an obnoxious individual. The tanghin thus administered became a most powerful agent in carrying out the crooked ends of an unscrupulous state policy; and we need hardly say that the Government in power freely availed themselves of this convenient method for the removal of prominently obtrusive members of the Opposition.

A great gathering always collected to witness a tanghin ordeal, the centre of attraction, of course, being the *mpampinona*, his executive, and the victim or victims. To inspire confidence, the poison was prepared in public by the *mpampinona*, who took two kernels of the fruit of the *Tanghinia venenifera*, and having split each carefully in half, he ground two halves of different ker-

nels—to insure uniformity of poison—on a stone, with a little water. A white emulsion is thus obtained, which on dilution with the juice of a banana leaf, partially dissolves. Having administered this potion, the "curser of the head" placed his hand on the brow of the victim, and broke forth into a wild stream of denunciation and invocation, beginning, "Ary mandranea, mandranea. Manamango, Listen, listen, oh Manamango. [the Poison Spirit or 'Searcher of Hearts.'] Thou hast no eyes, but thou seest; ears hast thou not, but thou hearest; a round egg brought from afar, from lands across the great waters [possibly an allusion to the introduction of the poison ordeal by the Arabs], thou art here to-day. Hear and judge, for thou knowest all things, and wilt decide truly. If this man had not done aught by witchcraft, but has only employed natural powers, let him live. If he has only committed a crime against the moral code [in the original, a long category of these offenses is given], slay him not; but by the door where down thou wentest, return, oh Manamango! [The poison is a violent emetic.] But if he has employed witchcraft, then hasten; stay not; end him; slay him; choke him; seize his vitals in thy deadly clutch, and destroy at once and forever the foul life of this wicked man, oh Manamango, thou that knowest all things, and who searchest the hearts of all men."

Some years ago, a friend of the writer's took a verbatim copy of the above harangue as reproduced by a native who had twice successfully undergone the ordeal, and on whom the whole ceremony had left very vivid and lasting impressions. The above is a fair translation of the leading points in the argument, which in the original are fully expanded by minute details as to the crimes within and the misdemeanors without the jurisdiction of the tanghin, as well as by very horrible minutiae of the fearful agonies to be inflicted on the guilty, and the exhilarating prospects for the innocent. This adjuration ended, the accused was forced to swallow three pieces of fowl-skin, each about an inch square, without touching them with his teeth. Copious draughts of rice-water were then given to wash down the three pieces of skin; and when this was at last effected warm water was added to accentuate the emetic character of the poison. If the three pieces of skin are discharged intact, Manamango has decided on the innocence of the suspect; and his friends are then free to do anything they please to increase his chances of recovery. If the three pieces are retained, or are only partially discharged, the man is declared guilty; and one of the executive, whose especial duty it is, puts an end to the writhing and speechless agony of the unfortunate victim by a blow from a wooden rice-pestle.

Establishment of innocence by this method more often than not resulted in death from the after-effects, unless special precautions had been taken, or the subject was possessed of an abnormally tough constitution. Practiced experts, by using immature fruit and selecting kernels of light color, which are not so poisonous as the redder ones, and also by skillful arrangements of things, could secure a satisfactory termination—from the patient's point of view—of the ordeal, so that it became quite noticeable that filthy lucre could often tempt the immaculate Manamango to favorable decisions.

In 1857, a Frenchman called Laborde, who headed a frustrated conspiracy to assassinate Queen Ranavalona I. and to place Radama II. on the throne, was

arrested and charged with high treason. He appealed to the tanghin ordeal; but the Government refused him that privilege on the ground that he was a foreigner; and so he was banished from the island, much to his chagrin. It is thought that M. Laborde had cultivated a provident intimacy with the chief mpampinona, and consequently was quite prepared to undergo the necessary gastric convulsions if thereby he could "quash" an inconvenient charge of high treason.

Phonograph Officiating at a Burial

A MECHANICAL CLERGYMAN.....NEW YORK HERALD

Ministers wander away from Coney Island in the summer-time and leave the place often in charge of one who takes care of his own. One more thoughtful than all the rest left a burial service in a phonograph, in case of need, and that is how that Augusta Burr, the fat baby, was buried by phonograph. Deputy Coroner Stillwell had a phonograph with a trumpet as big as the head of a drum, and a deep, sonorous voice. It was a reverent machine, too, and never in its life had it ground out a dance tune or a music-hall ditty. It is placed in the Deputy Coroner's parlor close to the family Bible. Baby Burr was the biggest infant on the island. She was nineteen months old, and weighed ninety-two pounds. She was exhibited, but she took pneumonia and died.

Her mother, a thin, nervous little woman, was heart-broken. She felt still worse when, on the funeral day no clergyman could be found to give her daughter burial according to the rites of the church. She told Mr. Stillwell, who, in his ex-officio capacity, is an undertaker, that she would not be satisfied unless her daughter was buried as she wished. "All the ministers are away," explained the undertaker, "but I've got a religious phonograph which can go through the service without a hitch, for I've tried it. It just begins right off and goes through it without a break." A dozen or so of the friends of little Mrs. Burr gathered that afternoon at the undertaker's house, at Gravesend. The coffin was placed in the back parlor, and over it projected the great trumpet of the phonograph.

Mrs. Stillwell conducted the service. She changed the cylinders five times, and from the opening to the close it was just thirty-five minutes. An extra "loud needle" was used, and the voice from the machine, as clear as a bell, penetrated to all parts of the room. Those who attended the funeral sat with bowed heads, and never looked up as the cylinders were changed. Had a stranger been listening at the door he would have thought that a minister stood beside the coffin and spoke the words which rang through the double parlor. First was the Lord's Prayer, recited in a slow, impressive manner. At the sound of the familiar words a spirit of calm seemed to come into the room. Then a shrill voice, unlike the other, announced that the Amphon Quartet would sing Nearer, My God, to Thee, and four well-blended voices sang the anthem. Then a passage of Scripture announcing that all flesh is grass was heard. There was a buzz of the cylinder, and then a deep voice pronounced the words committing the body to the grave. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" were the words which rang out with greater distinctness than all the rest, and then followed the benediction. The mother silently wept, and the friends bore the body away to its last resting-place.

OLD FAVORITES: BALLADS OF THE BRAVE

The Cavaliers' March to London.....Lord Macaulay.....Poems

To horse ! to horse ! brave Cavaliers !
 To horse for Church and Crown :
 Strike, strike your tents, snatch up your spears,
 And ho for London town !
 The imperial harlot, doom'd a prey
 To our avenging fires,
 Sends up the voice of her dismay
 From all her hundred spires.
 The Strand resounds with maidens' shrieks,
 The 'Change with merchants' sighs,
 And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,
 And tears in iron eyes ;
 And, pale with fasting and with fright,
 Each Puritan Committee
 Hath summon'd forth to prayer and fight
 The Roundheads of the city.
 And soon shall London's sentries hear
 The thunder of our drum,
 And London's dames, in wilder fear,
 Shall cry, "Alack ; they come !"
 Fling the fascines ;—tear up the spikes :
 And forward, one and all.
 Down, down with all their trained-band pikes,
 Down with their mud-built wall.
 Quarter ? Foul fall your whining noise,
 Ye recreant spawn of fraud !
 No quarter ! Think on Strafford, boys.
 No quarter ! Think on Laud.
 What ho ! The craven slaves retire.
 On ! Trample them to mud.
 No quarter !—Charge. No quarter !—Fire.
 No quarter !—Blood !—Blood !—Blood !
 Where next ? In sooth there lacks no witch,
 Brave lads, to tell us where :
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,
 Her daughters wondrous fair :
 And let that dastard be the theme
 Of many a Board's derision,
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
 Of any sweet Precisian.
 Their lean divines, of solemn brow,
 Sworn foes to throne and steeple,
 From an unwonted pulpit now
 Shall edify the people :
 Till the tired hangman, in despair,
 Shall curse the blunted shears,
 And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,
 Around their leathern ears.
 We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,
 The City's grave recorder,
 And on the den of thieves we'll fall,
 Though Pym should speak to order.
 In vain the long-haired gang shall try
 To cheat our Martial law ;
 In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry
 That strangers must withdraw.
 Of Bench and Woolsack, tub and Chair,
 We'll build a glorious pyre,
 And tons of rebel parchment ther
 Shall crackle in the fire.
 With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
 Petition, psalm, and libel,
 The Colonel's canting muster-roll,
 The Chaplain's dog-eared Bible.
 We'll tread a measure round the blaze
 Where England's pest expires,

And lead along the dance's maze
 The beauties of the Friars :
 Then smiles in every face shall shine,
 And joy in every soul.
 Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
 And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip
 The goblet's rich carnation,
 Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
 The wink of invitation ;
 Drink to those names—those glorious names,
 Those names no time shall sever,—
 Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,
 Our Church and King forever !

Bruce at Bannockburn.....Robert Burns.....Poems

Scots, wha ha' wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to Victorie !
 Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Chains and slaverie !
 Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !
 By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !
 Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

The Trooper's Ditty.....William Motherwell.....Poems

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
 And hand once mcre on rein ;
 Up, up into the saddle, lads,
 A-field we ride again !
 One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
 No leisure now to sigh,
 God bless them all—we have their prayers,
 And they our hearts—“Good-bye !”
 Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
 As gallant troopers may,
 Who have old scores to settle, and
 Long slashing swords to pay.
 The trumpet calls—“Trot out, trot out,”—
 We cheer the stirring sound ;
 Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and dust
 We thunder o'er the ground.
 Tramp, tramp we go through sulphury clouds,
 That blind us while we sing,—
 Woe worth the knave who follows not
 The banner of the King ;
 But luck befall each trooper tall,
 That cleaves to saddle-tree,
 Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce,
 The rights of Majesty.
 Spur on, my lads ; the trumpet sounds
 Its last and stern command—
 “A charge ! a charge !” an ocean burst
 Upon a stormy strand.

Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
 Their popguns rattle shot;
 Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
 As sharply as we've got.
 Now for it:—now, bend to the work—
 Their lines begin to shake;
 Now, through and through them—bloody lanes
 Our flashing sabres make!

“Cut one—cut two—first point,” and then
 We'll parry as we may;
 On, on the knaves, and give them steel
 In bellyfulls to-day.
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
 For Country and for Crown,
 We slash away, and right and left
 Hew rogues and rebels down.
 Another cheer! the field is clear,
 The day is all our own;
 Done like our sires,—done like the swords
 God gives to guard the Throne!

The Battle of Agincourt.....Michael Drayton.....Poems

Fair stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all this martial train,
 Landed King Harry.
 And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 March'd toward Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.
 Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the king sending;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.
 And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet, have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.
 And for myself, quoth he,
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.
 Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat,
 Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
 The eager vanward led:
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there;
 O Lord, now hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen.
 They now to fight are gone,
 Armor on armor shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear, was wonder.
 That with cries they make,
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.
 Well it thy age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.
 With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.
 When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilbows drew,
 And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went
 Our men were hardy.
 This while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent.
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.
 Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight,
 Scarce such another.
 Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bear them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.
 Upon St. Crispin's day,
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay,
 To England to carry;
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Society's Protection Against Degenerates

MAX NORDAU.....THE FORUM

It should be remembered that every human mind contains every species of aberration and delirium in the germ. In frenzy, even when most violently developed, nothing new is present to the accustomed domain of thought. Only a change of proportion and relation occur. The normal equilibrium between the various nerve-centres is suspended. How do we retain a healthy mental state? For two reasons only. We do not cultivate the germs of aberration and delirium contained in our brains, and should they develop without our attention, we attain the will as well as the power to suppress them. Fail to regard these two reasons, cultivate the germs of insanity and perversion in the human mind, weaken the will and the power to suppress them, with the result that a race of madmen will speedily develop, who would perhaps have remained quite healthy had their morbid tendencies not been encouraged.

The immense influence of the literature of fiction on the masses is not, perhaps, given its due weight. Fiction exercises a powerful and an unremitting suggestive influence which subjugates the whole mental personality, manner of thought, and action of the reader. Consider the condition of existence governing the average mass of people. The life of the individual is passed amid the narrowest of circumstances. His own experience gives him no insight into the supreme passions and emotions, the disturbances and dissensions of humanity, the shop, the market, or, at any rate, the church and the town-hall. But he reads novels. He goes to the theatre and sees characters that have found no place in his environment. He observes strange situations of which he is ignorant, and learns how the characters of a poet's imagination are made to think and feel and behave in these conditions. The laws of psychology make it inevitable that the individual, unable to control or correct by personal experience the positive affirmations and communications of the poet, whom he believes without reservation, draws his own conception of life from these works, and models himself after these characters, assimilating their judgments, likes, and dislikes.

He who surveys the harm accomplished by morbid art and literature will surely encourage any counter-acting influence on these productions. The question is only this: How shall it be accomplished? Two observations will apply here. Experience has heretofore pronounced cure of the degenerates, more particularly in the worst forms, impossible. I doubt not that the present epidemic of degeneracy and hysteria will end at a given time, humanity either forming some adaptation to the new conditions of existence, or subordinating these conditions to the power of its organic control. I have faith in the power of humankind to self-cure, since I am convinced that its vitality is not yet exhausted. But it must not be prematurely concluded, therefore, that nothing remains to be accomplished, or that the matter may be left to itself. The degenerates, as well as their imitators, open admirers, and such as profess the ideas of this class, are, I fear, quite inaccessible to healing influences.

But to influence uncontaminated youth with any

prospect of result, heavy treatises must not be employed. A book costs much money and more time. In the best possible case it will be read only by the élite, and its influence, I fear, will not penetrate far. Here the newspapers and magazines have an extremely important duty to fulfill. They have much to make good, for they have greatly sinned. The newspapers, professing progression, have given immense notoriety to morbid productions. Public opinion has been given to understand that degeneracy in art and literature is synonymous with the greatest advance. Their duty is to spread healthier views. They should cease occupying themselves more with one fool than with ten sensible artists, and they should not stamp all madness with the seal of success. On the day when newspapers no longer consider it a duty to advertise the cripples and clowns of art and literature, the influence of degenerate productions will be greatly arrested. The masses will not then be penetrated by their peculiar characteristics. Naturally I presuppose that the newspapers and magazines have not fallen into the hands of degenerates and their following. Generally speaking, I believe the supposition to be correct. Newspapers do not believe in the Mystics, Symbolists, and the like, to whom so much space is devoted. Rather they give them so much space for the entertainment they afford. Let us hope for a cessation when once the deeply disorganizing influence produced by this entertainment on the public mind and taste has been comprehended. To leave degenerates and the hysterical to themselves, to tell the masses nothing of their insanity, or else strip them of their prestige of progress, genius, and acute modernity, appear to me the most promising method by which Society is to defend itself against degenerating suggestions.

A Day's Labor Measured by Law

WHAT LEGISLATION HAS DONE....YOUTH'S COMPANION

The most important reform demanded by organized labor is a shortening of the day's work. The reform has been achieved only partially, and the agitation for a shorter day continues. Whatever has been accomplished has been the result partly of friendly agreement between employer and employed, but chiefly it has been secured by legislation enacted in the several States. The possibility of securing a further reduction of the hours of labor, if not the retention of what has been gained, has now been endangered by a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois. In that State a law was adopted in 1893 prohibiting the employment of women in any factory or workshop more than eight hours a day. This law was passed for the purpose of reforming the abuses of the so-called sweat-shop system in the manufacture of clothing, under which many women, as well as men, were kept for long hours working in places where their health was greatly endangered. The law was the same in effect as those which are in force in several other States. Legislation restricting the hours of labor of women and children is common in our States, and several States also have laws limiting the hours of employment of men in certain industries.

In some of the States the hours of employment of men in factories are really fixed by laws which apply

only to women and children, because the mills cannot be conveniently operated for a longer time than the women and children employed in them are allowed to work. In Illinois the constitutionality of the "sweat-shop law" was called in question, and the Supreme Court of the State has decided that it is void and unconstitutional on the ground that it interferes with the right of women to labor freely and make their own contracts to labor. The decision declares that the right to labor is included in the fundamental rights of liberty and property, and cannot be taken away without due process of law. In brief, the Court decides that a woman who is of age, as well as a man who is of age, has a right to contract to give her work for as many hours in the day as she chooses. To deny her the right to do so is to interfere with the liberty which the Constitution secures to her. The right to employ her cannot be taken away from an employer without at the same time taking away from her the right to be employed. Though the decision directly affects only "females," since the law specifically applies only to them, it virtually applies to all adult persons. If a Legislature cannot interfere with the right of women to make contracts, it certainly cannot interfere with the right of men to do the same thing.

Last year the Supreme Court of Nebraska declared invalid a law of that State providing that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for all mechanics, servants and laborers, except those engaged in farm and domestic labor. The Court held such a law to be an unconstitutional discrimination in favor of agricultural and domestic laborers. On the other hand, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts long ago decided the ten-hour law of that State, which applied to women and minors employed in factories, to be constitutional. If the Illinois decision should be adopted as sound law by courts in other States, it would put an end to legislation limiting the hours of employment of adults so long as the Constitution of the United States remains unchanged. It is an interesting fact that in New South Wales the Legislature has just approved a bill imposing penalties upon masters, as well as their employees, who work more than eight hours a day. The British subject has not the protection of a written Constitution, and of the guaranty contained in the fundamental law of this country. Whatever Courts or Legislatures may say, public opinion will surely bring about in some way an improvement in the condition of workingmen, and an amelioration of the relations of labor and capital.

The Capabilities of Women

LADIES' TREASURY..... PUBLIC OPINION

Psychology is no longer studied apart from physiology. We must, therefore, first notice some of the secondary sexual characteristics of woman in respect to her physical structure. Although we are chiefly concerned with the nervous system, a few other points may first be mentioned. Woman among all civilized races is both shorter and lighter than man, except at the age of thirteen or fourteen in our climate, when girls are both taller and heavier than boys of like age. Woman's form is more rounded and graceful, less bony and angular, having relatively more fat and less muscle. Her muscular tissue contains a slightly larger percentage of water. As shown by the dynamometer, woman's strength is at the most only about two-thirds that of

man, while her height is as sixteen to seventeen, and her weight as nine to ten. In woman the trunk is, relatively to the length of the arms and legs, longer than in man. The head also is carried less upright, and the gait is comparatively unsteady and indirect. The greater length of the first finger, as compared with the third, is a feminine peculiarity. This relation, seldom found in man, is not uncommon among women. It gives grace to the hand, and would seem to be an instance of higher evolution, not being found among apes or savages. The vocal cords in woman are shorter, and the voice is higher and shriller. The larynx is smaller and higher in the throat. The thyroid gland is considerably larger than in man. It is thought that women in respect to hair and eyes are slightly darker than men, but this has not been verified. Woman's lung capacity is in proportion to her size much less than man's, and the amount of carbonic acid expired is relatively less. Differences in the blood are well marked, and are said to be significant. In woman the blood contains a less number of red corpuscles—about four million five hundred thousand in a cubic millimetre to five million in man. It has a larger percentage of water and a lower specific gravity. As compared with man, therefore, woman is naturally somewhat anaemic. The pulse-beat is from eight to twelve per minute faster than in man.

Some interesting differences are now clearly made out between man and woman in respect to birth, death, and disease. Statistics show that about one hundred and five boys are born to every one hundred girls in Europe and America. The proportion in other countries and among uncivilized races is said to be nearly the same. The greater mortality of males, however, begins with birth, and continues throughout childhood and adolescence, and the greater proportion of adult years. If, therefore, account be made of boys and girls or men and women at any age after the first year, the females are found to be in a considerable excess, and this notwithstanding the decimation of women by diseases incidental to the child-bearing stage of their lives. These results, formerly attributed to accidental causes, are now known to be due to the greater natural mortality of males, and this is found to be in harmony with another series of sexual differences, namely, the greater power of woman to resist nearly all diseases. Hospital statistics show that women are less liable to many forms of disease, such as rheumatism, haemorrhages, cancer, and brain diseases; and that while they are more liable to others, such as diphtheria, phthisis, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough, even in these the percentage of fatal cases is so much less that the absolute number of deaths falls considerably below that of men. Sudden deaths from internal causes are much less frequent among women. They endure surgical operations better than men, and recover more easily from the effects of wounds. They also grow old less rapidly and live longer. Among centenarians there are twice as many women as men. Women retain longer the use of their legs and their hands. Their hair becomes gray later, and they suffer less from senile irritability and from loss of sight, hearing, and memory. In brief, contrary to popular opinion, woman is more hardy than man, and possesses a larger reserve of vitality. In this connection the absence of physical abnormalities in woman should be noted. A mass of evidence from

anthropological studies in Italy and England shows that degeneration marks, monstrosities, and almost all kinds of variations from the normal type, are much less common in woman than in man. Here, too, we may note that statistics of the diseases to which men, women, and children are severally most subject, show a somewhat marked similarity between the diseases of women and of children.

In perception, woman is in general decidedly quicker than man. She reads a paragraph or book more quickly, and, knowledge of the subject being equal, she grasps more of it. In perception of objects she grasps more quickly a number of wholes or groups, and has a rapid, unreasoned perception of relations which has the appearance of intuition. Her perception of details, however, is less accurate than man's, and her rapid reference of things to their proper classes extends only to matters of common, human experience. In apperception the subjective factor is larger in woman, and she sees things more from the standpoint of her own experience, wishes, and prejudices. Even more than in man, where feeling is strong, objective perception is blind. Hence, women make poorer critics than men, and more rarely are they impartial judges. For the formation of concepts, especially the more abstract ones, woman's mind is less adapted than man's. She thinks more in terms of the concrete and individual. Hence number, form, and the association of colors with sounds, are, as is found, more common among women. Differences in habits of thought between the sexes may be well illustrated by a simple experiment in association. If fifty men and fifty women be required to write as rapidly as possible one hundred words without time for thought, in the women's lists, more than in the men's, will be found words relating to the concrete rather than the abstract, the whole rather than the part, the particular rather than the general, and associations in space rather than in time. As Lotze keenly remarks, women excel in arranging things in the order of space, men in the order of time. Men try to bring things under a general rule, without so much regard to the fitness or symmetry of the result. Women care less for general rules, and are inclined to look only to the immediate end in view, aiming to make each thing complete in itself and harmonious with its surroundings.

Of the 483,517 patents issued by the U. S. Patent Office prior to October, 1892, 3,458 were granted to women. In general, woman's thought is less methodical and less deep. The arts, sciences, and philosophy owe their progress more to man than to woman. Whether one studies the history of logic, mathematics, or philosophic thought, of the special sciences, or scientific discovery and invention, of poetry or general literature, of musical composition or technique, of painting, sculpture, or architecture, one is engaged more with the names of men than of women. Even in those spheres for which woman by her peculiar physical or mental qualities is particularly adapted, such as vocal music, the stage, and the writing of novels, it is doubtful whether a list of the greatest artists would include more women than men. What woman loses in profundity she gains in quickness. She excels in tact, and extricates herself from a difficulty with astonishing adroitness. In language she is more apt than man. Girls learn to speak earlier than boys, and old women are more talkative than old men. Among the uneducated the wife can express herself

more intelligently than the husband. Women are more alike than men, and more normal, as it were. The geniuses have been men for the most part, and so have the cranks. Woman's thought pursues old rather than new lines. Her tendency is toward reproduction, while man's is toward production. Woman loves the old, the tried, and the customary. She is conservative, and acts as society's balance wheel. Man represents variation. He reforms, explores, thinks out a new way.

The Practice of Marriage

A WOMAN OF THE DAY....THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Conspicuous among those things whose popularity is on the wane is the form of alliance called matrimony. That inconsiderable faction of which Mrs. Mona Caird is the self-anointed priestess, would have us sweep the ceremony away altogether into the dustheap of dead conventions, and from time to time persons of more moderate views put forth suggestions for its amendment. None of these reformers are very coherent. They will not plead guilty to the accusation of advocating free love, and they have hitherto failed to elude their real desire to the average plain listener. But although these abolitionists have as yet few adherents, and marriage continues to be the same State-and-society-supported institution it has ever been, an increasing disinclination to marry, or rather a vague distaste of it, has shown itself among the young of both sexes. Mothers with daughters find it difficult to get any man to take them to his bosom unless they are well endowed with beauty or dollars. The more eligible the bachelor, the less inclined he is to barter his freedom for a few chaste smiles and a little practiced indifference. He has acquired expensive tastes and an aversion to self-denial which nothing short of a landed property lacking heirs is strong enough to overcome. And even with this inducement to marriage he is likely to postpone it till the adventures of adolescence have lost their savor. It is true that he may, after forty, become enamoured of the matrimonial idea, but whether or not he puts it into effect will depend upon the balance both of his vitality and his fortune. The woman, again, is actuated by different considerations. She is handicapped at the start by her numerical superiority, and the consciousness that her "pure and disinterested desire for an establishment" may fail of realization through sheer lack of opportunity to extricate herself from the herd of superfluous women. Added to this, the modern maid has thoroughly broken away from the belief that any husband is better than no husband at all. The reproach of spinsterhood has to a great extent passed away, and since it is now not only possible but profitable for women to work, many of them are more disposed to take up a profession than a partner for life. The critical faculty has, moreover, been quickened by education, so that the "demoiselle à marier" now bears little resemblance to the simpering innocent who accepted without question the man of her mother's choice. To-day, proposals of marriage are addressed to herself and answered by herself, and she is more prone to rejection than to acquiescence, for as a rule she is bent upon getting more out of marriage than there is in it.

At the same time these agitations for the abolition of matrimony as an institution would be more mischievous than beneficial if they gained ground, which they are unlikely to do at present. It is true that at this inter-

mediate stage of her development the modern woman is unable to adjust herself to the old conception of marital obligations. It may even be that a small section of women are unfit for marriage altogether. That, after all, is nothing new. The infinitesimal minority of the matrimonially unfit has always existed, and the fact that it has recently been crying in the market-place does not prove it larger than ever before. Since the laws are only fashioned to secure the greatest good of the greatest number, any attempt to legislate for the exceptional woman would be a manifest injustice as well as an absurdity. Thus, if she cannot bring her idiosyncrasies into concord with the conjugal code, the sooner she realizes that the fault is in her own temperament and not in the institution, the better for her peace of mind. Such women must ever be a law unto themselves, for it is nature herself who has ranged them on the rebel side. But the great mass of women still find in the marriage tie their best protection. In any less permanent relationship it is the woman who suffers almost invariably, and as yet no scheme has been devised which shows a possibility of working as well, or which attempts to provide for the adequate disposal of children or the transmission of property. So far the philosophers who would teach us how to obtain wives as well as pianos on the hire system, have been either hopelessly unpractical or obviously insincere.

The facilities for divorce ought, however, in my opinion, to be considerably extended. If the dissolution of marriage could be more easily effected, we should hear nothing more about the abolition of the contract. By this means relief from marital misery could be obtained by the individual without bringing into every alliance an element of insecurity which must finally tend to the disintegration of society. If women were granted a divorce upon the same terms as men can now obtain it, there would be fewer discordant unions and less immorality in both sexes. A woman who is chained to an unfaithful husband is not likely to make a model wife, even if she does not arrogate to herself the right of retaliation. As the law now stands, a man may make his wife's existence an agony with impunity so long as he does not resort to personal violence, whereas a mere appearance of infidelity is often sufficient excuse for him to obtain a release from his obligations. Not only justice but expediency demands the alteration of this law, which is a mere survival of the obsolete disabilities that surrounded the "femme couverte." I am, moreover, all for increasing the facilities for divorce in other directions. That either man or woman should be bound for life to a felon, a lunatic, or a dipsomaniac, seems to me a monstrous thing, entirely incompatible with nineteenth-century civilization. It is urged by those who object to any mitigation of the marriage laws that the criminal may come out of prison, that the lunatic may be restored to reason, and the inebriate to sobriety. But the fallacy of such reasoning will be perceived when we reflect that regeneration is equally possible to the adulterer or any other sinner. It would surely be easy to place such restrictions on the operation of the law as would prevent either party from obtaining a dissolution on the pretext of temporary insanity, occasional intoxication, or even of criminal offenses of a slight character. But I contend that protracted drunkenness, or insanity and felony, should be held sufficient grounds for divorce

quite apart from any breach of the seventh commandment. As a rule, the martinets for the durability of the marriage tie have nothing more conclusive to urge against this extension than the old thin-end-of-the-wedge argument, as if this era was not full of the thin ends of wedges that have no thick ends.

To the sociologist, however, it is somewhat difficult to be optimistic concerning the future of marriage in England. The fact that it is far more obviously and persistently a failure here than in any other European country, cannot be altogether ignored when we come to the ultimate utility of things. To abolish the institution would merely have the effect of reducing society to chaos, but the practice of it might well be amended. In no other civilized country are conjugal habits such as they are in England to-day, not only in the lower and middle classes, but in the upper classes also. However much space may be at their command, husband and wife pass at least half their lives within the same four walls in an intimacy that violates every instinct of refinement in the woman and every feeling of decency in the man. What element of romance, what vestige of the beauty of love, can survive an association so close and so continuous? Take, for instance, the case of a marriage between the average Englishman and a girl who has all life's mysteries to learn. Granted that each loves the other and desires to preserve that affection. If the husband is a man of fine fibre, he begins by regarding his wife as a sacred thing, but the conjugal customs of this country soon sweep away all sense of her divinity both in his eyes and her own. Without their being actually conscious of it, this odious familiarity breeds contempt between them, and once that personal reserve is broken down on which self-respect is founded, love becomes a mere habit, or dies out of sheer disgust, according to the temperament of the two persons. The revolting character of this intimacy—which is not founded on any true conception of marriage—and its consequences are at the root of the modern woman's aversion to matrimony. Any attempt at a solution of the difficulties of married life must consider this intimacy and the radiations of discord from it that are the initial steps to a thousand and one little cares, worries and troubles from which they spring, and with which they seem to be indissolubly connected. No fine-spun social philosophizing can attain aught without considering it; in all classes of civilized society, in all countries, and both now and at all future times, this condition must be recognized and met.

In her horror of these habits woman is apt to blame the institution, when the customs of the Teutonic race are alone responsible. There are still, however, young wives who are incapable either of analyzing the cause of their discontent or of establishing saner and sweeter relations in their homes. They feel that their marriage is a failure, but they do not know why, still less do they dream how only it might be made a success. So long as wives permit their husbands to come and go in their apartments without let or hindrance, just so long will marriage prove a failure, except in cases where natural absence of refinement prevents the inevitable friction. Marriage is essentially an honorable estate, but the Teutonic interpretation of its unity has gone far to discount its promise of felicity to the women of this land.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Almost a Plague of Flowers

AN EPIDEMIC OF HYACINTHS.....NEW YORK SUN

Close to the Buffalo Bayou beyond Morgan City and in the Téche sugar section of Louisiana, a passenger on a Texas Central train pointed out a ditch full of water hyacinths. They made a bed half a mile long of green, wax-like leaves studded with upright plumes of pale lavender blossoms. This was a month or two ago. He said that in the summer of 1891 he and his wife had been stopping at Monte Sano, in northern Alabama, and had found there a lotus pond containing, besides the lotus plants, a few water hyacinths—both brought from a distance. He lived in New Orleans, and to his home in that city he shipped some of the hyacinths done up in moss. They multiplied so rapidly in his garden in New Orleans that they had to be thinned out, and the discarded plants were thrown into the ash-barrel and then into a ditch in the country. A year later they were noticed along the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, and in two years were abundant all around the lake and in all the waters that empty into it. In three years hunters and yachtsmen returning to the city brought wonderful news of the spread of the plant, and declared that it impeded navigation in some of the bayous. Great beds of the waxy plant, gorgeous in the springtime with a warm cloud of color, floated in all the bayous and reached in ribbons along the creeks and branches. It is found now that they will offer no serious hindrance to navigation and no damage to any interest, because as they spread they constantly break apart, and the detached masses float out into the Gulf and into the ocean, where navigators meet them in the guise of lavender colored islands. They do not take root in the soil, but float and subsist upon the water. The people of the Gulf coast are still astonished at this visitation. They have not yet learned to utilize the flowers for decorative purposes or to cultivate and sell them to lovers of nature's ornaments. The boys who peddle Cherokee roses, jessamine, and lilies still pass the wild hyacinth by, but in time they will know better, for the leaf is almost as beautiful as the blossom, and that is very beautiful.

Wonders of a Submerged Forest

THE WOODS OF LAKE SAMAMISH.....SEATTLE TIMES

Many years ago, even so far back that the traditions of the oldest Siwash extend not thereto, there was some vast upheaval of mother earth on the shores of Lake Samamish that sent a portion of the big Newcastle hill sliding down into the lake, with its tall evergreen forest intact, and there it is to this day. About this time of the year the waters of the lake are at their lowest, and then the tops of the tallest of these big submerged trees are out of the water, but never more than ten or twelve inches. The waters of the lake are deep, and the bluffs back of the beach very precipitous, so that the only explanation of the freak is that either by an earthquake or some other means a great slide has been started in early times, and it went down as a mass until it found lodgment at the bottom of the lake. At this time one can see down into the glassy, mirror-like depths of the lake for thirty feet or more. Near the banks the forest trees are interlaced at various angles and in confusion,

but further out in the deep water they stand straight, erect, and limbless and barkless, 100 feet tall. They are not petrified in the sense of being turned to stone, but they are preserved and appear to have stood there for ages. They are three feet through, some of them, and so firm in texture as to be scarcely affected by a knife blade. The great slide extended for some distance, and it would now be a dangerous piece of work for a steamer to attempt passage over the tops of these tall trees. Even now the water along shore is very deep, and a ten-foot pole would sink perpendicularly out of sight ten feet from the shore line.

All over this country are found strata of blue clay, which in the winter season are very treacherous, and, given the least bit of opportunity, will slide away, carrying everything above with them. This is the theory of the submerged forest of Lake Samamish. It probably was growing above one of these blue earth strata, and heavy rains, or probably an earthquake, set it moving. The quantity of earth carried down was so great that the positions of the trees on the portion carried away were little affected. It is hardly to be believed that the earth suddenly sank down at this point and became a portion of the beautiful lake. Few such places exist. There is a place in the famous Tumwater Cañon, on the line of the Great Northern, near Leavenworth, which is in some respects similar. At some early time a portion of the great mountain side came rushing down and buried itself at the bottom of the cañon. Now there is a considerable lake, and in the centre stand tall, limbless trees, different in species from those growing along the cañon. At Green Lake, near Georgetown, Colo.—a lake which is 10,000 feet above sea level—is a submerged forest of pine-trees, some hundred feet tall, but not so numerous as in Lake Samamish. The same theory explains their presence as given above.

In Our Grandmother's Garden

FLOWERS OF LONG AGO....GARDEN AND FOREST

Most things move in cycles, and contemporaneously with the reappearance of our grandmothers' sleeves and petticoats the taste for old-fashioned gardens is revived. There is a fresh call for the perennials and annuals which enlivened the borders of long ago, and those who are fortunate enough to still possess these old-time gardens show with pride the long-treasured plants which have bloomed for so many years. We are apt to think that we know a good deal more about flowers than our progenitors, but the fact is, there was, perhaps, more variety than there is to-day in many of their collections. Much time is given now to the development of perfect specimens and to the cultivation of new varieties, both in greenhouse and garden, but if we were to look over some of the venerable catalogues we should find that if we planted all that our grandsires did we should have our hands and gardens full, without anything new.

McMahon's American Gardeners' Almanac, published in 1806, gives a list of 400 hardy perennials and biennials for the garden, with 120 hardy annuals, including climbers, and among these we find many plants which are supposed to be comparatively new. Those early settlers in America who were well-to-do devoted much

care to their gardens, and in the formal fashion of the day laid out their geometrical walks and box-bordered beds and filled them with all sorts of sweet-smelling or showy posies, which are forever associated in our minds with our grandmothers, who loved them. The early colonists found new and wonderful flowers blossoming in the woods and fields of the new country and transplanted them into their borders, and sent specimens of them to their old home, receiving in return slips and seeds of the dear old shrubs and plants which were full of association to their homesick hearts. The interest on this side of the Atlantic kept pace with that in Europe, and only twenty years after the founding of the London Horticultural Society the little town of Boston, in 1828, organized its own.

In those early gardens all sorts of bulbous plants were grown, the passion for tulips, which was at its height in Europe about the beginning of the eighteenth century, having lasted longer in the colonies, and the records show that hyacinths and other early-blooming flowers were raised in great perfection and profusion.

Geraniums, peonies, pansies, pinks, balsams, four-o'clocks, and dahlias made their appearance in the borders in brave show. Columbines of various colors nodded everywhere. Lilies and roses, then as now, were the joy of the gardener, and the trade list of Parsons & Co., Flushing, L. I., as early as 1830, contained over seven hundred kinds of roses, while already two thousand different varieties had been named, though hybridization was then in its infancy. The China aster and the chrysanthemum were comparatively new and small, for the China asters only began to reach England in 1730, and the improved sorts are of much later date, while the chrysanthemum was but a sturdy little ball in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was alluded to as "a neglected flower" as late as 1842. Carnations in many varieties, plain and striped, perfumed the air. There were the flakes with stripes of two colors going the whole length of the petals. There were freckled and spotted ones, and painted ladies, with a white underpart to the petal, while the upper surface was red or purple, as if laid on with a brush. These latter have now so disappeared that few growers know they ever existed. Even the spotted ones have their colors now confined to the outer edge of the petals, and the freckles have gone out of fashion. Who does not remember the clove pinks which were such universal favorites, endless in variety, fragrant and fringed.

There were larkspurs, which sprung up everywhere in all sorts of colors, from palest blue to indigo, from pure white to deep pink, with flowers poised like bees upon their stems, and stately stalks which lifted them high in the air. There were masses of fragrant stocks and rows of balsams, whose impatient seeds flew at a touch, and bunches of the Sweet William, which seems now the most old-fashioned of flowers, and the scarlet lychnis, its appropriate neighbor, with stiff, tall stem and red head aflame. We called it London Pride, but in England that name is given to *Saxifraga umbrosa*. In June the beds were all ablaze with bouncing peonies, shading from white to deepest crimson, and later came the French marigolds, in all shades of gold. There were Canterbury bells, white and blue, and tall white tuberoses of sickly sweetness, and phloxes, white and pink, and big double buttercups as large as little roses, and the many-colored marvel of Peru. Scarlet bee balm

was a delight all summer long, and the feverfew grew rank beside it. Who can forget the fragrant rows of sweet peas, which have never grown old-fashioned, and the swarms of poppies of all kinds and hues, and the clematis which climbed and trailed at its own will, and the wandering honeysuckles and sweetbrier which hummed with bees?

The charm of those old gardens was in their wealth and tangle of bloom. One plant leaned upon another. There was no room for weeds, for each flower stood cheek by jowl with a neighbor, and frowned down the humble intruders. There was always a little shade in those gardens, perhaps a pear-tree or two, or a choice plum, which enjoyed the same care received by the blossoms, and rewarded in its turn with friendly shade. The spirit of those gardens came from the hands that tended them and culled their fragrant produce. They breathed love and thought, and patient tending, and grew as flowers only grow for those who love them.

The Lace-Bark-Tree of Jamaica

NATURE SIMULATING ART.....ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

The Department of Agriculture, Forestry Division, at Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants only second to that belonging to the famed Kew Gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace-bark-tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibres which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen and silk. The intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favorably to the last-mentioned productions for both beauty and durability. It is to be sincerely hoped that the Agricultural Department will see that the Jamaica lace-tree is introduced into the United States.

Embraced by a Cannibal Tree

THE DEVIL OF TREES.....KANSAS CITY PACKER

The most wonderful forest tree in the world, perhaps, is the "cannibal tree" of Australia, which someone has aptly called "the most wonderful of God's many wonders in vegetable life." It grows up in the shape of a huge pineapple, and seldom attains a height of more than 11 feet. It has a series of broad, board-like leaves, growing in a fringe at the apex, which reminds one of a gigantic Central American agave. When standing erect these broad, thick leaves hide a curious-looking arrangement, which appears to perform the same functions as those of the pistils in flowers. Naturally, these board-like leaves, which are from 10 to 12 feet long in the smaller specimens, and from 15 to 20 in the larger, hang to the ground, and are strong enough to bear a man's weight. In old aboriginal times in the antipodean wilds, the natives worshiped the cannibal tree under the name of the "Devil tree," the chief part of the ceremony consisting of driving one of their number up the leaves of the tree to the apex. The instant the victim would touch the so-called "pistils" of the monster the leaves would instantly fly together like a trap, squeezing the life out of the intruder. Early travellers declared that the tree held its victim until every particle of flesh disappeared. On this account it is called the "cannibal tree."

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT: AT THE KING'S COMMAND

BY MAX PEMBERTON

A reading selected from *The Little Huguenot; A Romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau*. By Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co. Gabrielle de Vernet, the little Huguenot, in her retreat with her servants and retainers, in the forest of Fontainebleau, has fame for youth and beauty that spreads to the court and excites the desire of King Louis to see her. Ennuyé of the fashionable dames of the court he commands Lieut. de Guyon with a body servant and six musketeers to request her presence at the palace. Gabrielle treats the company with hospitality, scorns the message, but learns to love the messenger. At the close of the week she sends De Guyon back with the word that she will not visit the palace, that if the king wants her he must carry her there. The delivery of this message causes her lover to be put into prison with the surety that his head must pay for the temerity of his lips. Gabrielle in despair asks the advice of her faithful friend Cavaignac, a Jesuit monk, who tells her to go to the palace where De Guyon is confined and he will rescue both from the power of the king. This scene opens with Gabrielle waiting impatiently the appearance of Cavaignac, while the supper with the "Well-Beloved," the king, is preparing.

Though the neighboring room was lit by the light of a hundred tapers, and the mirrors caught up and scattered the bountiful rays, her own apartment had been left almost in darkness. She heard no longer the buzz of lackeys' voices or the ringing of glasses; yet she could smell the perfume of the roses upon the table, and she knew that supper was served, and that any minute might bring her face to face with the man who was moved by no impulse but the impulse of his pleasure; who had never spoken a noble word, or done an unselfish deed. The reality fed the fears which now possessed her; she could have cried aloud for pity and for help; she thought even of flight, yet remembered her lover and prayed the more. And her anguish was at the zenith when the answer came.

Swift and sudden the apparition was coming like a phantom out of the shadows of the room. She heard no step; no door turned upon its hinges; no footfall broke the silence; yet she was conscious that one stood beside her, that his eyes were watching her, that her faith was justified. Without a word she turned to him; the tears she had conquered gushed forth again and fell upon his outstretched hand; she clung to him like a child that has found a father.

"I knew you would come to me," she cried at last.

"And I am here, my child."

"You will not leave me now?"

"Leave you—God forbid!"

"And you will help my lover?"

"I come to set him free."

She would have thanked him, but he raised his hand warningly, while a bell began to strike the hour.

"Hark!" said he, "that is eight o'clock. There is no time for words. Do only that which I bid you."

He stepped to the oaken wall upon the opposite side of the room, and, pressing his hand upon the glass of a small mirror, he opened a panel in the wainscoting and beckoned to her.

"Three doors from here to the right is the chapel of St. Louis. Wait there until you are summoned."

The girl saw nothing but a dark and gloomy passage, but she went readily at his words, and when the echo of her steps had died away he closed the panel. At the same moment the door in the second chamber was shut.

The "Well-Beloved" had come to sup.

The Jesuit wore his cassock and a black cape about his shoulders. His step was like the step of a cat as he crossed the room and stooped in the shadow of an angle, wherefrom he could observe the king. Never in his life had he embarked upon a venture of which the outcome was so doubtful; never had he more need of his mind and of his courage. One cry uttered by Louis, one false step of his own, and the end would be swift. He stood alone to fight the battle of the woman; and even while he waited he remembered that the flesh of Damiens had been torn with hot pincers, that the body of Ravailiac had been burst asunder to make a Parisian holiday.

Motionless, his body bent forward, his right hand raised, his left hand closed upon the hilt of a dagger, the priest watched the king. The "Well-Beloved," uncertain as he may have been of the welcome which Gabrielle de Vernet would give to him, had determined that there should be no spectator of it. His few attendants had left him at the end of the gallery which gave access to the Salles des Chasses. Louis thought himself to be quite alone, and in this expectation he entered the supper-room with a brisk step.

He had expected to find Gabrielle de Vernet waiting there to receive him, and, when he beheld the empty room, he stood for a moment uncertain how to act. Old as he was, and wildly as he had lived, he yet preserved that superb dignity of bearing which had been his one merit for more than twenty years. It was possible still to speak of him as a handsome man; and now when the light fell full upon his coat of white and silver, and the jewels upon his breast gave back radiating beams, there was an air of kingship and of grace in ill contrast to the purpose of his coming.

Standing for a spell by the brilliantly-lighted table, the king listened for any sound or sign of the woman from whom he had expected greeting. When none was given to him, a curious smile began to play upon his face, and he crossed to the door of the inner room, peering into the gloom of it.

"The little witch is pleased to play with me," he muttered. "Well, the game is amusing, we shall see."

The smile left his face, and he puckered up his lips, biting them when he debated upon the situation. So close to the priest was he then, that he could have touched him with his hand, but he had eyes only for the aureole of light in the centre of the apartment, and at that he gazed while a minute passed. At the end of that time he snapped his fingers as though an idea had come to him, and began to cross the room. The priest stepped noiselessly from the angle and followed him.

Quite convinced now that if he would sup with Gabrielle de Vernet he must carry her to the table, as she had asked, the king crossed the second of the rooms with quick steps, and began to knock upon the panel. He was answered almost at the first rap, but it was the mocking voice of Père Cavaignac he heard.

"Enter, sire," said the priest.

Louis turned upon his heel at the words, and faced the Jesuit. A flush of passion was upon his face, an oath upon his lips.

"Blood of the Sacrament, who are you?" he asked. The priest opened his cape and stepped into the light. "I am the servant of Jesus, François Cavaignac, at one time known to your Majesty."

There were few of the Bourbons that lacked courage, and the "Well-Beloved" was not among their number. Though the presence of the Jesuit had already struck him chill with a fear he could not define, he betrayed himself in no way.

"Well," said he, with a fine smile of irony, "and what does the servant of Jesus, François Cavaignac, want with me?"

"The liberty of a prisoner, sire."

Louis retreated as the other advanced, until, when he answered, his back was against the door.

"Ha!" he cried, "the liberty of a prisoner. And his name is?"

"A lieutenant of your Majesty's Musketeers, Paul de Guyon." The king's face flushed with passion; the hand of the other was trembling beneath his robe.

"Dog of a priest," snarled Louis, "I will have you hanged upon the nearest tree."

"Possibly," said the priest, in a cold, clear voice, "but your Majesty would be the first to die."

"How! You threaten me?"

"Decidedly—since you compel it."

The king sank into a chair; with great drops of perspiration upon his face. The priest stood immovable, motionless. There was silence between them for many minutes, but Louis was the first to speak again.

"Come," said he, "you are a pretty jester, friend. Do you know that I can have you torn limb from limb by a word spoken from those windows?"

"You will never speak it, sire."

"Indeed, but it shall be spoken now."

He rose from his chair, but had not made a step when the hand of the ecclesiastic closed upon his arm with an iron grip.

"Your Majesty wishes still to live?"

"I?"

"Then do not call the guard."

"What! You proclaim yourself to be an assassin."

"As you please. I say, do not call the guard to find your body here."

The king sank back into the chair, trembling in all his limbs; but the priest went on with his words.

"Sire," said he, "if you fear, you fear because of yourself. Give me this man's freedom, and you shall never see my face again."

"How can I give his freedom since you threaten me?"

"That is easily done—there are pens and ink; a line from your Majesty—"

"Which you will carry to the prisoner."

"Nay, but which my servant shall carry."

"Your servant! You are not alone, then."

"The servants of Jesus are never alone, sire."

"And if I pardon this man—what then?"

"Clemency for my mistress, Gabrielle de Vernet."

"What—you are a friend to Huguenots?"

"I am a friend to Huguenots such as she is."

"Dieu, mon ami, you risk much for your friends."

"What matter, since I befriend them. Your Majesty will sign the paper."

Louis took the pen in his hand. He trembled no longer. He was thinking that when the door was opened, he would cry for help. Once he had made his

voice heard he would have this priest flayed alive. Never should such a vengeance have been known. The idea pleased him. He wrote a few lines upon the paper and handed them to Cavaignac.

"Well," said he, "bring me your messenger."

The priest read the paper through.

"Your Majesty has forgotten my mistress."

"Ha! and what of her?"

"That she may leave the chateau immediately."

The king's hand trembled; he half raised it to strike the motionless figure before him. Then he remembered his idea, and wrote the order.

"Come," said he, "where is your servant?"

"He is here, sire."

The door of the inner room opened as the Jesuit spoke, and a man in the scarlet uniform of the Musketeers saluted the "Well-Beloved."

So sudden was his coming, that the king had not even time to rise from his chair before the door was shut.

"See," said the priest, "the servants of Jesus are never alone, sire."

Louis stared at the Musketeer as at an apparition.

"What!" said he, "a Musketeer, too; by the mass, I am well served."

"Your Majesty sent for me," cried the trooper.

"To carry this order for the release of the Lieutenant de Guyon, and for the horses of Madame de Vernet, who is leaving the chateau immediately," cried Cavaignac, as another oath sprang from the king's lips.

The trooper took the paper, to which the priest added three words, and vanished as he had come.

"Well," said the king, "and what now?"

"That your Majesty will be pleased to sit until my mistress shall have reached the forest."

"That my arm may not reach her."

"Exactly, sire."

"And then—?"

"I shall have the honor to kiss your hand for the last time." Louis laughed ironically.

"To-morrow I shall settle with you," said he.

"As your Majesty wills."

The voice was the voice of a man who knew no emotions, of a man of iron. Yet could Louis have searched the heart of the Jesuit, courage would have rushed upon him like a freshet. Apprehension, racking fear, the thought of Gabrielle soon to lie in De Guyon's arms, an imagination depicting every phase of torture and of suffering that might be his—all these were contesting victory with the outward calm which the Jesuit displayed. Yet he did not move a hand while minutes passed; the great clock of the chateau struck nine, and still he stood like some ghostly shape of the night.

As the hour struck, the king, who had warred long with his passion, found himself able to subdue it no longer. Determined that he would stake all upon the hazard, he sprang of a sudden from his chair and ran to the window of the room. The court without echoed his alarm; the whole palace seemed to wake from sleep. Armed men burst into the room where the Jesuit had been; attendants, officials, valets pressed one upon another in the gallery.

"The priest—the priest—death to the assassin!"

A hundred voices took up the cry. It rang through court and cloister. But when the search was made there was no man that could put hands upon the Jesuit.

He had vanished like a phantom.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Carried Away by the Play

POWER OF STAGE REALISM.....LONDON GLOBE

Playgoers of to-day do not appear to fall so easily under the influence of the power of the performer or the vividness of a striking situation as in times gone by. They do not so quickly lose their own identity, so to speak, and become so absorbed in the drama as to be carried away with the interest of the plot to such an extent that they feel themselves, not merely spectators, but participants in a real and tangible incident. But when plays dealt more with homely and natural stories, and less with the fantastic and "woman with a past" class of drama, folk seem to have been more emotional and enthusiastic. They forgot the mimic side of the picture, and only saw before them life in miniature, as they understood it. They had the human note very finely tuned and developed. For example, when they were playing the almost immortal Green Bushes at the Adelphi, during one of its many revivals, Mdme. Celeste, in the character of Miami, the Indian, had to shoot her English husband, by whom she had been deserted, and after firing the pistol, a woman started up in the pit and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Serve him right; it's just like my monster!" This explosion of insulted womanhood, produced by the "cunning of the scene" and Mdme. Celeste's powerful acting, was naturally followed by laughter from all parts of the house.

It was at the Olympic Theatre, in the autumn of 1874, when the Two Orphans was being acted, that a young lady sitting in the stalls hurled her opera-glasses, with the exclamation, "You beast!" at Mrs. Huntley (La Frochard), who was ill-treating Mr. Henry Neville, the cripple Pierre, in the garret-scene. It was certainly a high compliment to that actress's power, though it was a dangerous way of sending a testimonial. But it was a critic who uprose, on the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, It's Never Too Late to Mend, at the Princess's Theatre in 1865, under the management of George Vining, and vehemently protested against the flogging business in the jail scene, as being inhuman and untrue to life. However, it was true to life, and the discussion that ensued in the papers tended to crowd the theatre nightly for many months. However, audiences did not always take things too seriously, and were in the habit of expressing themselves very candidly when occasion arose. Even the great Grimoldi could not invariably rely upon success for his old wheezes. He was once hissed at Sadler's Wells Theatre after singing his celebrated comic song (what a dull piece it is to read, by the way!) Tippitywitchet, and he appealed to the audience. He "had nodded," he said, "frowned, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped; he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheek, eyes, nose, and mouth, and what more did they want?" "Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature!"

The Duchess of St. Albans used to relate an anecdote of herself when she was the unknown Miss Mellon that is worth repeating. "When I was a poor girl," she wrote, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during my holidays,

where I was always well received. I was to perform in a new piece, one of those affecting little dramas, and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl reduced to the utmost poverty. "A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists upon putting her in prison unless some one will go bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope, for I haven't a friend in the world.'

"'What! will no one be bail for you, to save you from going to prison?' asked the stern creditor.

"'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was the reply, but just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railings, letting himself down from one tier to another until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment.

"'Yes, you shall have at least one friend, my poor young woman,' said he, with great earnestness. 'I'll go bail for you to any amount; and as for you,' turning to the frightened actor, 'if you don't shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you!' Every creature in the house rose—the uproar was indescribable—peals of laughter, screams of terror, and cheers from his tarry messmates in the gallery, and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of the hubbub, sheltering me, and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. And he was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

Sometimes it is the manager who gives vent to his feelings when sitting in "front," as was the case with Henry Harris, for many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre in the early part of the century. He was watching from the stage-box the performance of an actor of the name of Faulkner, who had recently arrived from the provinces, and was making his appearance on the metropolitan boards as Octavia in The Mountaineers. Faulkner was not quite up to the mark, and when he exclaimed, in a deep guttural tone, "Oh! where is my honor now?" Harris exclaimed, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle, with all my heart!"

Macready, of whom many stories were told, says in his Memoirs: "I remember on one occasion acting in Venice Preserved. A long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend Jaffier was 'dragging its slow length along,' when some one in the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, 'Ah! now, die at once!' when a voice from the other side immediately replied, 'Be quiet, ye blackguard,' and then, turning with a patronizing tone to the lingering Jaffier, 'Just take your time, will you?'" As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of the stage, we may recall the story of an eminent special pleader who was witnessing a performance of Macbeth. In the scene where the Thane of Cawdor, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" the answer is "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the pleader, and he cried out, excitedly: "A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."

During a performance of Henry VIII. at Drury lane

Theatre, the actor who played Cromwell, in extolling the merits of Wolsey, delivered as usual the passage:

"ever witness for him

Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford."

when a cheery individual in the boxes cried out, "Hang me if I knew that Cardinal Wolsey was married before!" But it is not only the audience that is liable to come under the subjection of the play and the players. Actors are themselves, by reason of their art, strangely impressionable. Mrs. Clive was one night standing at the wings weeping and scolding alternately at Garrick's acting. Angry at last at finding herself so affected, she turned on her heel, crying, "D—— him, he could act a gridiron!"

Origin of Familiar Songs

WITH A DATE AND A NOTE.....MUSICAL COURIER

The Campbells are Comin' is a very old Scottish air. Copies of it date back to 1620.

One Bumper at Parting is one of the best known of Moore's convivial songs. The tune was called Moll Roe in the Morning.

Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl dates from the time of Shakespeare. It appears in one of Fletcher's plays.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer was the work of Charles Mackay, the music being by Henry Russell. It was the outcome of an evening of conviviality in 1843.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes is from a poem entitled The Forest, by Ben Jonson. The air is an adaptation from one of Mozart's opera melodies.

Allan Water was written by Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known in literature as Monk Lewis, whose weird tales were the fashion when Scott was young.

What Are the Wild Waves Saying? a duet that was once immensely popular, was suggested to Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter by the conversation in Dombey and Son.

Rule, Britannia is usually credited to James Thompson. It first appeared in a play entitled Alfred, by Thompson and Mallet, in 1740. The air was by Dr. Thomas Arne.

The Wearing of the Green exists in several forms and versions. The best known one was written by Dion Boucicault, the dramatist. It is sung by Shaun the Post in *Arrah-na-Pogue*.

Scots Wha Hae was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the author was on a journey. The tune is Hey Tuttie Tattie, an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

A Life on the Ocean Wave was the work of Epes Sargent, an American poet, the idea being suggested to him during a walk on the Battery, in New York, one day when a high wind was blowing in from the sea. It was set to music by Henry Russell.

The Last Rose of Summer, one of Patti's favorite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as the Groves of Blarney. This tune has been found in collections of Irish music at least 200 years old.

The Blue Bells of Scotland was the work of Annie McVicar, afterwards Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British Army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk-song.

Kathleen Mavourneen was written by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady, whose songs ninety years ago were in high repute. The music was by Crouch, an eccentric genius, who in his old age and poverty begged his way into a concert given by Titiens that he might hear his own composition fitly sung.

Love's Young Dream, one of Moore's best, was set by him to an Irish tune called The Old Woman. Moore heard the tune from a blind fiddler, wrote it down, and, discerning its beauty, determined that it should have better words than the nonsensical verses to which it was sung by the Irish peasantry.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree has attached to it a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Auld Lang Syne is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns, but only the second and third stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being from the pen of Ramsay. The song is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716, and another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

Inlaying Mother of Pearl

ARTISTS OF HANOI.....JOURNAL DES VOYAGES

Hanoi, a city of French Tonquin, has a flourishing industry in the incrustation of precious woods with mother of pearl. The industry is so important that a whole street, called the street of the Inlayers, is given up to it, and constitutes the sole curiosity of the city. Strangers to the art pass hours in watching the native workmen. The latter are genuine artists, masters of a delicate handicraft demanding at once artistic perception and high manual skill. Furnished with rude tools, but with much patience and skill, these workmen produce articles of great beauty, gleaming with rainbow hues. Here is a sheaf of many-colored flowers, there are delicious arabesques, yonder is a landscape glittering in the sun. The workmen have applied the principle of the division of labor to their art. There are the cabinetmakers, who put together the different parts of the material to be incrusted. The process of joining is done without the aid of nails, and with a system of nice dovetailing and the use of a paste of which lacquer is the base. The wood employed is of two distinct species of palisander, sometimes called violet ebony, and by the natives tiac, and a true ebony from the forest of the Red River of Tonquin. This latter, which the natives call moun, is especially valued by reason of its close grain and its deep black, which brings out the shifting glories of the mother of pearl. Objects of incrusted ebony are more costly than those of violet ebony.

When the cabinetmaker has prepared the wood it passes into the hands of the designer, who makes sketches of the ornamentation upon rice paper. These designs are transferred to the wood by the inlayer, whose duty it is to choose the pearl that will best serve to bring out the beauty of the design. The mother of pearl is obtained from a species of large shellfish called casque, chiefly caught upon the shores of the island of Poulo-Condar. The inlayer cuts the mother of pearl into bits four or five centimetres in diameter, and chooses

the combination of colors that shall yield the contrasts necessary for the artistic success of his work. His art lies in the skill to arrange the pieces so as to obtain the best effect of iridescence. This he heightens by the use of a sort of pearl-dust furnished by a kind of great mussel taken from the brooks of the region. The play of light upon these mussels gives the whole gamut of the rainbow. The bits of pearl chosen, the inlayer strives to give them the form of the design and to dispose them as a veritable mosaic in the wood. The crude morsel is rendered translucent with pumice-stone. It is then fixed in a vise, and the inlayer's labor of patience begins. Crouching upon his heels before the vise, he shapes the piece with a file smaller than an ordinary colored crayon. The pearl fashioned, it is necessary to trench the wood to receive it. This is ordinarily done by children 14 or 15 years old. They follow the lines of the design with a burin and channel tiny trenches of a millimetre in diameter. The bits of pearl are then set in the grooves, and fixed with a lacquer paste. The whole is gently heated to melt the paste, and so fill all interstices. The inlayer then polishes his work, varnishes it, and gives it finishing touches with the burin. The work is so beautiful and so costly that it is much counterfeited by cheaper methods, though never with entire success.

The Romance of Violin Collecting

VAGARIES OF AN EXPENSIVE FAD.....CORNHILL

Lady Hallé said not so long ago that violins can be turned out by the "modern master maker" quite as good as those of the old Cremona school. There may be some reservation in the "can be," but at any rate Lady Hallé herself has never given much practical encouragement to the modern master maker. She plays on a Stradivarius, dated 1709, which the dealers would probably value at something like £1,000, since it, too, has a pedigree. The instrument formerly belonged to Ernst, the celebrated virtuoso, whose widow parted with it for a sum a little under £500. Ernst had it from one of our earliest English collectors, Mr. Andrew Fountain, of Narford, Norfolk, and when it came to Lady Hallé it was in the hands of David Laurie, of Glasgow. There are, of course, many other Stradivariuses with histories, which, if one were to tell them, would fill a volume and more. There is, for example, the Tuscan Stradivarius, made by the master in 1690. In 1794 this instrument was sold to an Irish amateur for £25. This gentleman's grandson sold it in 1876 for £240 to Mr. Ricardo, who in turn sold it to Messrs. Hill in 1888 for £1,000. From this firm it passed to its present owner, who is said to have refused £2,000 for it. Thus have the prices risen. Then there is the Betts Stradivarius, whose record price was broken only by Mr. Crawford's treasure. Betts was a music-seller in London some sixty years ago, and he actually bought this instrument over the counter from a stranger for a guinea! He soon found out its value, and nothing would induce him to part with it, though he was more than once offered £500 for it. Ultimately, some years after the death of Mr. Betts, Mr. George Hart purchased it for 800 guineas. It was then that Charles Reade went into raptures about the instrument. "Eight hundred guineas," he said, "seems a long price for a dealer to give, but, after all, here is a violin, a picture, and a miracle all in one; and big diamonds increase in number, but these spoils of time are limited forever now."

Mr. Hart sold the instrument in 1886, and quite recently it again changed hands at not much less than £2,000. From a guinea to £2,000 in sixty years! There is a romance of reality about that. The "Gillott" Stradivarius, now in the possession of a Leeds collector, is so named because it was once the property of the eminent penmaker. Sixty years ago it was in Mr. Fountain's collection. It is now valued by experts at £1,000, and yet when it was sold at Christie's in 1872, after Gillott's death, it brought only £290, "amid great excitement." The low price might, however, be accounted for in this case by the fact of so many instruments as Gillott possessed being thrown on the market at the same time. Still, it is a curious circumstance that the highest prices are never secured in the salesroom. At Puttick & Simpson's, in 1893, a remarkable violin, known as the "Ames" Stradivarius, in a state of almost perfect preservation, produced only \$860, and this was an auction room-record. Again, the highest salesroom figure for a Guarnerius was the 600 guineas paid for the instrument sold in 1876 and now used by M. Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist.

Of Stradivarius 'cellos there are only a few in existence, and, quite apart from price, they are practically unobtainable. Mr. Forster tells on very good authority that Stradivarius once sent over some instruments to England on sale, and that they were taken back because the merchant was unable to get as much as £5 for a 'cello. One is at first inclined to rate the amateurs of those days for their stupidity until he remembers that time had then done nothing for the perfection of these instruments. Nowadays, at any rate, there is no difficulty. Mr. Franchomme sold his 'cello for £1,600; and the "Batta" 'cello was bought by Hill in 1893 for the perfectly fabulous figure of £3,200! This latter instrument belonged to M. Alexandre Batta, of Paris, and both he and his 'cello were as household words in the musical world of Paris for the last fifty years. He bought the instrument from a French dealer in 1836 for 7,500 francs, a sum which was then considered highly extravagant. Twenty years ago a collector offered him 50,000 francs for it, and later on a French duke tempted him with just twice that amount. Now, being a man of eighty, he has parted with his treasure—not without a pang, as those who saw him kiss the instrument reverently in the train before Mr. Hill started for England with it could best realize.

Signor Piatti has a magnificent Stradivarius 'cello of date 1720. It is known as the "red 'cello," because of the very rich red tint of its varnish. This, too, is an instrument with a history—a history which the signor has courteously sent from the shores of the Lake of Como. The instrument was first brought to England by a Spanish wine merchant, who placed it for sale with a Regent Street dealer, asking £150 for it. For a long time it failed to find a purchaser even at that low figure. When Piatti first saw it it was in the hands of a professional musician named Pigott, in Dublin. The eminent virtuoso at once recognized in it a magnificent instrument, and accordingly he "kept his eye on it." When Pigott died he was unfortunately unable to purchase it, but he brought it to the notice of a dealer, who secured it for £300. It was shortly afterward sold to General Oliver for £350, and the general, being a friend of Piatti, ultimately presented the 'cello to him with the remark, "I always intended it for you."

THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

His Last Game of Chess

MORITZ JOKAI ... SAN FRANCISCO POST

Ahmanzade Mehemed, the Serdar of the troops of Tunis, was renowned for his extraordinarily severe discipline among the soldiers under his command. "Don't fear the enemy," Mehemed used to say; "only fear Ahmanzade Mehemed, your commander;" and it is recorded as a fact that his soldiers did not know such a word as fear on the battlefield, but they trembled in the presence of their general, Mehemed.

The first war in which Mehemed was engaged was against the insurrection Greeks in Albanus, and it was in this expedition that his troops first excelled. In this campaign Mehemed ordered eight cavalrymen to watch the five wells of Arta, a spot which the Greeks often visited. These eight soldiers had received strict orders to challenge every passer-by, never to close, as the saying goes, even one eye, and not to dismount on any consideration.

About midnight on the first day of their watch a driver of a wagon tried to pass by unobserved. When he saw that he could not carry out his intentions he left the wagon and his team of oxen and fled. The wagon was loaded with a cask, and, without dismounting, the soldiers succeeded in removing the bung, and they then soon detected from the smell that the cask contained brandy, an excellent beverage, most probably distilled from figs and raisins.

Mehemed's soldiers were not forbidden to drink confiscated liquors. They managed to get some reeds, which they inserted in the bunghole, and began to suck the delicious brandy to their hearts' content. They never thought of the prophet's saying that wine in any form was a wicked drink of Satan, and Satan soon saw that he had the soldiers at his mercy. First of all the soldiers were asking each other why they were sitting in their saddles when they could enjoy a much-needed rest on the lawn. Nobody would ever know if they were to dismount and to stretch their tired limbs on the grass. They could fasten their horses to the wagon, and nobody would betray them.

And they finally did lie on the lawn. The hellish drink persuaded them to be still more incautious. Why should eight of them be watching when four would do just as well? And a minute later four were fast asleep, and the rest—well, they tried to keep the watch, but not for long. The remaining four soon argued that two would be enough to watch, and Maruf and Sefer were left to guard the wells of Arta and their comrades.

"Let me tell you," said Sefer to Maruf; "one man would do just as well as two. What do you say?"

Maruf, being of the same opinion, answered: "Let us play a game of chess. The loser must keep the watch; the winner may rest." Sefer accepted the proposition.

The two drew a chessboard on the sand. They made chess pieces out of wild pears to represent the kings, wild apples served as queens, nuts, acorns, and other things served as rooks, knights, and pawns, and the game began. At first Sefer had an advantage, but getting rather mixed up and not being able to distinguish the pieces, he lost his queen and was about to resign,

as he could not prevent a mate in two moves. Maruf interrupted the game by exclaiming, "You are in a precarious position, Sefer."

"Yes, I know," replied the latter. "I shall be mated in two moves. I could not play well, for I am almost asleep."

"Go on, then, and sleep," said Maruf. "I shall watch for you all."

An instant later seven of the eight soldiers were fast asleep. Maruf, gun in arm, was walking to and fro after the fashion of sentinels, principally to keep sleep away. After a while he decided to sit down on the lawn. He closed his eyes, thinking that he could rely on his ears if anybody should approach, and only a few minutes had elapsed and the eight soldiers were fast asleep.

The Greeks, who lay in ambush, came forth, unfastened the horses, and would certainly have killed the Turks but for the noise made by one of the animals when led away. Maruf was the first on his legs. In an instant the eight were standing in fighting attitude, but it was useless. The Greeks had mounted the horses and laughed at the pursuing Turks. Maruf's horse, however, made it hot for the Greek who rode it. The rider was thrown and the horse joined the eight Turks. One horse for eight cavalrymen!

"What will Mehemed have to say to this?" exclaimed the soldiers.

They knew that their lives were forfeited, but they really were more upset about the loss of the horses than about that. Sadly and timidly they returned to the camp, and, being brought before their severe commander, they made a clean breast of it. They related the story in all its details; how they had disobeyed orders by dismounting, how they fell asleep in consequence of taking too much brandy, how the two men had played a game of chess, and how they lost the seven horses.

Ahmanzade never showed his feelings when about to speak. From his face they could not read the sentence which he was to announce, after he had listened to the story of the disobedient soldiers. At last he spoke.

"As there are eight men for one horse, seven of you are superfluous, for I have never read in the Koran or in the Azorath that eight men could mount one horse. But as you are all good chess-players, let a tournament decide who of you shall be the one to sit on the horse. The other seven will be shot."

He now ordered four sets of chessmen and boards to be brought to a specially appointed spot in the camp, and the eight began a tournament in which their lives were at stake. Twelve sharpshooters were ready to carry out the sentence of death passed upon the losers. One or two weak players soon surrendered to their superior opponents; others got desperate and won their games by hazardous combinations. The four losers were at once led away and twelve shots announced that they had paid the loss of the game with their lives.

The first round was over and the four surviving players were now paired for another go. The excitement and the seriousness of the stakes seemed to prolong the contest. An ill-considered move, a loss of a piece or even a pawn meant death. After a while the second round was over, two were taken away from the boards,

and a few minutes later twelve shots announced in camp that two had ended their lives. Only Maruf and Sefer were left for the third and final round. Both men were known to be the best players in the regiment, and when they sat down to begin the game, the excitement in the camp was at a fever heat. A big crowd of soldiers was standing around them, and as the contest remained even for a long number of moves, as neither side was able to gain the least advantage in position, the spectators and players alike became so interested in the game that they forgot the seriousness of the stakes. The lookers-on nodded their appreciation when a good move was made, and discussed in low tones the position arrived at.

By and by the battlefield became simplified, pieces were exchanged and pawns taken. Maruf succeeded in capturing a rook by a seemingly brilliant combination. Everybody now named Maruf as the winner.

Sefer, upon losing that important piece, studied a long time. Maruf, who thought he had the man beaten, did not look at the board—that is to say, his mind was occupied with other thoughts. Sefer did not move, but still kept looking at the position, and Maruf again directed his attention to the board. As he did so he became as pale as death and he trembled all over. He suddenly perceived that, in spite of his numerical advantage of pieces, his game was hopeless. He saw now that if Sefer sacrificed his queen for a rook, he could then effect a mate by means of a bishop. "Will he see the combination?" Maruf said to himself. The answer of this question meant death or life. Maruf realized in an instant that Sefer was aware of the situation. Maruf wondered why Sefer did not make the move. But Sefer's thoughts were no longer given to the game, but to some other subject altogether. At last the silence was broken.

"Maruf," said Sefer, "how many children have you at home?"

"Four," came the reply, in a trembling voice.

"Your wife will shortly present you with another child?"

"Yes."

"Have you a good wife?"

"She is faithful and good," answered Maruf, while the tears were rolling down all over his face.

Sefer put his hand to his forehead, murmured something like a prayer, and asked for a dish of water. When this was brought he washed his hands and his face and addressed his adversary thus: "You have always been a good comrade. Last night you did not make me keep watch, although I lost the game to you." Then he touched the bishop and not the queen. A few moves later Maruf gave a check, the crowd of bystanders solemnly cried "mate" in a chorus; Maruf was proclaimed as victor.

Sefer got up, shook hands with his late antagonist, beckoned to the sharpshooters who stood in readiness, and two minutes later Sefer's noble heart had ceased to beat.

Maruf, however, remained at the chessboard. He stared at the pieces as if absent-minded, and later he tried in vain to place the pieces in a certain position. He placed black and white men into altogether impossible positions, and then he kept staring at the board.

"Get up," commanded Ahmanzade, who had been a witness throughout the tournament. "Mount your horse; your life is spared."

Maruf, however, did not heed the words of his commander; he still kept looking at the board, making all sorts of silly moves, and winding up with an outburst of laughter. Then he wept bitterly for a while. "How stupid these pieces look," he then said; "one is a horse, the other wears a turban."

"Lead him away," ordered Mehemed. Two soldiers took him away. Maruf stared like a madman. The surroundings seemed strange to him. He looked round, still absent-minded, and what he said was sane. His last game of chess had made him mad.

Chimmie and the America's Cup

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.....NEW YORK SUN

"Say, you know little Miss Fannie?"

"But, foist, let me ask you: What is dat Merica Mug dey is all talkin' bout now days, till you near has a fit? Cup, is it? Well, let it go at dat. If it was a Merica growler dey couldn't be chasin' dere chins bout it no more, sure. If I takes Mr. Burton his hot water t' shave, or His Whiskers de mornin' paper, or Mr. Paul a small bot, it's always de same: 'Chames, is de Defender anchored, or is she gettin' up sail?' 'Chames, has de Valkiri been reported yet?' 'Chames, run down t' de landin' and see if de Vigilant is rounded de point yet.'

"I s'pose it's all because our country-place is up on de Sound, where dere is nottin' but yachts t' burn, and Mr. Paul he owns one of 'em. All de talk between derselves is 'bout dat mug--cup, I mean. I says t' Mr. Paul, one day, when he was out on de lawn under a tree watchin' de Defender tru a pair of glasses, when I took him a small bot, which, he says, made him see de Defender more hopeful, I says, 'Mr. Paul,' says I, 'if de King of England is so stuck on havin' a Merican cup, why don't he yield up his good long green and buy one,' I says, 'and not be bodderin' me so as I has t' hitch me pants before I can tink, wid all de sailor talk I hears?' says I."

"Den Mr. Paul he took a drink of de small bot, and den he taut a while, and den he says: 'Chames,' says he, 'de subject you presents is of great interest, only you has made a slight mistake. The King of England ain't lookin' for a cup; it's a urn he needs, cause he hasn't de 'estimable vantage of being alive. It's de Queen.'

"Of course I knowed he was only givin' me a jolly, cause I'm dead on to it dat if dere's a Queen dere must be a King, cause forn folks in dat class trots in pairs. So, I just says, fillin' his glass, which he was holdin' out like he'd forgot it was in his hand, I says: 'Why don't de Queen send over a dook and buy a Merican cup, if she can't get along widout one in de pantry? Wouldn't any old cup do?' I says.

"'Chames,' says Mr. Paul, 'you has struck on de very point; any old cup wouldn't do. I tink, if dere's a drop more in dat bot, dat I can explain de game to you. S'posin' you done something very nice for Miss Fannie—saved her from bein' trun from her horse, say—and she tanked you and give you a rose. Would you trade dat rose wid me for any odder old rose?'

"'Not in a minute!' I says. 'Sure not.'

"'Den if I was bound t' have dat rose, what would I have t' do t' get it?' says he.

"'You'd have t' put up de best fight of your life,' I says.

"Say, wid dat Mr. Paul looked out at de Defender, and he says t' me, quiet like, 'you has an uncommon good idea of de game; dat's what de English has t' do t' get dat Cup.'

"Well, dat's de way it goes; dey is talkin' all de time 'bout dat Cup, and nottin' else, and even little Miss Fannie has a toy yacht she calls de 'Fender,' and she sails it from de landin', in de cove in front of our place. Dat's what I was goin' t' tell you 'bout; little Miss Fannie. All tree of de gents was away on Mr. Paul's yacht, Mr. Burton and His Whiskers, and I was kinder runnin' tings like I mostly do when dey goes away. See?

"Say, that's funny, too. When dey all goes away I gets tree shows, all under one tent, for one price, as de mug said in front of the circus what we drove over t' the odder day. Foist Mr. Burton comes t' me, and he says: 'Chames, while we is all away I wants you t' keep a lookout on Miss Fannie, when she's round the grounds or on the verandy, 'cause sometimes dere is tramps sneakin' bout here.'

"Yes, sir,' I says.

"Den His Whiskers comes, and says he: 'Chames, when we is away you has nottin' else t' do, so you look sharp after Miss Fannie, specially when she's in de water, 'cause deres a undertow sometimes.'

"Yes, sir,' I says.

"Den Mr. Paul he loaf up t' me on de quiet, and he says: 'Chames, when we is on the cruise, you not havin' no small bots to open, can keep a eye on Miss Fannie; specially when she is ridin', you must ride after her, 'cause her mare might shy.'

"Yes, sir,' I says, and I pockets de long green he tips me—and at night de Duchess she swipes it from me pocket. She must have 'bout a billion dollars of my dough stowed away in her stockin'. Dat's right.

"Well, de day dey went off on de cruise Miss Fannie was sittin' on de verandy knittin' a dinky little silk shirt for de kid, and de Duchess was sittin' by her readin' out loud from a French book in her forn langwige, what Miss Fannie cops like she was borned in Dago parts. I was on de lawn in front of em teachin' de bull pup t' let go of a stick. Dat's de funniest ting 'bout pups. Every kind of a pup, cept a bull pup, you has t' learn t' take hold of a stick, but a bull pup you has t' learn t' let go. He takes hold widout bein' teached, shuts his eyes, puts on a smile like he was in heaven, and it takes de slickest jolly in de woild t' get him t' let go. Even den he looks like he'd taut he'd been flim-flammed.

"Well, tings was kinder quiet and smood; dere was a robin singin' in a tree; de Duchess' voice was like you feel just when you goes t' sleep; de bull pup was blinkin' his eyes lazy and beggin' for anodder chanst at de stick; and I was kinder tinkin' of de hard old days on de Bowery, and how tings had come my way easy since Miss Fannie was me backer, when all of a suddint dere was a yell from de landin' what would have made any one turn in a hurry call for a ambulance in de city.

"At de foist second I didn't just tumble, but when I seen Miss Fannie shoot from her chair and jump down de verandy steps like she had started on a hundred-yard hurdle race, den I tumbled. Den I started, too. Say, dere's two ways of gettin' down our terrace t' de landin'; one is by a pair of steps, and anodder is to jump. Not takin' much exercise lately, I jumped.

"Well, I never was so paralyzed at anyting in me life as what I seen when I jumped. On de float at de end of de pier was de nurse and de coachman, pullin' out dere hair like it wasn't good, and yellin' like what t'ell.

"But dat wasn't what made me sprint out de pier. Say, you never see nuthin' so funny in your life! Dere was de baby sittin' in de water wid her little dress makin' a balloon round her, and floatin' along as easy as a duck. Honest; I'm a grandmodder if she didn't have hold of de string what was tied to her little yacht, what she'd been townin' up and down in front of de float when she walked off. De water was smood where she was, but she was driftin' fast toward de point where dere was wind and waves what would put her out in a second.

"De dive in wid me close on wasn't nuttin' t' me, dough when we uster do dat in de East River, t' fool de cops, I didn't uster have so many close on. But it wasn't nuttin' t' do anyway. I just grabbed little Miss Fannie's dress with one hand and swum in on me back.

"But holy gee! De second I boosted de kid on de float, Miss Fannie, who hadn't said a word after de first cry, grabbed de kid and trun a dead faint. Den dat nurse, who knowed her name was Mud for 'lowin' de accident, she truw a dead faint. Den de Duchess, seein' dat faintin' was all de fashion, she trun a faint, too, but it was a dummy; I seen her fixin' her dress t' look pretty after she made her bluff at faintin'. So I says:

"Duchess, break away from dat dummy, and chase yourself up t' de house for a blanket for de kid."

"De Duchess give me a look like she wanted t' take a fall outter me, and says couldn't I leave a goil have a comfortable faint, and I says I couldn't, and she chases.

"Well, all de women servants came around and dey got Miss Fannie and de kid up t' de house, leavin' only de coachman and me on de float."

"I might have knowed how dat ting happened—it was all about de America Cup, of course. De coachman is English, and he was tellin' de nurse, what's Irish, which makes her American, what a dead easy cinch de Valkiri had for de cup. De nurse jawed back, and little Miss Fannie, losin' de string of her yacht, just walked off de float after it wid no one lookin' at her. Say, ain't she a peach?

"Well, when I heard de story, I says to de coachman, 'What t'ell,' I says, 'Why didn't you swim after de kid?'

"I can't swim,' says he.

"Can you fight?" says I.

"I can!" says he, and b'gee he could. Say, honest, dat coachman ain't so worse when it comes t' scrappin'. We was havin' a lovely time, and I was gettin' nice and warm again, when de stablemen and gard'ners came runnin' and made us break away. I'm goin' t' try and keep dat coachman's place for him; it wouldn't be right t' let as good a scrapper as him go.

"Well, I goes up t' de house, washes up, and changes me harness, and, after a couple of hours, goes out on de verandy t' see was I wanted. Dere was little Miss Fannie on de lawn, like nuthin' had happened t' her, tryin' t' pull de ear outter de bull pup, which was lookin' like he'd never had such a good time in his life.

"But say, honest, what do you tink Miss Fannie done? She came square up t' me, smilin', but wid de tears in her eyes, and takes bote me hands, and I tink

she tried to say someting, but dere must have been a frog in her troat, for she couldn't. Den all of a sudden she leans for'd and gives me a kiss square on de mout. Honest, she kissed me square as ever you seed on me mout, and she runned back to de kid.

"Say, dat night de Duchess said t' me when we was alone:

"'Chimmie,' she says to me, 'your fortune is made. When Mr. Burton and His Whiskers gets home dey'll give you a grand wad.'

"'Duchess,' I says, 'I ain't lookin' for no wad, and what I gets you can have widout a kick from me. I've been overpaid for dis afternoon's job already. Dats on de dead level, too. See?'"

That Keg Hat o' Hanse's

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS....CENTURY MAGAZINE

"That," said the justice, unbending under the influence of a Havana, and apropos of nothing, "reminds me of the time Hanse see Sol piled up on the Pope's Nose."

Now, any one who knows the Codiacs knows that the Pope's Nose is at the extreme eastern point of the island, out of sight of any of the houses. It is a most dangerous rock, being almost submerged and, in a storm, invisible. The water thereabouts is an even fifteen fathoms deep. Coming from Georgetown, with the triangle on Old Man ledge bearing sou'west, one must look sharp for it.

"Yaas, sir," said the justice, crossing and uncrossing his booted legs: "Sol hated Hanse the wuss way, an' Hanse *he* hated an' despised Sol a leetle wusser, if paw-sible. What say? Oh, 't were some trouble 'tween the woomen folks, I cal'late, an' it were aggerryvated by a matter of Hanse a-gittin' ahead of Sol in that matter of the wrackage from the three-master that went ashore on the ledge two year back—Hanse a-takin' the wind aouten Sol's sail an' a-pickin' up the pianny. Hey! Wull, yaas; *I* calls it a pianny, though 't is played with a handle." He referred to a wheezy hand organ which was the pride of Hanse, and occupied a conspicuous place in his little parlor, but so rusted with seawater that only the most mournful and disconnected notes issued at the turn of the handle.

"An' *naow*, wull, they ain't no men on the coast what has more affection for each other than them two, Sol and Hanse; an' that there keg hat o' Hanse's is the bindin' spell, presented by Sol to Hanse as an evidence of esteem," said the justice, with a wave of his hand, eloquent of vivid memories.

"It were the howlin'est easterly I ever *did* see, that mornin'. I lost sixty new lawbster-traps, an' a thousan' foot of trawl. All the men of both islands were gethered in the fish-houses, 'ceptin' Hanse an' Sol, which hed set aout airly to 'tend to their traps. They waan't no one else dast go but them two, an' neither one on 'em knowed that t' other hed set aout. The wind come on a hurricane blow by six o'clock, an' the harbor was all white water, the boats a-draggin' moorin's, and the spume a-travellin' up to the light like a fawg, so that ye couldn't see the lantern.

"Bumby, we see a black rag a-hangin' aout the light-house window, an' we all knowed sum'n' were up, seaway. I sent one of the boys up to the light to spy out what were up, an' he come back immejut, an' 'lows that they was a boat bottom up on the Pope's Nose, and

that Hanse's boat were a-standing by. 'T waan't paw-sible for no one on neither island to go to 'em; for, as I say, the harbor was all white water, and nawthin' but punts on the shore, and much as your life was wuth to go out in the harbor in one of them punts sech weather. So we all jest run up on Bald Head Hill with glasses; an', sure 'nough, there, off'n the eastern end, no'th of the Pope's Nose, we see Hanse's boat layin' by; but they waan't nawthin' of the other boat, which hed stove up. Then we see Hanse h'ist his jib and claw off the ledge.

"For twenty minutes it seemed as if he was goin' to pile up hisself, but he didn't, and it were a mawsterly way in which he fetched off, I tell ye. Well, sir, when he did fetch off he jest come harborways like a streak, and I never see no sech handlin' of a boat as Hanse put on. Short Codiac folks was all up on Burnt Head in a mass, a-watchin'; and I heerd a cheer go up from them as Hanse passed by—an' they never hed no love for Hanse, neither. When I heerd that there cheer from 'em, I tell ye, sir, I jest b'iled over; and aour folks jest followed with a yell that ye might 'a' heard over to Georgetown, only the wind that time were t' other way.

"Finially, Hanse come into the harbor, and ketched his moorin', and in ten minutes they waan't a man or boy but shoved off his punt into the harbor at the resk of hees life, I'll bate ye, to go to 'em. When we got to Hanse we jest stood up an' give him a cheer an' another. Hey? Why, 'cause he hed hees bitter enemy in hees boat—Sol—a-layin' in the bottom of her, that's why. Hanse he said when he got thawed aout—'cause it were in the month of January—he said that as he were a-underrunnin' he gear hee sees a boat pile up on the Pope's Nose. He couldn't tell whose boat it were, but he let hees trawl go free, and, pullin' in hees sheet, he gits raound, and after a spell he fetches up nigh the Pope's Nose, where the boat is a-poundin' bottom up an' a man, near dead as could be, a-hangin' on to the keel of her.

"I cal'late it were two to one that he'd pile up *hisself*, but Hanse he never thinked of that, but jest sailed her right up clus ter the rawk, and in that minute the man faced raound, and there Hanse see 't was Sol—the man he hated like a pizen bush! Sol he held up hees haid an' looked Hanse in the eye, an' Hanse he looked Sol in the eye. What they both thinked I cal'late won't never be told, but Hanse he reached over and hauled Sol alongside as hees boat come raound, and in a jiffy hed him into the boat, and there they was, the whole affair seemed over.

"Wull, sir, we brung 'em ashore, and the women coddled 'em both, and gin 'em ginger-tea an' crullers; an' they shook hands, and Sol's wooman an' Hanse's wooman they jest hugged and mauled each other, and cried like woomen does on sech occasions—an', by John Horner! I don't blame 'em. And *naow*—why, sir, *naow* they ain't no two men on this here troubled earth as is more lovin'. They is the lovin'est, fondlin'est cusses I ever see. Ye see 'em on Sunday to meetin', didn't ye—Sol and Hanse? Hanse with that shiny keg hat on hees haid? Well, that there keg hat is Sol's present to hees friend and preserver. Cost seven dawlers in St. John. Hey? What say? I don't know nawthin' 'bout no Damion, nor yet no Pythi's, but I'll bate, I gorry, they ain't a marker to Sol an' Hanse."

THE LOGAN HERDSMAN: A PASTORAL PICTURE*

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

At dawn to where the herbage grows,
Up yonder hill the grazier goes.
Obedient to his every word,
Before him stalk the sullen herd,
Reluctant in the misty morn,
With stamping hoof and tossing horn,
With lengthened low and angry moan,
Go black and dappled, red and roan.
Through drain and hollow, up the hill
They pass, obedient to his will.
The slender ox and mighty bull,
The grazier thinks them beautiful.
You see less beauty in the herd
Than in yon orange-tinted bird ;
You fix your better-pleasèd gaze
On yon broad sweep of emerald maize,
Yon maples on the hillside high,
Or on yon field of waving rye :
More pleased with bird, or grain, or trees,—
The grazier's sight is set on these.
He sees a netted purse of gold
In every bellowing three-year-old ;
He sees new comforts round his home,
When buyers down from Tazewell roam ;
He sees his cabin nigh the creek,
Its mud-daubed chimney change to brick ;
Its rude logs hid by clapboards sawed,
New shingles on its roof so broad,
New puncheons on the worn-out floor ;
A picket fence before the door,
While cups of tin and plates of delf
And pewter spoons adorn the shelf.
Close where the rifle hangs on hooks,
On cupboard top are rows of books—
The Pilgrim of the dreaming John,
And Weem's Life of Marion ;
The well-thumbed speeches of Calhoun ,
The pictured life of Daniel Boone ;
D'Aubigne's story, told so well,
How Luther fought and Cranmer fell ;
To please his wife a yellow gown,
And beads to deck his daughters brown ;
A jackknife for his youngest son,
A rifle for his eldest one.
All these to him the cattle low
As up the hill they slowly go.
He fears no ravage of disease
'Mong brutes as strong and fat as these.

There's salt enough for them in store,
Brought from Kanawha's muddy shore ;
The herbage on the hill is good ;
The fern is thick within the wood ;
There's tender grass in yonder drain,
And peavine on the summit plain.
High thought of gain that moment thrills
The herdsman of the Logan hills.
He envies not the hero bold ;
He cares not who may office hold ;
The statesman's toil, the stout man's limb,
The lover's hopes, are naught to him.
His mind three things alone receives—
His wife, his children, and his beees.
So these may flourish and grow fair,
All else to him is smoke and air.
O Logan grazier, stout and strong,
Despising fraud, defying wrong,
Brave as forefathers stern who bore
The stress of combat long and sore,
And fearless met in battle shock,
The wild and painted Shawanock ;
True as the rifle in thy hand,
And generous as thy fertile land—
Full oft I've eaten at thy side
The maizen cakes and venison fried ;
Oft in thy cabin as thy guest
Have stretched my wearied limbs to rest ;
I love to note thy honest brow,
Warm friend and true companion thou ;
And know no manlier form is seen
Than that within thy coat of jean.
Truth fills those eyes so keenly set
Beneath thy fox-skin cap ; and yet
I would not that thy lot were mine :
I would not that my lot were thine.
Guard thou thy beees and count thy gold ;
Be glad when those great herds are sold.
For me, by midnight lamp I pore
My manuscript in silence o'er.
Each to the path that suits his feet ;
Each toil, for time is moving fleet,
And soon, in woolen shroud arrayed,
Both in our narrow coffins laid,
It matters not if cattle fair,
Or making lays has been our care.
The poet's and the herdsman's form
Shall feed alike the greedy worm ;
Shall pass the poet's glowing words,
Shall pass the herdsman's lowing herds,
And from man's memory fade away
Both herdsman's shout and poet's lay.

* This poem appears in The Select Poems of Dr. Thomas Dunn English (exclusive of Battle Lyrics). Edited by Alice English and published by private subscription. The Logan Herdsman appeared originally in The Philadelphia Courier.

APPLIED SCIENCE, INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Making Models for Battleships

WORK BEFORE CONSTRUCTION....SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

The cruiser Charleston cost the United States Government, when equipped ready for her guns, \$1,306,557. Of this amount the sum of \$50,000 was expended for plans. In other words, about one twenty-sixth of the cost of the vessel was paid to the draughtsmen and model-makers. This statement will astonish most landsmen, as the general supposition is that after Congress has decided to build a man-of-war the Secretary of the Navy simply lets the contract and the ship is constructed and turned over to the Government at the end of two or three years, all ready for service. The process by which this work of construction is accomplished, however, is a very complicated one, and at no time after an addition to the Navy has been decided upon, until the ship is built, equipped and in condition to go into action, are the labors of the draughtsmen and model-makers at an end. In fact, singular as it may seem, it is generally a year after a cruiser has been put in commission before her plans are finally completed!

Although the Secretary of the Navy is a landsman, he is presumed to know all about ships and the sea, and his opinion at these conferences has great weight; in fact, he may overrule all the suggestions of his subordinates. Generally, however, he lays before them his ideas in a general way, and they go to work and get out the plans and specifications for the vessel. If the chiefs do not agree in regard to the details, which quite frequently happens, majority and minority reports are made to the Secretary and he decides between them. Finally, the plans as adopted are turned over to the Bureau of Construction, and the chief, with the aid of his four assistants and the draughtsmen, get up the design. When these are completed, the Secretary advertises for bids to be furnished within ninety days. All bidders are furnished with blue prints for the preparatory plans. There are a dozen hull plans and about 100 plans for the machinery. When the contract is awarded, the successful bidder is furnished with tracings of the original plan as the prints are not sufficiently accurate. He also has a printed copy of the specifications accompanying the plans. These make a neat little volume of 100 pages. The cost of these preparatory plans varies. Those for the battleships, like the Oregon and Iowa, amounted to \$16,500 each for the hulls alone. To this amount must be added 50 per cent. for the machinery plans (preparatory). This does not, of course, include the cost of the completed plans, as the vessels referred to are still in the hands of the builders. The cost of the preparatory hull plans of the Columbia, protected cruiser, was \$9,350. The cost of the plans for drafting and model-making, while under construction, of the following vessels of the Navy are obtained from the Government records: Charleston, \$27,723; San Francisco, \$30,146; Baltimore, \$25,053. To these amounts should be added 25 per cent. for machinery plans and about 40 per cent. for the preparatory plans.

The first thing the contractor does after the contract is awarded to him is to lay down the lines of the vessel, full size. This is done in what is called the model loft, and it has to be a good-sized apartment, as in the

case of the Olympia, which is 330 feet on the water-line and 53 feet in breadth, no ordinary room would answer the purpose. When this is done, the Government inspector and draughtsmen follow up the work of the contractor's draughtsmen, and see that the original plans are followed closely. There are generally ten Government draughtsmen at work on the hull alone at the Union Iron Works when a cruiser is under construction. The plans for the machinery are furnished by the contractor as the work progresses. Whenever any changes are suggested, they are first submitted to the Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy in Washington for approval. As the vessel approaches completion, the officer who has been selected to command her generally appears at the yard, and to him is given general supervision of the construction. This officer is very apt to suggest some changes to suit his ideas of how the new ship should be arranged. Suppose, for instance, he should want a hatch moved a few feet forward or aft of where it was located. This change in itself might entail an expense of \$1,000, but it would necessitate an entire change in the drawings of the deck plan, and the draughtsmen, after having spent three months of labor find that they have to go all over at a cost to the Government of say \$3,000. It is because of these late changes in construction that it is not till a year generally after the vessel is ready for service before all the drawings are completed.

When the drawings are finished, tracings are made from each, and these are sent to the Navy Department for filing. Then the ship is furnished with a certain number of tracings. From the tracings sent to the Department blue prints are made and a set furnished to each Navy yard. While the vessel is under course of construction, a model of it is being made from drawings to a scale. This model is an exact reproduction of the ship, with all its guns, anchors, masts and rigging—a perfect Lilliputian man-of-war. There are models of every vessel in the new Navy in Washington, and visitors to the Army and Navy Building cannot fail to be attracted by these beautiful little facsimiles of the great cruisers, which are displayed in the corridor. The cost of these ships in miniature ranges from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. The most experienced and artistic of the Government model-makers is a man named Bennett, now over 75 years of age. He is a shipbuilder by trade, and comes of a family of shipbuilders. He has watched the American Navy through its different gradations; has seen the old sailing ships of the line, frigates and sloops, give way to the big wooden steam frigates of the '50s; they in turn to disappear, to be followed by the ironclads of the war period, and finally the great battleships and cruisers of the new Navy. And models of many of these different craft have taken shape and beauty under his hands. While a model of each vessel built by the Government is made for the Department at Washington, the great shipbuilders of the country sometimes construct patterns of the craft turned out by them to serve as specimens of their skill. In the Merchants' Exchange in this city is a fine model of the Charleston, made by the Union Iron Works, as a memento of the first cruiser built there. This model cost \$8,000. In

the Navy Department the draughtsmen, copyists and model-makers number over eighty. Then in each Navy yard there are sufficient to bring the aggregate up to 200. In each of the private shipyards of the country there are also a number employed. At Cramps', in Philadelphia, during busy times there are about 100—thirty in hull drawing and seventy in making drawings of machinery. The wages paid these men by the shipbuilders will average about \$3.50 a day.

Bicycling on the Ocean

A NEW LIFE-BUOY.....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

When a fellow comes to his senses and finds himself clinging to a life-buoy there is nothing for him to do but to cling on and hope somebody will come along in a boat and pick him up. But not so with a life-buoy recently invented by a Frenchman. This is supplied with a bicycle-like gearing, into which he may slip his feet and hands, and, if he happens to be a wheelman or an athlete, he may go off on a very pleasant cruise by himself. This device consists of an inflatable rubber bag, which acts as a seat and buoy, in which is a metallic bearing sleeve for a shaft, on whose outer end is a screw or paddle-wheel, waist and shoulder straps, preventing the person using the buoy from being washed off. The forward end of the bearing sleeve is forked, the forks being pivoted to an air-tight casing or buoyant chest, against the rear side of which the seat may be folded up. The casing also forms a partial support, and contains the mechanical propelling devices, having at its under side bearings for the horizontal propeller shaft, and on its front side bearing for a vertical shaft, on whose lower end is a screw whose operation is adapted to uphold the buoy in the water. On the casing is stepped a mast, on which a sail may be set, and a downwardly extending frame supports a pedal shaft, by which may be operated, through a sprocket chain connection, a crank shaft having a bevel gear meshing with a bevel pinion on the vertical shaft, the latter shaft also having a bevel pinion meshing, with a bevel gear on the forward end of the horizontal shaft, both shafts and their screws or paddles being thus operated by the pedals and by hand cranks at either side of the casing. There is a rudder on the forward side of the casing, and a compass is mounted just below a lantern supported on a rod in front of the mast. The pedals and crank handles are arranged to be folded, and the blades of the screws fold down upon their shafts, all parts of the device being designed to occupy as small a space as possible when not in use.

Papers Reproduced by Electricity

ELECTRICITY'S LATEST MARVEL.....NEW YORK TELEGRAM

Telegraphic reproduction of electrotypes for newspaper printing is the latest achievement of electric invention. The innovation is very remarkable, and consists in the transferring and reproduction of exactly similar newspapers in different cities by telegram.

A Berlin paper can, by the use of this machine, appear in all the larger cities of Germany at the same hour in the morning without being sent through the mails. The inventors claim for their apparatus not only increased rapidity, but they say also that it will reduce the cost of printing. The inventors and patentees, Messrs. C. Meray-Horvath and C. Roar, at Graz, describe the working of the apparatus as follows: The copy is first

of all run off on a typewriter, next to the typewritten copy, which serves as corrector's proof. A special attachment releases a narrow strip of silvered paper, which is covered by a number of short strokes and dots, constituting an alphabet peculiar to this machine. These strokes and dots are made by means of a chemical fluid, which so changes the metallic surface of the paper that it becomes non-conductive. Any corrections becoming necessary can be made on the strip of silver paper; insertion or cutting out of copy is also easily performed. After being edited and corrected, the long strip of silver paper is rolled up on a spool and inserted into a telegraphic apparatus, which, when set in motion, will reproduce the same strokes and dots on similar silver paper at any distance, and in any number of apparatus connected at the same time. These strips of silvered paper are placed into the "electric typograph." The strip passes beneath six points of electric contact covering the entire width of the metallic surface. This typograph operates in such a way that the steel type representing each character is impressed upon a prepared cardboard in the proper order. An automatic mechanism provides for the varying width of the type, for the spacing and alignment, and for the moving of the cardboard at the end of the line. The cardboard, fully covered with characters, represents one solid column of copy, and is ready for the electrotypewriter. As compared with the typesetting machines now in use this apparatus gives the advantage of correcting and editing the entire copy from typewritten proofsheets. The inventors claim for the typograph that it will do the work of eight expert typesetters and save two-thirds of the cost of setting up the copy by hand.

Perfecting the Locomotive of To-Day

SPECIALIZATION OF WORK.....NEW YORK SUN

Twenty-five years ago it was generally assumed that no man could become a first-class locomotive engineer until he had passed years in the great repair shops of the country. A young man not only served a long probation as a fireman, but, under the rules of the great railroad systems, he was also compelled to serve an apprenticeship in the shops. His first work here was generally as one of a squad of from six to a dozen men. Under the foremanship of the gang boss he was made acquainted with the structure of the locomotive. An engine in the shop for a general overhauling offered a field of observation and study for the helper, as he is generally called. A general overhauling usually meant several weeks of steady employment on one engine. The locomotive was first stripped of all her upper works, including the jacket, when, if new flues or a new crown sheet were required, the boiler shop was her first destination. Here it received such repairs as the boilermaker could give, and was then put upon the transfer table and wheeled back to the machine shop. There in due time it was practically rebuilt, painted, and was then ready for the road. The apprentice during this period of probation saw the process of fastening to the boiler the heavy hammered frames. He assisted in attaching the cylinders, parallel rods, and side bars, witnessed the difficult and intricate task of fitting the valves and eccentrics, and thus learned exactly what to do in an emergency when in charge of a road engine. From the erecting floor, where he had seen the locomotive practically recon-

structed, the apprentice was transferred to the vise floor, where the various parts of the engine were perfected. Here he made a study of the brasses and wedges, and learned the necessity of exactness. Working with men who were experts in their way, he learned the mysteries of the piston rod and the valve, and was made to understand how the wheel press brought together the immense driving wheels and axles.

After serving two years in the shops, the usual practice was to assign him as a fireman, either on a road or a switch engine. Once in the cab, under the personal supervision of an old and experienced runner, the apprentice reached the last stage of probation. He began to look forward to the day when he should look out of the front window from the engineer's seat. In many instances firemen passed many years of hard work before reaching the goal. The final elevation depended largely upon ability, quickness and judgment, three characteristics always closely watched. There has been a great change in the manner of selecting engineers in the past twenty years. It is no longer considered absolutely necessary that men should subject themselves to the training of former days. William Buchanan, Master Mechanic of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, who has been connected with the company since 1847, and continuously employed in the machinery department, says that the chief requisites are sobriety, coolness, good judgment and a thorough knowledge of the road. Few men not in the employ of the line are appointed as engineers. They are not required to serve an apprenticeship in the machine shops, principally because of late years men have become specialists. The company in the first years of its existence had eight repair shops, whereas now, with its increased traffic and larger equipment, two are amply sufficient. In centralizing the work the company has saved money and time, and now has in its employ a corps of tried men. Years ago, in case of an accident to any particular part of the machinery of a locomotive, it was practically impossible to locate the responsibility. Under the present system such accidents, if due to defects, are readily traced to the workman responsible. For instance, if an engine slips an eccentric, the machinist who does nothing else the year round but attend to this particular part of the machinery is at once located, and is reprimanded if in any way at fault. Men are employed whose exclusive duty is setting out the packing for the valves. Others devote their entire time to setting valves. Another man does nothing but file journal brasses for axle bearings. Another pays his attention exclusively to perfecting and polishing piston rods. To illustrate the nicety to which the system has been brought may be cited the exactness observed in fitting the boxes or journals of the driving wheels. Two men are required in this work. One works on the right-hand journal, the other on the left-hand side and at the other end of the axle, and they are never permitted to reverse their positions.

This method of systematic work applies to every part of the great machines. As a result Mr. Buchanan drew attention to the performance of Engine 870. This is known as the record-breaker of the road. On March 26, 1893, it came from the shop entirely new and practically untried, and on April 2, 1894, it was placed in the shop for general repairs. It had been 370 days in service, ten days of which time it was idle.

During the remaining 360 days it doubled the road every day between New York and Albany, making 360 round trips without a break, its total aggregating 105,866 miles. In all that time, during which it pulled the Empire Express, it lost only forty minutes by reason of any defect in its machinery, ten minutes because of a broken follower rod, and thirty minutes on account of a slight difficulty with the whistle.

In November, 1894, 13,295 passenger-trains started over the various divisions of the road. During the month thirty-one minutes were lost by reason of leaking flues, eighteen minutes by a defective fire-box grate, fifty-six minutes by reason of the discovery of five hot engine-truck journals, thirty-seven minutes on account of three overheated driving boxes, while twenty minutes were lost on account of two defective spring hangers. This list shows the perfection to which locomotive building has been brought.

Making Sea Water Fresh

WHAT A TREE TRUNK CAN DO.....RAILWAY REVIEW

A well-known Austrian engineer, M. Pfister, is stated to have discovered a remarkable property of the trunks of trees, namely, that of retaining the salt of sea water that has filtered through the trunk in the direction of the fibres. He has consequently constructed an apparatus designed to utilize this property in obtaining potable water for the use of ships' crews. This apparatus consists of a pump, which sucks up the sea water into a reservoir, and then forces it into the filter formed by the tree-trunk. As soon as the pressure reaches one-fifth to two-fifths atmospheres the water is seen—at the end of from one to three minutes, according to the kind of wood used—to make its exit from the other extremity of the trunk, at first in drops and then in fine streams; the water thus filtered being potable—freed, in fact, from every particle of the usual saline taste which is such a drawback to the water which is obtained in the ordinary mariner.

Patterns for the Blind

DESIGNS IN RAISED TYPE.....CHICAGO LAMP

Miss Marie Stockman, of Germany, who is said to be now in this country, has recently patented a series of printed designs in raised type, by means of which workers who are blind are enabled readily to count the stitches and to determine the colors needed for any special pattern. In fact these designs are much the same as those with which we are familiar in Berlin woolwork, cross and Gobelin stitches, the small blocks forming the design being raised and molded in various ways to mark the varieties in color. If canvas in one of its many forms be chosen, or any other material having a raised thread which the worker can count by sliding the finger or needle across it, an intelligent person will with a little preliminary guidance, soon be able to work cross, flat, long and short, tassel and Gobelin stitches with due attention to colors and shades of color. It will be then open to her to make borders suitable for portières, mantelpieces, besides cushions, rugs and smaller articles of many sorts. Hitherto, though many of the blind seem to have an extra sense to enable them to distinguish color by the feel of the wools and silks, they can only work with the teacher at hand to tell them the number of stitches to be worked with each tint, and these raised patterns should prove a great help.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

In a Bachelor's Sky-Parlor

HESTER M. POOLE....THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER

Every year city streets of our modern Babylons take on more veritably the appearance of streets quarried out of marble and stone. And it has grown to be a question of moment how one can live within the shadow of these enormously tall structures and yet preserve a dim recollection of what the wide, free, outer world of winds and clouds, of lights and shadows, may be like. In the case under consideration that question has been answered by a man of the world.

The scene is laid upon the roof of a large apartment-house on the west side of New York. In the eighth or upper story is situated a small but pleasant suite, ornamented with much taste with the flotsam and jetsam accumulated during many years by this devotee of the antique, the odd and the beautiful. After a long residence in these rooms, he aspired to go up higher, and against many difficulties with builders and carpenters succeeded. With the consent of the owner, a scuttle in the roof over his sitting-room was made and fitted with a stairway about as steep as a ladder or a ship's gangway. Over it, under his direction, was built a sky-parlor, standing out in bold relief upon the top of the building which it dominates. This lofty room, more than one hundred and thirty feet from the ground, is about fifteen feet square. To the height of a yard from the floor, which is laid flat upon the roof, the room is tightly and doubly ceiled or wainscoted with a space between. From this wainscoting to the top the entire quadrangle on the four sides is fitted with glazed windows. These at a touch can be lowered into and between the double walls, leaving the sky-parlor open to the cool breath of the winds that play over the summer-heated city. In the winter, an outer set of windows is secured some fifteen inches from the inner, thus imprisoning the needed heat, attracting the rays of the sun, and affording a delightful all-the-year garden. For this space is filled, on the three sunny sides, with deep boxes as receptacles of rich earth, whence grow a large variety of blooming plants and vines, making on all the days of the year a bower of graceful loveliness. Here and there barrels filled with soil reinforce the narrower receptacles and afford nourishment for large roots, whence grow roses, honeysuckles and passion-vines, filling the air with fragrance and feeding the eye with loveliness. Between them bud and bloom the convolvulus, the phlox, the carnation, forget-me-not, the pitcher-plant and the nasturtium, while violets and pansies peep beneath their larger fellows. It seems as if these blossomed fresher and fuller here than elsewhere, as if enjoying their coign of vantage and having a sense of their noble situation. For, indeed, they are rooted and grow to maturity in a spot rarely beautiful.

Anear this building, over which they lean and caress, is none so high, so that for a long distance the eye ranges over the widespread scene. On the west the waters of the Hudson sparkle in the sunshine, with roofs and picturesque chimneys between streets stretching like lines upon the checker-board. The bay, with its busy water craft on the south, is edged with the dim

shores of Staten Island, while against the blue vista the Statue of Liberty illuminates the gateway of the metropolis. On either side, the shores of Long Island and New Jersey are visible, while on the north and east are seen those wonderful acres upon acres of houses which are filled with a surging throng of people whose active minds and hands are building the metropolis of the New World. Among other remarkable structures we see arise the graceful spires of the Cathedral, that poem carved into a thing of beauty from the frozen stone, and many another, as picturesque breaks of the outline, silhouetted against the sky, while the argosies of commerce flit along the glistening waterways, noiseless and shadowy in the distance.

The parlor itself is a symphony in tender willow-green. The woodwork, painted a slightly deeper shade than appears in the furnishings, affords the color base. Above the railing surrounding the stairway is a table, and a couple of others stand on two sides bearing books and bric-a-brac. The former, we notice, are poems in prose or rhyme, woven upon the one great theme of nature. Along the north side of the den, where alone there is no window garden, inclosed by wire, is a playground for a snow-white dog, who stops frolicking to come and lift his affectionate head against the panes for the visitor's caress. On the southern side, outside the parlor, in a small, corresponding plot, is a sand-strewn yard, where a motherly hen clucks to the solitary chick that absorbs all her maternal cares. These yards are directly upon the roof of the apartment-house. One corner has been filched from the south garden for a box, filled with sand, for the Brownie to take her dry bath, and from it a diminutive ladder leads aloft to her snug little nest and roost. These are situated in the angle of the gable, and the lofty perch and home of the gentle bird are snug and warm in the dreariest winter day. This gable, like the wainscoting, is made double, and the inner portion opens like a door on hinges. Here the master of Brownie can rifle the nest, if he chooses, while she feeds below. At present she broods her charge in a box directly upon the roof. The other furnishings are simple enough, yet effective. Here is a bamboo lounge, broad and long, so as to serve as a couch on warm summer nights. No matter how sultry and breathless the city, steeped in tropical balm, here the wandering airs are always awake.

It was a happy thought for the denizen of this lofty room to fix upon green for the coloring. The lounge in yonder corner, heavily mattress'd, is covered with willow-green yachting cloth, edged with a suitable woolen fringe. Around the windows are sash curtains of the same soft green, a color so suggestive of gardens on a level with the earth, and so welcome and restful to the eye. They are of denim, and the ground color has been etched with an acid, not corrosive enough to destroy the texture, but enough to leave the groundwork its original ivory white. The figure is some four inches across, and the pattern is of handsome geometrical interlacings. These serve to keep out the glare of the sun, though they seldom need to be extended. They are reinforced by a narrow green-striped awning on the three sunny sides. This can be rolled up at pleasure. In fact, there is provided every comfort for the weary dreamer. Here is a

huge, stuffed easy-chair, a Rip Van Winkle snuggery, upholstered in green, with footstool to match, and smaller chairs of various sizes to suit many moods.

As the roof is pitched in the fashion of other house roofs, the rafters and under-boards are dexterously covered with green burlaps having the same shade as the couch covers. In fact, yachting cloth, burlap and denim have been found at different shops in the same soft shades. Each material is delightful in just the place where it is used. The denim, over a soft carpet filling, covers floor, stairway and thresholds, but it is a plain denim, as alone would be suitable under foot. On the north gable, opposite the staircase, are a series of shelves, where, arranged by the artistic hand of the owner, are treasures from the Old World and the New. In the centre hangs the lion decoration of the South Sea Islander, flanked on one side by trophies from Cyprus, Rhodes and Egypt, on the other by characteristic treasures from our American Indians. Here is a doll taken from the tomb of one of the Pharaohs, there a pipe made and once used by a near relation of Sitting Bull. The wooden stem, some two feet long, is wound with brilliantly colored, narrow thongs of leather, and the large mouthpiece is baked clay of a fine terra cotta red. Waving from one of the rafters is a graceful fringe of a fluffy, richly-toned Texas grass, while on the left is a curious hand-woven straw hanging from Japan. In the centre of the gable a grotesque head of Wedgewood pottery grins in sardonic joy over accumulations gathered from the uttermost parts of the earth. Beside the rude pottery of our Indians stand the finely engraved brasses of Benares—representing the opposite poles of two dissimilar yet curious races. Beside them stand volumes of Thackeray, of Lamb, and of those transcripts of nature that embody the picturesque and the artistic of every nation and age. For instance, in the left-hand corner is the large, light head-covering of the Japanese, painted in stripes of soft green.

Everything seems to have been attracted to this place in accordance with the law that like attracts like and that those who appreciate shall find at every corner the things they crave. And so this gentleman, bearing a name admired and known by all lovers of true poesy, the other day, in passing by an auction shop, chanced to espy that lantern now hanging from the mid-ceiling. It is a beautifully incised octagon of brass in open-work of fine workmanship. Through its openings, covered with soft rose transparencies, glows gaslight, instead of the soft tapers of the Orient, illuminating with dreamlike lights and shadows this resting-place above the multitude. But to be really appreciated, the roof garden must be visited when the full moon sheds her splendor over the great city.

Trying the Bookbinding Fad

ARTISTIC WORK FOR FEMININE HANDS..... BOSTON HERALD

A mania for collecting rare and beautiful bookbindings is a good one to have, if you must have a mania, but it is frightfully expensive, even in this day of cheap and artistic editions. Some woman, whose liking for elegant clothes for her library exceeded her purse, set up an amateur bookbindery in her boudoir, and the dainty results of her handiwork were such a delight to her that she knew no rest till she had initiated her friends into the mysteries of the binder's press and glue-pot. It is really becoming to be quite a fad for women

of leisure and refinement. The necessary tools are simply a strong screw press and a pot of bookbinders' glue. The materials needed can be got at bookbinders' supply stores—special twine, glue, some book boards, muslin, marbled paper or special watered silk for the fly leaves and inside of cover—that is all, except the material and design of the outside, which may be as dissimilar as there are books on your shelves.

By pulling apart an old book much can be learned. But it is advisable to take one or two lessons from some one who knows, so that that "best way" to do it may help you to avoid failure. The leaves are all arranged and held tightly by the press, and small cuts are sawed in several places in the back. The twine is then tied and securely glued. A strip of muslin is pasted over the back next, the ends left to be pasted over on to the boards, which have been previously covered and decorated. The marble paper is then pasted on the inside of the board, wide enough to form also a fly leaf. The book is left in the press to dry, and—voila tout! As for the outside, almost any material has possibilities. A handsome bit of glacé brocade can be very effective, especially if silver corners and a title plate in a fanciful rococo scroll are added. Embroidered linen or duck, laundered, stretched and pasted on smoothly, are very dainty. Plain morocco in a delicate tint, and stamped with gold lettering, plain gray linen, with corners and back of red or green leather—your artistic feeling and individual taste will find abundance of fresh ideas—once you have started.

If you are clever with pen or brush, a binding of white water-color paper can become very decorative, the design suggesting the title of the book. There is room here for clever hits and individual points of view. A present of such a book would be invaluable to your best friends. There are so many paper-covered books now, especially in the summer season, when, as Charles Dudley Warner says, even books "are lightly clad—out of stays, as it were," and so many of them are well printed on good paper, that to preserve them in a new and appropriate binding is a pleasure. Children's tattered books can be rebound in canvas with a Kate Greenaway figure or one of Boutet de Monvel's snub-nosed lads or lassies drawn in colored India inks. And what a good way of preserving illustrated catalogues, programmes or chapbooks! We could not confine the merry lark in a prim and stuck-up leather binding, nor dare attempt even to hint on a cover of the delicious absurdities of its drawings. But between leaves of rough brown pasteboard we might keep its pristine originality, even with a strip of apologetic ecru linen down the back on which to ink the title and date. In binding a file of chapbooks, the original cover should be kept, of course, but need not be inserted but once, just inside the fly leaf, unless the design changes each month. If that is the case, so much the richer is the volume.

Occasionally, our paper-covered novels have a decorative design on the outside; oftener they repeat one of the drawings in the book by a well-known artist, Smedley, Oliver Hereford—these names come first because most recently noticed. Such covers should be bound in with the book, of which it is a part. Unfortunately, however, the paper cover is usually a trashy thing, meaningless and far from decorative. It is well to discard it before rebinding. In England it is even worse.

Many of the cheap railway books are covered with stiff boards on which is pictured, with the crudest possible coloring, a lurid scene, contrasting strangely with the quiet domesticity suggested by the name, Mrs. Walford, or John Strange Winter.

Not so, in Paris. A stroll through the archways of the Odeon is a delight to a picture-lover as well as to a book-lover. The little volumes, printed beautifully on thick creamy paper, are wrapped in oiled paper, through which may be seen the paper cover itself, deliciously decorated with wash or water-color drawings; minute as miniatures, by Maurice Leloir or Madeleine Lemaire. Beside these standard works in new dresses, there are all the new editions. The paper covers are rich in suggestions of the book's contents, and the artist's name in the corner is one found among the list of painters and afficheurs as well as illustrators, perhaps. There are Steinlen's virile drawings on the covers of Aristide Bruant's two volumes, *Dans la rue*; Schwabe's mystical stained-glass effect on Zola's *Le Rêve*; Guillaume's whimsicalities; Cheret's and Willette's and Grasset's slim, frail women, frolicsome Pierrote, and heavy-eyed classic beauties. These are the volumes that the amateur bookbinder pores over, and tenderly treasures, paper cover and all, in her daintily-built bindings. These are the books that lure the unsuspecting upon the back of this latest hobby-horse. If it is a hobby-horse, at least it is a good one to ride.

Making Original Battle Souvenirs

IN A MEMENTO FACTORY.....THE LOOKING-GLASS

By far the most interesting feature of the extensive arrangements now in progress at Chattanooga for the opening of the National Park, is the souvenir factory. The elaborate ceremonies which will attend the opening are set for the 18th, 19th, and 20th of September, and it is anticipated that thousands of veterans and other visitors will be present from all parts of the North. These strangers, as the wily native knows by experience, are always eager to carry home some memento of the historic conflict that raged at Chickamauga, and there is no difficulty in obtaining fancy prices for all the old bullets, minie-balls, fragments of shell, rusty bayonets, and other battlefield debris that can be brought to market. So great has been the demand for these relics in the past that the supply was exhausted years ago. Every foot of battle-ground has been gone over by industrious gleaners, and in places the soil has been plowed deep for acres in search of buried loot. Generally speaking, nothing remains.

The natural result of the conditions described, together with the continued demand for more material, has been to establish an industry very similar to the famous relic foundry in Brussels that has for years supplied the field of Waterloo with ready-made curios. A tremendous impetus has been given to the business by the forthcoming ceremonies at the park, and for days past the souvenir factories have been in full blast. The production of this spurious bric-a-brac is curious and interesting. The memento that finds the most favor in northern eyes, is a section of a tree, either limb or trunk, showing bullets imbedded in the surface. This is not as easy to fabricate as might be supposed. The scar on the wood must, to begin with, show signs of age and to be really artistic, the bark should seem to have partly

grown over the wound. The trick is done by piercing a shallow hole with a hot iron and then driving in the bullet with a mallet. The wood is then steamed, which causes fibre to close around the lead and to even an expert it has every appearance of the genuine article. Even the heavy smoke odor is artificially given to these memorials, cheating touch, sight and smell together.

Pieces of shell are made by casting hollow spheres and cracking them with a sledge. The fragments are then treated to a bath of diluted nitric acid and allowed to gather rust in the open air. The appearance of verdigris is easily secured, when desired, by the use of copper in solution. The writer was shown several bushel baskets full of pieces of shell, all of which seemed to be at least thirty or forty years old. The acid had slightly honeycombed the edges and they looked exactly as if corroded by long burial beneath the soil. Such trifles as single bullets and minie-balls are made with the greatest ease in an ordinary mould. They are dented with a small hammer and given the requisite discoloration by remaining for a few days in a bucket of lime. The more elaborate relics, such as sword belts, spurs, pieces of harness, old bayonets, canteens and so on, are turned out by individual workmen, who make a good thing out of the business. Scores of muskets are also "doctored" and put on sale. Most of these are of a type that was not in use at the battle of Chickamauga, but a little anachronism of that kind never dampens the ardor of the chronic relic fiend, and as long as the gun is old, rusty and generally dilapidated, no questions are asked. The same thing holds good of small arms, and the average Chattanooga pawnbroker will advance more on an antiquated powder and shot pistol than a brand new Smith & Wesson. He knows that he will have no difficulty in palming off the former as a genuine Chickamauga souvenir. The battlefield cane is another great favorite, and all straight, small timber has been cut for miles around Chattanooga and turned into walking sticks. These, as a rule, have an inscription carved on the side, and it is safe to predict that nine out of ten of the visiting veterans will carry back at least one of them to their northern homes.

My Lady's Looking-glass

A STUDY IN UNCHARITABLE REFLECTION.....TABLE TALK

Every girl who is dissatisfied with herself should remember that she is better looking than the most kind of looking-glasses bid her believe. A mirror, it is contended, cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state, that is, not "made-up." Even the very best plate-glass has a pale green tinge, which reflects a color a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows. If it is wavy, the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight, the glass accentuates the straightness. More important, and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to a non-conceited girl may pass quite unnoticed by her friends. The two or three gray hairs that appear unfairly soon on the head of a girl who overworks her brain simply, have the effect of high lights in a picture and pass for extra gloss. The figure that looks heavy when seen only as far as the waist in a glass, may be absolutely in graceful proportion when seen with the rest of the figure.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Army surgeons say that the expression of the faces of soldiers killed in battle reveals the causes of death. Those who have perished from sword wounds have a look of repose, while there is an expression of pain on the countenances of those slain by bullets.

The total railway capital of the world is \$30,000,000,000, of which Great Britain owns one-sixth. The total mileage of the world is 400,000, and of this the British Empire has 70,000, employing 400,000 men, and carrying annually 900,000,000 of passengers.

Dr. Bertillon has discovered a new method of identifying handwriting. The letters are enlarged by means of photography, and the irregularities, due to the beating of the pulse, are then measured. By comparison a valuable ciew is obtained.

The British isles comprise no fewer than 1,000 separate islands and islets, without counting the jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

A foreign scientist has a new test for death. With a candle, produce a blister on the hand or foot or the body. If the blister, upon opening with a needle or other instrument, be found to contain fluid of any kind, there is still life in the body.

One of the most striking of the experiments in a recent lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britain showed a frozen soap bubble floating on liquid air.

We have over 2,000,000 square miles of public land, an area almost equal to that of Europe, excluding Russia, and nobody who chooses to enter a homestead need be without a farm on which to live.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar region.

As an illustration of the vitality of the old Welsh language, it is shown that it is still spoken by eighty-five per cent. of the population of Wales.

Among the important announcements made by the late Prof. Huxley, and which created a great stir among scientific men, was one that the coal beds of England were not formed, as previously supposed, chiefly from trunks of trees, but almost wholly from pollen of lycopodiuns, tree ferns, and other cryptogamous plants. As, he held, there was no wind during the carboniferous period, the pollen fell annually in layers of almost even thickness.

It is said that of the 3,000 visitors to the Yellowstone National Park during the last three years not more than 100 were Americans. If the park was in Europe it would probably be visited by 50,000 Americans a year.

The largest apple orchard in the world covers 1,537 acres, in Fairmont, Kan.

It has been estimated that electric railways have already displaced in the United States no less than 275,000 horses. This many horses would require about 125,000 bushels of corn or oats a day. A decrease of 125,000 bushels a day in corn and oats consumption is enough to appreciably affect prices of those grains. It

amounts to 45,000,000 bushels a year. Furthermore, the loss of this commercial demand for these coarse grains in the cities means an enormous loss of tonnage for the railroads—about 62,500 carloads.

Prof. Crooks considers that, had the electric light been universal at the present day, the candle, if suddenly introduced, would be thought a wonderful invention, as it enables a person to obtain light in its simplest and most portable form, and without the use of cumbersome machinery or the necessity of attaching the lamp to any fixed point by wire before it could be lighted.

According to a Frenchman, who has been experimenting, a single hair can carry a weight of more than six ounces.

A Manchester photographer relates that he recently took a photograph of a child who was apparently in good health and had a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterwards the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye. It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of smallpox.

The diatoms, single-celled plants of the seaweed family, are so small that 3,000 of them laid end to end scarcely suffice to cover an inch of space on the rule.

How little the population of France moves about is shown by the last census. Out of thirty-eight million inhabitants, twenty-one millions live in the town or village in which they were born, and thirty and a half millions have not moved out of their native departments. Only a million and a half have emigrated to France from colonies or foreign countries.

The annual profit of the Suez Canal is \$15,000,000.

The "life-tree" of Jamaica is harder to kill than any other species of woody growth known to arboriculturists. It continues to grow and thrive for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.

According to Sir Benjamin Richardson, the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and seven out of ten average people, if they took proper care of themselves, ought to attain that age.

A graphic idea of the immense size of Siberia may be gleaned from the following comparison: All of the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia), and all the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

Over seven thousand varieties of microscopic sea-shells have been enumerated by naturalists.

Intense cold, as is well known, burns—if we may use the term—like heat. If a "drop" of air at a temperature of 180° below zero were placed upon the hand, it would have the same effect as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead. Everyone who has the care of horses ought to know the pain inflicted by placing a frosted bit in a horse's mouth. It burns like hot iron.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Marvels in Microscopic Writing

DR. HENRY MORTON....CASSIER'S MAGAZINE

Among the collection of microscopic objects in the United States Army Medical Museum at Washington is a specimen of microscopic writing on glass which contains the Lord's Prayer, written in characters so small that the entire 227 letters of that petition are engraved within an area measuring 1-294 by 1-441 of an inch. So far this statement does not trouble us. If, however, we go a little further, we easily find that the area having the above dimensions would be only the 1-129,654th of a square inch, and consequently that an inch square, covered with writing of the same size, or counting 227 letters to each such fractions, would contain 29,431,458 letters.

Let us put this figure into a concrete form by seeing how much of a book this number of letters would represent. The Bible is a book of which we may safely assume that every one has an approximate idea as regards its general size or extent. Some one has actually determined the number of letters contained in the entire Old and New Testaments, and finds this to be 3,566,480. Hence the number of letters which a square inch of glass would accommodate, written out like the text of the Lord's Prayer on this strip of glass, is more than eight times this last number, or, in other words, a square inch of glass would accommodate the entire text of the Bible eight times over written out as is the Lord's Prayer on this strip of glass. I am free to confess that though this fact has been known to me since 1873, and I have had in my possession photographs taken with the microscope of this writing, I cannot say that I fully apprehend or mentally grasp the fact just stated. I can form no mental picture of a square inch of glass with the entire text of eight Bibles engraved upon it, and yet, when I have verified the measurements and calculations leading up to this conclusion, I feel absolutely certain as to its truth, not as the result of intuition, but as a deduction from experience not yet developed into intuitive consciousness.

Family Names of European Royalties

RIGHT NAMES OF KINGS....NEW YORK WORLD

Not one person out of a thousand, if he had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopedias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of Europe. They are very complicated, and to know them is quite an effort of the memory. In the case of royalty the family name has been in most cases taken from the name of the castle in which the founder of the race lived. Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English royal family are known, for example, as Guelphs, the Russian royal family as Romanoffs and the Portuguese kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Le Figaro, of Paris, has gone into this subject quite extensively, and the facts that it has brought together are well worth setting down. Queen Victoria, according to this authority, was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other

members of the house of Brunswick-Luneburg and Hanover, from Azon, Margrave of Este. The Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any of the other royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Albert Edward Wettin.

Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another Prince of Coburg, who married the then Queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock, and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II., a prince of Saxe-Coburg having ascended the Belgian throne in 1831.

Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thassilon, the first Count of Zollern having founded the race about 800. In the year 1300 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the Count of Zollern and the Burgrave of Nuremberg. From the latter comes the present royal house of the German Empire. So William II. is William Zollern. The King of Roumania is another representative of this line, and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The Duke of Orleans, the son of old Count of Paris; Don Carlos and Alfonso XIII., the infant King of Spain. Their progenitor was Hughes Capet, the original Count of Paris, who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Of Oldenburgs, founded by Count of Oldenburg, who died in 1440, there are many. The chief of those to-day who are entitled to use this family name are Christian IX. of Denmark, George I., King of Greece; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Ernest, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Nicholas II., Emperor of all the Russias. Emperor Nicholas is a Romanoff only through the female line. Rightly he is an Oldenburg, having descended from Peter III., a member of one of the Holstein branches of that house.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary; the Queen Regent of Spain, and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a Duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, King of Italy, is Mr. Savoia, and Oscar II. of Sweden, Bernadotte. The original of this name was a French general, who was made King of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII.'s real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I. of Servia has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I., Prince of Montenegro, is Mr. Niegoch.

Romance of the Bank of England

HENRY J. W. DAM....THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

The Bank of England on July 27 last reached the two hundredth anniversary of its birth. For two centuries it has been, as it is to-day, the greatest bank in the world, and the governing factor in the enormous financial operations which, having their origin in London, reach out to every part of the globe in which

civilization guarantees the protection of invested capital, and valuable natural products or popular necessities offer opportunities for the creation or collection of wealth. It began business on July 27, 1694. It was founded by a group of rich city merchants, William Patterson, a shrewd Scotchman, being the leading spirit. The subscriptions to the capital were received in the Mercers' Chapel, where the Bank's operations were conducted until the end of the year. From the Mercers' Chapel the Bank moved to Grocers' Hall, where it had its home for forty years, first occupying its present premises in Threadneedle street in 1735. The whole of the capital of £1,200,000 was promptly lent to the Government to meet the pressing necessities of King William. In return for this loan, Parliament passed an Act "levying new duties on the tonnage, for the benefit of such loyal persons as should advance money for carrying on the campaign against the French." This enactment, passed on July 16, 1694, created the institution, and gave to the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England" a peculiarly favorable character, which has been from time to time renewed, modified and systematized, though its original fundamental idea has never been changed.

In its early days the Bank employed fifty-four clerks, and the yearly salary list amounted to £4,300, the chief accountant and the secretary receiving £250 each. At the present time the total number of employés is about 1,500. The present price of Bank of England £100 shares is £332, making the capital of £14,553,000 worth £48,315,960. The usual dividend distributed is equal to 10 per cent. on the original capital. The Bank is managed by twenty-four directors, in addition to the governor and deputy-governor; and they, by their committees, have full cognizance of all the Bank's transactions, and full governing power in all respects. The governors are selected annually as candidates by the directors from among themselves, though they are elected by the stockholders. The governor receives £2,000, the deputy-governor £1,500, and the directors £500 a year each for their services. A chief official resides within the Bank's walls. Clerks of standing and character are selected to remain at the Bank every night during the year, and on Sundays and Bank holidays. A guard of soldiers is on duty every night, marching from the Wellington or Chelsea Barracks, and they are assisted by a body of watchmen, formed of porters and workmen, fully trained in case of fire or other emergency.

The Issue Department practically manages itself, presenting no complications in the ordinary course of business. As every bank-note issued beyond the amount of £16,800,000 is represented by bullion in the vaults, and the £16,800,000 is invested in Government securities, no risk can possibly occur until the issue of bank-notes is reduced to this amount; and even then the conversion of the liability would be easy. No note, out of the fifty or sixty thousand now issued daily, is ever issued twice. If, as a depositor, you should draw any amount in notes at the bank, and pay them back to your account ten minutes afterward, they would be cancelled. So, also, any other notes received by you from any other bank in London are always new ones, crisp from the Bank of England presses of the day before. The signature is cut off immediately a note is paid in, and the Cancellation Department proceeds to

file them in their regular order, taking notice and keeping account of all notes which have not been returned. One of the curiosities of this department is a twenty-five pound note, which was paid in after being out one hundred and eleven years. The bank-note library is also here, with albums containing old bank-notes of various large amounts, with the names of the noblemen for whom they were issued. There is also the million-pound bank-note, a bit of paper which, in its day, was worth £1,000,000, and was issued for convenience in closing an undertaking of unusual moment. The records of this department are of invaluable assistance in checking forgery, and the cancelled notes, which are kept for a period of about five years before being burned, are constantly under the examination by Scotland Yard detectives in search of stolen money, or by other people whose notes have been lost. The strange stories of single notes which this department can furnish are many, and are ready-made plots for any number of romances, but they are too numerous to be told in this article. A more important question, and one often raised, is whether or not a Bank of England note, which mainly composes the national currency, is invariably good for its face. As a matter of fact, whether lost or stolen, the note will always be paid at the Bank. This point was finally settled many years ago by the theft of £20,000 in notes by the principal clerk in one of the London banks. He escaped to Holland, and there disposed of the notes to a Jew. The theft, with the numbers of the notes, was widely advertised for six months. After that period the Jew appeared with them and demanded payment, which was refused. He went to the Exchange and raised an outcry. The Bank, he said, had refused to pay its own notes, and was clearly insolvent. In a very few minutes a clerk appeared to invite him back to the cashier's office, and his claim, as well as the question which it raised, was settled for all time. One of the directors, in 1740, deposited £30,000, and took a single note, filled out by the cashier, in return. He went home, laid the note on the mantelpiece, and fell asleep. It disappeared. He believed it had fallen into the fire, made an affidavit to this effect, and received £30,000 more, giving a guarantee that if the note was found he would assume its responsibility. Thirty years afterwards, the man having in the meantime died, the note was presented, and the Bank had to pay it; and as the man's estate had long been divided, the Bank lost the money.

Forgery does not seem to have attained the dignity of a public industry until 1797, when the one-pound notes were issued. For six years previous to this date there had been only one execution—forgery in those days being a capital offense. In the six years succeeding, however, eighty-five forgers were put to death. Executions continued, but forgery thrived, until justices were compelled, by the long death-roll, to take a more lenient view. Finally, in 1820, the convictions for forgery in a single year amounted to 320, and the death penalty, on the petition of N. M. Rothschild; Overend, Gurney & Company; and a man named, Sanderson, the three biggest names in the city, along with other merchants, was finally abrogated. In 1784, "Old Patch," the son of an old-clothes dealer, and the ex-partner of Foote the comedian, in a brewery, took £200,000 from the Bank by forgeries, making his own ink, paper, and press, and he hung himself when ar-

rested. Astlett, in 1803, embezzled Exchequer bills to the value of £342,000. Fauntleroy, a banker, in 1824, obtained £360,000 by forging powers of attorney for the sale of Consols, and was hung at Newgate. In the general jubilee throughout the city over the proclamation of peace with the American Republic, in 1783, fourteen forged £50 notes were cashed unnoticed; and for years in the early part of this century, the Bank's annual loss by counterfeits was a figure of many thousands of pounds. Forgeries to-day are rare. The machinery of detection is perfect, and the system of numbering, as well as the perpetual use by all banks of freshly printed Bank of England notes, presents insurmountable obstacles to "smashers."

The most sensational episode in the history of forgeries on the Bank of England was that of the Bidwells. While the total amount of money out of which they defrauded the Bank was not as large as had been obtained by other great swindlers, the scale on which they were operating, the systematic cleverness with which the coup had been arranged, and the wonderful skill with which a large number of forgeries had been executed and passed by the Bank, showed clearly that but for an accidental discovery through carelessness on their part, the amount of their frauds might easily have mounted into the millions. I am assured by a gentleman, who was cognizant of the state of feeling in the Bank at the time, that when the first discovery was made there was only one word to express it, and that was consternation. The scope of the swindle was so wide that for a day or two all confidence in commercial paper, upon which the bulk of trade is conducted, was in suspension, because the paper of so many substantial firms, including written and stamped indorsements of many kinds, had been so perfectly imitated as to defy detection.

The most important general function fulfilled by the Bank is that of regulating the money market by establishing the standard rate of discount. This is altered, weekly or daily, whenever circumstances call for a change. After estimating the probable movements of bullion during the next few days, the Bank announces the lowest rate per annum at which it will discount the best secured bills of its regular customers. Much higher rates are required by it and other banks for trade bills, according to the standing of drawer and acceptor. The Bank rate does not absolutely govern other banks, as many of them, when money is plentiful, often discount well secured paper at figures below that of the Bank of England. As the stock of gold diminishes, the Bank rate goes up, and descends as gold becomes more plentiful. At any period of commercial uneasiness, when the reserve is likely to be unduly diminished, the governors use their discretion, with the advice of the court of directors, in selling securities, or raising the rate of discount, or both. The Bank has had a number of crises in its history, though these were mainly confined to its early years. From its start it was bitterly opposed by the goldsmiths, who, in 1696, when it was but two years old, formed a conspiracy to break it. They quickly collected a large sum of its notes, and organized a run, one man alone demanding £30,000 in coin. The Bank could not pay, and sent them to Parliament for redress, though it continued to pay ordinary demands. Great excitement followed, and the Bank was compelled to issue a call to its proprietary. By this means it paid twenty

per cent. of the claims, indorsed this on the notes, and returned them to the holders. At this time the notes fell to twenty-four per cent. discount.

It was in the 1707 crisis that the Bank, to gain time, began paying in silver. It had a line of its own men, who, as fast as they were paid their shillings and six-pences, passed out and deposited the money, again joining the line with more notes. By this means the outside claimants were kept in check until the needed coin arrived. Queen Anne also intervened to help the Bank in this crisis, allowing it six per cent. interest on a large amount in sealed bills.

Long Distance Telegraphing for Trifles

ROUNDABOUT MESSAGES..... YOUTH'S COMPANION

A special correspondent found himself shut out of a London newspaper office in Fleet Street and unable to make himself heard by any one within. His errand would not wait till morning. What should he do? He went to the Central telegraph station and telegraphed to a newspaper office in Ireland asking the clerk there to telegraph to the clerk in Fleet Street to come down stairs and let him—the correspondent—in.

Mr. Baines, in his *Forty Years at the Post Office*, tells a similar story. He was alone in a branch telegraph office in Seymour Square, London, one evening, when the gas went out and left him in total darkness. He fumbled about for a match. There was not one in the office. Probably there were some in the telegraph office in Euston Square. But how should he get them? He had no telegraphic communication with that office. He telegraphed to Birmingham, "Please wire Euston Square to send me some matches." In a few minutes a boy came in with a box.

Twenty Million Packs of Cards

SECRETS OF MANUFACTURE..... COURIER-JOURNAL

Twenty millions of packs of playing-cards are consumed in the United States each year, and of this quantity no less than 500,000 packs are used on Manhattan Island, says the *New York Evening Sun*. Since the prices of the cards vary at wholesale from two cents a pack up to seventy-five cents, and the retail prices are from five cents to \$1.50 per pack, it would be safe to say New Yorkers spend \$100,000 for their playing-cards every year. The very best cards that are manufactured in the world are made right in the city, so that most of the money spent for cards by New Yorkers remains here. Very few cards made abroad are imported. On the contrary, foreigners appreciate the merits of the American product to such an extent that more than 2,000,000 packs of cards are exported annually from this city. It is said that more cards of American manufacture are sold in London than English-made cards.

The foreign cards that are imported into America amount to less than 100,000 packs a year. These are, for the most part, hand-stencilled cards from Germany, and their sale here cuts no figure in the market. Manufacturers of playing-cards have noticed a tendency in favor of small cards, as these are more easily handled than the larger size. To meet this demand, cards $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches were designed something over a year ago, and have met with a wide sale. The ordinary size of playing-cards is $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. This is considerably smaller than the cards used by previous generations. Old-time card-players, as a manufacturer said, seemed

to like "cards big and broad and thick, like a shingle, that could be felt."

There are certain secrets in the manufacture of playing-cards that are guarded as jealously as if their ownership were a matter of life and death. These secrets are regarded as vital to the business, and are kept from every one save the immediate members of the manufacturing firm. Secret processes are involved in every step of the making of the cards. The manufacture of playing-cards by machinery is peculiarly an American industry, as the first machine of the kind was the invention of Mr. Andrew Dougherty, who secured his patent in 1857. Before that time the playing-cards were made by hand with stencils, a different stencil being used for each color, and the ink was applied with a brush. Mr. Dougherty was a young man of nineteen years when he completed his first machine. He had worked for a firm that manufactured cards by the old process, and had recognized the opening that presented itself for an improved method. After he got the machine to work he forced the other manufacturers to the wall. His first machine printed playing-cards at the rate of twenty packs a minute, a speed that left the hand-stencillers hopelessly behind.

The making of playing-cards remained practically a monopoly until the expiration of Mr. Dougherty's first patent allowed other manufacturers to make use of it. The paper used in the making of cards is prepared by special processes. The enamelling is done with a compound whose ingredients are also kept secret. The peculiarly brilliant shades of ink used in printing the cards are made to order for the purpose. In the most approved method of manufacturing cards the cardboard is fed into a machine in sheets of conventional size. These are printed in five colors at once, and the cards are turned out at the rate of twenty packs a minute. This is the same speed as that obtained with the original machine nearly forty years ago, but many improvements have been made since that time, and the present product is much superior to any seen in the past.

One card-manufacturing firm in this city employs two artists, who devote their time to preparing new designs for the backs of the cards. The leading clubs of New York and other large cities each have a special design for the backs of their playing-cards, and the work of the New York artists has been appreciated so highly abroad that a number of London clubs have sent orders here for their cards. More cards are made in the United States than all the rest of the world put together. The use of playing-cards has spread greatly during the last ten years. A manufacturer estimated that the annual sale increased 400 per cent. between the years 1883 and 1893. The price of the cards has lessened with the improved methods of manufacture. Cards may be bought now for about half their cost thirty years ago, and about one-third of the price they sold for before the introduction of machinery. Playing-cards are produced in about twenty different qualities now. The greatest demand, of course, is for the cheaper grades. Something like 50 per cent. of the entire product is of the cheapest class, and the output of cards of the very best quality forms only about 7 per cent. of the total.

The best playing-cards do not have gilded edges. The gilt-edged cards look very well, but expert players say that the gilding interferes with the handling of the

cards. The gilding of the edges is done with gold leaf after the cards are printed. There have been practically no changes in card games during the past twenty years.

The modern pack consists of fifty-two cards, comprising four suits—two red, hearts and diamonds; two black, clubs and spades. Each suit has three court cards—the king, queen and knave, and ten other cards, distinguished by the number of spots, ranging from one to ten. The marks upon the suits of cards originated, according to a generally accepted idea, with the symbolical representation of the four different classes of European society. According to this explanation hearts represented the clergy; spades, the nobility, derived from the Italian word "spada," meaning a sword; clubs, the serfs, and diamonds, the citizens. Playing-cards, like chess, are supposed to have originated in Asia, and the identity of their inventor has never been established. They were introduced into Europe in the thirteenth century. As the popularity of card-playing was very great in Europe during the period of the colonization of America, it is natural that cards should have a strong hold upon the inhabitants of the colonies. Their popularity in this country has never waned.

Assuming the Husband's Name

A RELIC OF MAN'S OWNERSHIP.... BROOKLYN EAGLE

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of."

Against this view it may be mentioned that during the sixteenth, and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc. Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law so far back as Braeton (died 1268), and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. Altogether, the custom is involved in much obscurity.

Where the Snow is Red

NATURE'S METEOROLOGIC FREAKS.... LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Snow is sometimes found in polar and alpine regions, where it lies unmelted from year to year, and the annual fall is small, colored red by the presence of innumerable small red plants. In its native state the plant consists of brilliant red globules on a gelatinous mass. Red snow was observed by the ancients, a passage in Aristotle referring to it; but it attracted little or no attention until 1760, when Saussure observed it in the Alps and concluded that it was due to the pollen of a plant. It was also noticed by the Arctic expedition under Captain Ross on Baffin's Bay shore on a range of cliffs, the red color penetrating to the depth of twelve feet. Less frequent is a green growth of snow.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

Singin' Chimmy Asleep.....John H. Lewis.....*Life*

G'wan t' sleep, Chimmy, I'll sing youse a song
An' rock youse, so close yer eyes now;
Mudder's out washin', but she won't be long,
So husheeby, hol' still yer row.
Dere, take yer nigger doll, squeeze her up tight,
She's wantin' t' go t' sleep, too.
Dat's d' kid. Now isn't dat out t' sight?
Wot's dat youse wants? Me sing t' you?

Get on t' dat now. I was bluffin' youse, see?
Dat kid's more den fly fer his size.
Dere's no use a-talkin', he's dead on t' me—
Dere isn't no green in his eyes.

Wot shall I sing youse? Youse got me dead now.
I ust t' know more den a heap,
But can't t'ink 'f one—doncher care, anyhow—
Cheewiz! 'F d' kid ain't t' sleep!

My Chillun's Pictyah.....Anne V. Culbertson.....*Outing*

Hi, chillun! What on earf dis mean dat yo doan ansah me?
Dem's de beatenes' lot o' chillun dat evah I did see!
I gin'ly has ter hunt fo' dem an' kotch dem on de fly,
Fo' do I sez de word myse'f, my chillun's monstrous sly.
Dar's Nancy, now, a-hidin' hind dat woodpile, like a fool,
An' heah comes Araminty Zoe a-kitin' back from school;
An' Zip done say dat he a-gwine a-huntin' cotton-tails—
Law! Dar dat boy now, sho's yo bawn, a-roostin' top dem rails!
Come down heah 'meejit, chillun, whar dese willer bushes grow,
An' stan' yosefs tegedder in a nice an' eben row.
Heah's man frum town dat wahns ter tek a pictyah ob yo all,
An' say he gib me one ter keep widout no cos' a' tall.
Now, doan yo stop ter wash yo hans or fix in Sunday cloes;
Man say he wahn yo come des' so, an' I reckon dat he knows.
Heah, Zip, yo stan' between de gals, an' stop dat pinchin' trick,
An' ef yo doan stop gigglin' so, I'll fotch yo all a lick!
Heah, Nancy, put dem hans o' yo'n tegedder—jine 'em so,
An' try an' look mo' sensible, like Araminty Zoe!
Yo spoze I wahn a pictyah fo' to keep fru all my days
Wid chillun grin'in' out dey moufs in sich a foolish ways?
Now look des' whar man tell yo tu; an' Zip, tuhn out dem toes.
What, tuk a'ready! Dat's quick as evah lightnin' goes!
I's mighty 'bliged, an' ohny wish dat hit mought so a bin
Yo hadn't tuk deir pictyah wid dat mos' owdashus grin.
But, ahter all, why mebbe hit might be des' full as well,
Kase when dey's growed, an' full ob cares, an' I might wahn ter tell
Des' how my leetle happy, careless chillun useter look,
I'll go reach down de pictyah dat yo hab so kindly tuk.

Green Grass of Ould Ireland.....J. Whitcomb Riley.....*Century*

The green grass av ould Ireland?
Whilst I be far away,
All fresh an' clean an' jewel-green
It's growin' there to-day.
Oh, it's cleaner, greener growin'—
All the grassy worrl'd around,
It's greener yet nor any grass
That grows on top o' ground.
The green grass av ould Ireland,
Indade, an' balm 't 'ud be
To eyes like mine that drip wid brine
As salty as the sea!
For still the more I'm stoppin' here,
The more I'm sore to see
The glory av the green grass av ould Ireland.
Ten years ye've paid my airnir's—
I've the l'avin's on the shelf,
Though I be here widout a queen,
An' own meself meself.
I'm comin' over steerage,
But I'm goin' back firrst-class,
Patrolin' ay the foremost deck
For firrst sight av the grass.
God bless yez, free Ameriky!
I love yez, dock and shore!
I kem to yez in poverty
That's worstin' me no more.

But most I'm lovin' Erin yet,
With all her graves, d'ye see,
By reason av the green grass av ould Ireland.

Loving the Star.....In Cockney.....Leonard Merrick.....*The Sketch*
They eye that your lover to-dye
Is a torf at five bob in the stalls.
Well, p'raps he may chuck a bokye,
But it's me as starts all of your "calls."
Yuss; I shout and I stamp, for I loves yer the sime
As before yer 'ad took to the 'alls.
D'ye mind that there night as yer fust
Got a "turn" for to see how yer'd go?
Your 'eart, yer said, beat fit to bust,
And my own seemed to slip a bit low.
We was all in a muck; but yer did the thing grite—
Yuss, the best bloomin' bit in the show.
D'ye mind, my dear, when yer come orf,
'Ow the arms that went round yer was mine?
'Twas me, Joey White, was your "torf,"
As we turned down the court in the rine.
Oh, 'ow jolly we was with our quart of four 'arf,
And them whelks we took in from the Line!
It's past. Yer 'aves hysteris and fizz;
Yer a "drore" now, and goin' the pice.
I knows where yer grub since yer 've riz,
For I've shut up your kerridge-door twice. [Gawd!
Yuss; I've shut up the door of your kerridge—my
And yer didn't remember my face!

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Effect of Massage on the Muscles

DR. J. H. KELLOGG.....THE ART OF MASSAGE*

Effects of Massage on the Muscular System.—Massage, when skillfully administered, has to do chiefly with the muscles. That form of manipulation which consists simply of skin pinching excites the nervous system and the surface circulation, but has little influence upon the muscles. When we reflect that the muscles constitute one-half of the bulk of the body, and receive one-fourth of all the blood of the body, it is at once apparent that any procedure which acts directly upon them must have a decided influence upon the whole body.

Although the muscles constantly receive a certain blood supply, this supply is comparatively small except during activity; consequently, it may be said that "the muscles are well fed only when exercising." When the muscle is inactive, the blood goes around it rather than through it; but the moment activity of the muscle begins, there is a great increase in its blood supply, even before any acceleration in heart activity has occurred.

Massage may serve to a considerable extent as a substitute for exercise by increasing the blood supply of a muscle, just as exercise may be considered a sort of massage, through the pressing and rubbing of the muscles against each other. When properly administered, the manipulations of massage act upon the muscles in such a way as to produce a suction, or pumping effect, pressing onward the contents of the veins and lymph channels, and thus creating a vacuum to be filled by a fresh supply of fluid derived from the capillaries and the tissues.

Specific Effects of Massage upon the Muscles.—Massage, in its specific effects upon the muscles, may be said to accomplish the following results:

1. To Encourage Nutrition and Development of the Muscles.—The increased blood supply of the muscle, induced by massage, naturally improves its nutrition. Experience shows that, when systematically and regularly employed, massage produces an actual increase in the size of the muscular structures. The muscle is also found to become firmer and more elastic under its influence.

Massage feeds a muscle without exhausting it, in which respect it differs from exercise; nevertheless, it is not a complete substitute for exercise, for the reason that exercise brings into active play the whole motor mechanism—nerve centre, nerve, and muscle—while massage affects chiefly the muscle.

The improvement in the nutrition of the muscle, as regards increase in size or firmness, is seldom noticeable for the first three or four weeks, and the most marked effects should not be expected until after two or three months.

2. To Excite Muscular Contraction.—A smart blow upon a muscle is one of the ways by which contraction may be excited. By a succession of blows, one following another with sufficient rapidity, tetanic contraction of a muscle may be induced.

* From *The Art of Massage*, a remarkably valuable, practical, and exhaustive illustrated work on massage. Published by the Modern Medicine Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Strong vibration will also cause tetanic contraction of a muscle, but very rapid and strong vibrations are required to produce tetanus. In voluntary tetanus (ordinary muscular contraction) the number of impulses received by the muscles per second is ten to twenty. It is evident that the rate of vibration required for producing tetanus must be as great or greater, and consequently mechanical means of some sort must be applied, as the highest rate of movement which can be communicated by the hand, directly, is ten to twelve double movements per second. A vibratory apparatus which I have had in use for many years, and which produces decided muscular contractions, has a movement of thirty per second.

In certain cases muscular contraction may be induced more readily by the application of percussion than by the faradic current.

3. To Increase Electro-Excitability of the Muscle.—Numerous experiments have shown that massage increases the electro-excitability of a muscle, as indicated by the fact that a smaller number of milliamperes of current is required to cause contraction of the muscle after massage than before.

According to Kroneker, however, a muscle is less easily tetanized after massage than before, but its power of action is greatly increased. An abnormal muscular irritability is certainly relieved by massage. This effect by massage may be advantageously utilized as a preparation for applications of electricity in cases in which the electro-excitability of a muscle is diminished by trophic changes, as in infantile paralysis.

4. To Remove the Effects of Muscular Fatigue.—Ranke, Helmholtz, DuBois-Raymond, Mosso, and, more recently, Abelous, have conclusively shown that special toxic substances are produced as the result of muscle work, and that the phenomena of fatigue are due to the influence of these substances upon the nervous and muscular systems.

Abelous has shown that the first effect is a sort of auto-curarization, or paralysis, of the terminal motor plates of the nerves which actuate the muscles, while in advanced fatigue the muscle itself is exhausted by the consumption of the material (glycogen) necessary for work.

The fact that a fatigued muscle can be restored to full vigor at once by simply rinsing its vessels with a normal saline solution, as shown by Ranke, demonstrates the toxic character of the phenomena of fatigue. Bowditch, Bernstein, and others have shown that the nerve itself is indefatigable.

Zabludowski has shown that frogs completely exhausted by faradization of the muscles, although not restored by fifteen minutes' rest, were revived at once by massage, and were even able to do twice as much work as before.

In another experiment, a man lifted with his little finger, one kilo (2 1-5 lbs.) 840 times, lifting the weight once a second. The muscles of his finger were then completely exhausted. After five minutes' massage he was able to lift the same weight 1100 times, and his muscles were even then not greatly fatigued.

The Sandwich Islanders employ massage under the

name of lomi-lomi as a means of resting fatigued persons, and sometimes even apply it to restore an exhausted companion when swimming long distances in company. An intelligent native Maori informed the writer that the same method is used by the natives of New Zealand to relieve cramp resulting from cold when swimming in the sea. The term used for massage among the Maoris is romi-romi, the literal meaning of which is the same as *pétrissage* in the French.

The stiffness and soreness of muscles which occur from so-called consecutive or secondary fatigue resulting from over-exercise, is also relieved by massage. It should be remembered, however, that secondary fatigue may be produced by too vigorous an application of massage in a person not accustomed to it, especially in those who are very fleshy.

Duty and Responsibility of Tears

SAFETY VALVES TO EMOTION....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body, and the lachrymal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion. The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good, salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic to the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech, implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The effect of tears on the skin about the eyes, however is intensely irritating and inflaming. They keep the epidermis in a dark, puffy condition, and in legends only, do weeping women preserve the beauty of their great, white lids. The reason some women weep more easily than others, and all more readily than the sterner sex, has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibres about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—the term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye gland is, therefore, protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scores tears as a woman's practice. Why facial distortions should be the usual accompaniment to the sobbing of the gentler sex there seems no satisfactory solution. It may be that the nerves, which lead to the muscles as wires to marionettes, twitch and pull them in this fashion while they are at work emptying the tear glands of their contents. That the copious shedding of tears "which breaks the ice-bound fetters of the heart" is a healthy action, all physicians assert. In some cases it is even thought to avert insanity. Even here the reason is

scientific, for it is a sign of relaxation of the brain nerves from a tenseness that was congestion. Between man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears. An ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped as the fact that the lachrymal gland was omitted in his optical make-up. So long as this differentiating quality between man and his primeval ancestors persists, we may laugh at the theory of Darwin, so far as it reflects upon our family tree; scorn all innuendoes of "missing links"; and see our handkerchief as the sign and symbol of man's chieftainship in creation.

Incubation Periods of Infectious Diseases

A STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS....N. Y. MEDICAL JOURNAL

The Clinical Society of London has recently published the result of extensive observations regarding the period of incubation of some of the infectious diseases. A constant period of incubation is not to be expected. In most instances it will be seen from the following table that the difference in the maximum and minimum period is not very great. It seems remarkable, however, that a disease should show such extremes as typhoid fever:

	Normal.	Maximum.	Minimum.
Variola.....	12 days.	14 days.	9 days.
Varicella.....	14 "	19 "	13 "
Measles	10 "	14 "	4 "
Rubella.....	18 "	21 "	8 "
Scarlet fever.....	2 "	7 "	1 "
Influenza.....	3 "	5 "	1 "
Diphtheria.....	2 "	7 "	2 "
Typhoid fever.....	12 "	23 "	5 "
Mumps.....	19 "	25 "	12 "

It is a peculiar fact that the diseases in which the period of incubation is shortest are those in which the infection may persist the longest. The period of quarantine must be governed largely by the period of incubation, hence the subject is an important one for a variety of reasons. Dr. Dawson Williams, commenting upon these figures in the Medical Magazine of London, states that the period of quarantine should be at least a day longer than the maximum for each disease. This is a very uncertain rule, however, for the patient should be free from all signs of illness, and especially from fever. The necessity for disinfection of clothing is shown by cases reported in which persons wearing garments which had been exposed to infection have escaped, while others coming in contact with the same clothes have contracted the disease. This is probably explained by the great susceptibility of certain persons to particular diseases. The period of infection is very doubtful. It may be greatly prolonged by some complication. This is especially true of smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and scarlet fever. The period during which a disease may be infectious cannot be stated definitely. It varies with different cases, and must be determined according to the nature of the symptoms and the character of the case. Measles, chicken-pox and mumps lose the direct power of infection very early, and the infective principle does not remain active for a long period in the room in which the patient has been ill. Measles, mumps, and chicken-pox may be infectious in the earliest stages before definite or characteristic symptoms appear. Smallpox, fortunately, is not actively contagious until the eruption has appeared. This statement, the committee affirms, has been proved by abundant observation.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Fascination of Alpine Climbing

ARTHUR C. JACKSON THE MILLION

The Matterhorn, a peak of Mont Blanc, rises between Switzerland and Italy, lifting its gigantic pyramid of rock 15,000 feet above the sea. Its awful grandeur and weird beauty are unrivaled throughout the whole Alpine range. For many centuries the giant Matterhorn defied all attempts of men to reach the summit. On the 14th July, 1865, Edward Whymper, the now celebrated English mountain climber, after many futile efforts in former years, reached the top of "the impossible mountain." Whymper was accompanied by three friends, Lord Frederick Douglas and Messrs. Hadow and Hudson. They took with them three experienced guides. When they raised their flag on the mountain top, the astonished people in the Swiss and Italian valleys greeted it with cheers. The ascent had been made without mishap. The belated men started on their descent, hoping to meet the applause of Europe for their daring. But the journey downward was marred by a terrible tragedy, which shrouded their triumph in a horrible gloom. Their rope parted, and Whymper's three friends and one of the guides fell down a precipice 4,000 feet deep, and were dashed to pieces below.

Alpine tragedies are frequent. Still, when we consider the extent of travel across these giant mountains the wonder is that the loss of life is not greater. Hundreds of people are taken over the glaciers and up the mountains every summer. The desire for mountain climbing, which has grown immensely during the past fifty years, has developed a class of men whose business it is to lead travellers through the dangerous regions. The guides are to the Alps what the pilots are to the sea. These guides are natives of the Alpine villages. In their youth they become familiar with every nook and cranny of the earth giants. They roam from their pleasant hamlets to the desolate and frightful valleys above, containing miles of boulders, débris, stones, sand and mud, where there are but few trees, and these placed so high as to be almost out of sight; where there are no birds in the air, no fish in the waters; where the mountains are too steep for chamois, too inhospitable for the marmot and too repulsive even for the eagle. Guides earn from six to twenty francs per day, according to the nature of their duties, the degree of peril to be encountered in their journeys, or the liberality of the party employing them. As a general rule, guides are not reliable after they are fifty years of age.

A year ago an English gentleman, his son and two guides ascended Mont Blanc. Being experienced climbers, the Englishmen refused to use a rope, though the guides had provided two. The guides insisted; the others refused. "There is no danger. We have been here before." All went well for a while until, in crossing a glacier, the young man disappeared, with a fearful cry. He had fallen into a crevasse.

"A thousand francs to the man who saves my son!" shouted the father.

"Monsieur, it is impossible. The crevasse is deep; it may be hundreds of feet to the bottom," replied the elder guide.

"Five thousand francs! Try, for love of heaven!"

"Monsieur, he may be dead. There is no sound."

"Dead or alive—ten thousand francs to the man who brings him up!"

"Monsieur, it is not the money; it is the impossible."

"Here!" This was the cry of the other guide, a young man but little over twenty. "Tie these ropes together. Hold them—hold them; I will descend."

The crevasse was but three feet wide at the top. The guide slipped in. He was slowly lowered by arms that gained strength from the horror of the moment. Fifty feet of the rope disappeared; one hundred; one hundred and fifty. A cry arose from the icy depths: "Stop!" The guide had landed upon a narrow ledge of ice where the crevasse widened and yawned, hundreds of feet below him. Upon this ledge he found the youth, stunned and bleeding. His fall had been broken by the ice-axe on the end of his alpenstock. It dug into the walls as he went down, breaking the fall. The ledge had saved him. The guide took the rope from his own waist and fastened it around the unconscious youth, who was pulled to the surface by the men above. The rope was again lowered for the guide, who ascended without harm. The young man was carried down the mountain to an inn. In a few days he had recovered sufficiently to return to England. But the guide was forgotten. He never received the reward. But he would have acted as he did without that incentive, for the Alpine guides are, as a rule, brave and kind-hearted.

The Schreckhorn is 14,394 feet high. It is the steepest and stiffest and one of the most laborious climbs in the Alps. Immense glaciers surround it. Antoine Courdet, a Swiss guide, crossed the Schreckhorn glacier one bright summer morning, with a fellow-guide and two Americans. Of this party, Antoine alone, two days after, returned to the village hostelry from which they had set out. All had gone well until the party neared the summit. There they met with a shower of rocks and stones which came shooting down the mountain, accompanied by loud reports like the discharge of cannon. Some of these fragments must have weighed tons, judging from their size, and they ranged downward to mere pebbles. They were shot with the velocity and precision of bullets, and upon this little mountaineering party they had the effect of warlike projectiles, for only Antoine escaped unhurt. The rest were killed. Antoine owed his salvation to an overhanging rock, beneath which he crawled when he heard the first report.

These stone showers are among the chief dangers of Alpine climbing. Crevasses may be avoided or crossed by extreme care, but from flying rocks there is scarcely any safety. Huge portions of rocky cliffs are rent asunder by heat and frost, and they finally burst from their lodgment without warning, with a noise like that of a battery of artillery. They sweep down the mountains, destroying everything before them. Sometimes they dislodge great masses of earth and snow, which thunder down to the valleys in the form of an avalanche. There are times when it requires very little to start a snowslide, or, to use a more appropriate term, a snowrush.

Jean Doucet took a visitor up Mount Rosa. They stumbled from a shelving rock upon a steep bank of snow, which started downward with furious velocity, carrying them in its cold embrace. On and on they went, now buried far beneath the surface, in danger of death by suffocation, or by being thrown off the mountain side into some deep gully. Then some upheaval of the snow would throw them into the air, and send them bounding along the crust until they sank again out of sight. A mass of snow a mile long and five hundred feet wide was in motion. It dashed fiercely down the mountain. The men lost consciousness. When they recovered their senses they were lying far apart. Doucet's head was above the snow, and only one of his companion's legs could be seen. After strenuous effort, Doucet extricated himself and rescued his companion in distress. They found that a row of gigantic boulders had stopped their course, preventing them from going over a dizzy precipice, down which a portion of the avalanche was still pouring.

The Alpine life-preserved is the rope. Without this, successful climbing is impossible and life is needlessly risked. A rope, an alpenstock, or a long pole with a sharp iron, and an ice-axe, are the guide's stock-in-trade. The rope in general use is manilla, weighing a little over an ounce to the foot, and capable of sustaining a dead weight of more than twenty tons. The rope is from one hundred to two hundred feet long, and is fastened about the waist of every member of the party, who, marching in single file, twelve or fifteen feet apart, keep the rope perfectly taut at every step. As a rule, the Alpine guides are careful and brave. Their principal danger often comes from the foolhardiness of the people who look to them for protection, but who refuse to follow their advice. Some travellers persist in crossing glaciers without using ropes, or in ignoring the instability of new snow, or in talking continually, and thereby exhausting themselves before they are half way up the mountain. They walk into crevasses with their eyes turned skyward, and the guide risks his life in pulling them out again. They refuse to husband their strength, and the guide has to carry them down steep paths barely a foot wide, with a frowning wall of rock on one hand, a thousand-foot precipice on the other, and a swaying body on his back.

The New Game of Bridge Whist

A COMBINATION PLAY AT CARDS..... VENOWINE'S NEWS

What is this new game of "bridge whist" that is driving straight whist out of the field? None of the books of games is sufficiently up to date to describe it, and the rules are not yet printed. It seems a queer combination of whist, boast, euchre, and poker. The hands are dealt as in whist, but no trump is turned. The player next the dealer can make the trump. If he does so, his partner lays down his hand, face upward, and it is played as in dummy whist. There are five honors, the ten-spot counting as one. There is no misdeal. The "chelem" or "slam"—winning all the thirteen tricks—is taken bodily from boast. So is the idea of the different value of hands in different suits. The game is thirty points; two out of three games make the rubber, and the winners of the rubber add 100 points to their score, and deduct from the total the score made by their adversaries.

Another exciting game is roadside whist—but why

it is called whist no one knows. Driving along country roads scenery, and even friends, sometimes become monotonous, and roadside whist is a great relief. If the party consists of four, have two choose one side of the road, and the other two the other side. The idea is to count the animals on your own side of the road; a cow or a horse count 2, sheep or pigs also 2, a dog or a cat count 10, a white horse 5, chickens, etc., count 1, and a cat in the window 50. The game is 102. A roadside whist party was given on Long Island last summer, where there are only a few roads. Some enterprising members of the party negotiated with the farmers in advance to place their stock along their side of the road, and so captured the prizes.

Snowshoe Jumping in the North

ON THE HOLMENKOLBAKKEN..... PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

The Holmenkolbakken, or jumping track, is reserved especially for the yearly competition. It is some 300 yards in length, down the steep side of a hill that rises sheer out of the frozen lake on which the competitors finish their run, the ice being covered deeply with snow. Low stands, capable of accommodating some thousands of people, are erected in a horseshoe shape on this lake, and beyond them numberless sledges are drawn up. On each side of the course down the hill are platforms one above the other, from which the best view of the jumping is obtained, and tickets for them naturally cost the highest price. The upper end of the track, which is about ten feet wide, is level for a few yards; then there is a sharp pitch, a slight rise, and another sharp descent at an angle of about forty-five degrees, to a level platform rather more than half-way down the hill, from which the jump is taken. There is a perpendicular drop of about six feet, and then the final slope commences that extends to the lake at a regular inclination of forty-five degrees, the competitors pulling themselves up in the run across the lake into the horseshoe, which is lined with troops on ski.

Great elasticity of muscle is required to make a good jumper. Though styles differ considerably, the usual plan is to come down the first run with the knees slightly bent, the body a little forward, and the arms by the side, then as the level platform, which is only about twelve feet long, is reached, the knees are dropped more, the body steadied, and as the leap is taken legs and body are straightened out as if there were springs inside, and often a second leap appears to be taken when flying through the air. If the jumper lands evenly on his ski, he completes the run in an erect posture, with arms outstretched. Sometimes, as he lands, his ski will slip from under him, and he will fall on his back, and then, by an extraordinary effort that is quite unexplainable, he will regain an upright position while going down the slope, and reach the lake as if he had not had a fall. Often the result of the jump is that the competitor rolls over and over, as if every bone in his body would be broken. Not infrequently, he turns a complete somersault, standing for an instant on his head, and it seems miraculous that serious accidents do not occur. They do not, however, the soft snow, and also the steepness of the descent breaking the fall. Every one who successfully accomplishes the journey is greeted with a cheer from the thousands who are present, and who are all judges of the delicacies of the art of ski-ing.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The Missionaries of China

DELAVAL L. LEONARD....A HUNDRED YEARS OF MISSIONS *

The third stage of missionary history in China—the modern period—covers only about thirty years, and brings us down to the present. The churches of Christendom began at once to improve the enlarged opportunity by increasing the force in the field, so that presently all the larger denominations were represented in the empire, and within a decade the number of societies engaged had risen to nearly thirty. The bulk of the missions, however, were in the coast region, while the vast interior was left well-nigh desolate. It was, therefore, a great event in the evangelization of China, when in 1853 the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor appeared upon the scene, and when, about ten years after, organized by his tireless energy and flaming zeal, the China Inland Society sent forward its first missionary. As the name declared, its object was to push in towards the central and western portions of the empire where the spiritual destitution was most appalling; and there is to be no rest day or night until in every part of every province the sound of the Gospel is heard. The income reaches nearly \$175,000, the work is undenominational, the number of workers was 592 at the close of 1893, of whom 361 came from England, 42 from North America, 34 from Australia, and the rest from Scandinavian countries. The number of baptisms is 5,627 from the beginning, and the communicants are now 4,206.

In 1863 the English Presbyterians entered Formosa, an island some eighty miles off the coast from Foochow, the Presbyterians of Canada following nine years later, with the heroic genius Mackay as pioneer, and since then 60 churches have been gathered with a membership of 3,500. In 1867 the Irish Presbyterians began a Gospel campaign in Manchuria, pushing inland from Newchwang to Moukden, and the Scottish United Presbyterians coming after as allies in 1873, the two have toiled together in harmony and with such vigor that upwards of 2,000 have embraced Christianity. John Ross is eminent among laborers in this field. In 1870 the London Society sent James Gilmour to begin his wonderful campaign of endurance and achievement in Mongolia, which lasted till his death a year or two since. No doubt, Shanghai is the centre of evangelizing force. Nine societies maintain missions here, but far more important than all these combined in the vast range of its gracious influence is the Presbyterian publishing establishment, with its list of over seven hundred works in the native language. From its presses have been issued of school and text books, 130 volumes; of medical books, 23; dictionaries and grammars, 40; Scripture commentaries, 25; hymn books, 21; religious books and tracts, 160; miscellaneous, 400. And every variety of edition of the Bible is included. The Methodists have similar publication houses at Foochow and Kiu-kiang. Tientsin is another centre of power, and within the walls of Peking several strong missions are maintained.

But space is lacking to tell a tithe of the story of the marvels that have been wrought, and practically within a period of twenty years. It was only two decades ago that the time of blossoms and fruitage began to appear.

* Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Hitherto the statistics from the hard field had been discouraging, but in 1877 the 625 stations and out-stations could report 13,515 church members, and 73 ordained native pastors, with 519 other preachers. And from that date the gains have been steady in every department of the work, and at a rate constantly increasing. We have already seen how indispensable a part in the opening of China was played by the destructive operations of foreign navies and armies. But another infliction even more terrible and destructive to life, by the God of missions, was overruled to the effectual opening of closed and stony hearts, and to the great furtherance of the Gospel. The reference is to the famine of 1877-8, said to be the worst of any recorded in history, and whose victims are estimated at from ten to thirteen millions. The Great Plain, so densely populated, was the theatre of this appalling calamity, with the three provinces, Shansi, Shensi, and Shantung, as the chief sufferers, and the cause was found in the almost entire absence of rain during four successive years. With the missionaries in the forefront as leaders and actors, upwards of \$400,000 were raised and distributed to the starving by foreigners, of whom some seventy contributed their time and strength, and four fell a sacrifice to exposure and overwork. The Government was astonished and deeply impressed by this unheard-of example of pure benevolence, and expressed its appreciation in various effective ways. And as for the people, at first suspicious of sinister designs on the part of the distributors, they refused the offered charity, and were ready to mob and maltreat their would-be benefactors; and the utmost of wisdom, and caution, and tact were required to overcome the inveterate dislike and fear. Finally, however, confidence and even gratitude were won, though in Kaifung, the capital of Honan, to the very last the "foreign devils" were forbidden to remain with their food and other supplies, or even to carry on their relief work in the environs! From this time forward throughout most of the large region so sorely afflicted there was found a marked increase of readiness to receive visits from Americans and Europeans, and to hear the Gospel from their lips, while converts also began rapidly to multiply, the scores becoming hundreds, and the hundreds swelling to tens of thousands. Among the curious results of Chinese evangelization this statement may well stand. Since the Baptist mission was started at Swatow, 1,670 persons have been received to membership, of whom nearly half were baptized after they were fifty years of age, 361 after they were sixty, 98 after they were seventy, 4 after passing their eightieth birthday.

A few additional statements are in order concerning medical missions, to which China owes so much. No less than sixty-one hospitals and forty-four dispensaries have been established and are maintained by Christian hands. Several of these are built on an extensive scale, and are supplied with all modern appliances, as well as with the best of medical and surgical skill. Swatow is said to have the largest of mission hospitals. In Tientsin, the wife of Li Hung Chang having been brought back to health from the borders of death, through treatment by Christian physicians from the West, this eminent statesman and his government contributed large

sums to secure and carry on a hospital, dispensary and medical school. In fact, in all the cities of the empire where such undertakings are found, a large part of the running expenses are met by the gifts of Chinese officials and merchants, and of foreign residents. In the various fields of the world are found 350 medical missionaries; China alone has 126, of whom twenty-six are women. Down to the close of 1889 the total number of physicians who, for the kingdom's sake, had gone to the Middle Kingdom was 200.

In judging of the general statistics which help to an estimate of the labor performed, and the results achieved, in this immense and most difficult field, it must not be forgotten that forty-eight years were required to gather 500 souls into church membership, and that it is only thirty-three years since the empire was thrown open, or just a single generation. In 1877 the communicants numbered 13,035, and in three years more had increased to 20,000. At this last date there were seventy-three ordained and 511 unordained natives employed in Christian work. When the great missionary conference met in Shanghai, in 1890, the statistical showing was full of good cheer, since it clearly demonstrated that the day of small things was about over, that the harvest season had already begun. Forty societies were represented by 1,296 workers, of whom 589 were men, and 316 were unmarried women. Besides, 211 ordained and 1,266 unordained Chinese were rendering efficient service. The entire missionary force reported was 2,953, or 1,296 Europeans, and 1,657 natives. Of the 522 organized churches, ninety-four were fully self-supporting. The membership was 37,287, and the contributions of the native Christians for the year preceding amounted to \$36,885. Besides this, the Roman Catholics are active and successful in the empire, with their twenty-five bishoprics, and claim a round 1,000,000, not including Thibet, Mongolia, and Manchuria. Were the figures brought down to the present year, it cannot be doubted that they would prove even more encouraging. The latest reports indicate that the number of European missionaries is nearly 1,650, of whom about 650 are men; that the churches have a membership approaching near to 50,000, while something like 100,000 more have turned from idolatry, and have put themselves within reach of the transforming influences of the Gospel. So, well may the Church thank God and take courage, and press forward with zeal and full assurance of faith. The huge mass moves but slowly thus far, but is now fairly under way, and the momentum will presently become irresistible. The Word and the Spirit are mighty, and the divine promise cannot fail.

The Wonder Side of the Bible

ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.....BOSTON HERALD

Among the treasures of the historic old North Church of Boston, perhaps the most curious is a copy of what is known as The Vinegar Bible, so called because of the perversion of the word "vineyard" in the headlines of Luke xx., giving us "the parable of the vinegar," instead. This was the Oxford edition of the Bible, which was gotten out in 1717. Nearly all of the old English editions are distinguished by blunders, more or less ludicrous, into which the early translators fell. The first edition of Matthew's version of the Scriptures in English, published in 1537, was called The Bug Bible.

Psalm xci., 5, is referred to by way of explanation, and there the promise that "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night" is significantly rendered: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraiyed for eny bugges by night nor the arrowe that flyeth by daye." In 1839 Archbishop Cranmer's version of the Bible in English appeared in London, and bears the high distinction of being called The Great Bible. The first edition of the Geneva version, appearing in 1560, is known as The Breeches Bible, from the fact that the statement made in Genesis iii., 7, to the effect that Adam and Eve made aprons for themselves, is rendered by the translators: "And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches." A peculiarity of this Bible is the substitution of the letter v for u, and vice versa, u for v. The name Eve is printed Heuah (Hevah). Cain is printed Kain; Abel, Habel; Enoch, Henock; Isaac, Ishak; Hebrew, Ebew, etc.

In 1568 there was printed in London the English Bible known as The Treacle Bible. Evidently the translator who fastened that appellation on his work gave his preferences to treacle over balm, for "Is there no balm in Gilead?" reads "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" The first edition of the Douay Bible, published in 1609-1610, is also known as the Rosin Bible, because the translator asks: "Is there no rosin in Gilead?" The first English Royal Version, 1611, was called The Great He Bible, embodying the compositor's or translator's error: "He went into the city." In the same year appears The Great She Bible, in which gentle Ruth is rehabilitated and "she" goes into the city. Those were hypercritical and painstaking times, when the omission of a single letter, converting she into he, could fasten reproach upon a volume for all time. This potent error was made in the transcription of the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of Ruth.

In 1631 we find an English Bible—printed in London—laboring under the heavy disparagement of being known as The Wicked Bible, the mischief being created by leaving out the little word not, in Exodus xx., 14. We read: "Thou shalt (not) commit adultery." A similar catastrophe befell the Bible printed in English—London, 1653—stamping it as The Unrighteous Bible. In this I. Corinthians vi., 9, is made to read: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God?" The Murderer's Bible is so called from the misprinting of Numbers xxxv., 18, giving us, instead of the sentence "The murderers shall surely be put to death," the statement that "The murderers shall surely be put together." The Oxford Bible, which appeared in 1807, is called The Ear Bible, and in Matthew xiii., 43, of that edition, those who have "ears to ear" are exhorted to hear. Some editions of the Bible contain remarkable interpretations and interpolations. In a French Bible, printed in Paris, in 1538, by Anthony Bonnemere, it is related "that the ashes of the golden calf which Moses caused to be burnt and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it: by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those who had worshiped the calf." This idle story was interwoven with the 31st chapter of Exodus. A very interesting copy of the Scriptures is what is known as the Bowyer Bible. An Englishman named William Bowyer procured a copy of the Bible in the early part of the century, and occupied the leisure of nearly thirty

years in illustrating it. From every part of Europe he obtained original drawings, etchings and engravings relating to Biblical subjects. This collection also included the best Scripture atlases; but its most original features were 200 drawings by Lautherbourg. Thus, for all these years, he advanced in his work, bringing into requisition every artist, from Michael Angelo and Raffaelle to Reynolds and West, whose Scripture subjects had been engraved. His Bible, interleaved with these 7,000 illustrations, including examples from nearly 600 different engravers, expanded to forty-five folio volumes, and is said, with its costly binding and an oak cabinet to contain it, to have cost him 4,000 guineas, and to have been insured against fire for \$15,000. Since Mr. Bowyer's death this Bible has passed into various hands, and was at last accounts in the town of Bolton, England.

The world has seven Bibles. They are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the eleventh century, and are the most recent of these seven Bibles. The Buddhist Tripitaka contain sublime morals and pure inspirations. Their author lived and died in the seventh century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their places. They contain the choicest sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century, B.C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of great scholars that they are older than the eleventh century, B.C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books, next to the Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century, B.C.

"The Bible and Shakespeare," said one of the best and most esteemed prelates that ever sat upon the English bench—Dr. John Sharp, in the reign of Queen Anne—"The Bible and Shakespeare have made me Archbishop of York." How much Shakespeare was indebted to the Bible for many of his most beautiful passages, and how beneath his hand the gems of old were set anew, is shown by Mr. James Rees in many quotations, a few of which are given here:

Life 's but a walking shadow.—Shakespeare.
Man walketh in a vain shadow.—Bible.

It is written they appear to men like angels of light.—Shakespeare.

Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.—Bible.

Woe to that land that's governed by a child.—Shakespeare.

Woe to thee, O land, when the King is a child.—Bible.

I will speak daggers.—Shakespeare.

Swords are in their lips.—Bible.

This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.
—Shakespeare.

Whom the Lord loveth, He correcteth.—Bible.

What I speak,
My body shall make good upon the earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

—Shakespeare.

I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof on the day of judgment.—Bible.

Wisdom crieth out in the street, and no man regards it.
—Shakespeare.

Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets.—Bible.

I that am cruel, am yet merciful.—Shakespeare.
The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—Bible.

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer.—Shakespeare.
How art thou fallen from heaven,
O Lucifer, son of the morning.

—Bible.

What a piece of work is man—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a God.—Shakespeare.

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visiteth him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet.—Bible.

Among the popular quotations which are falsely attributed to the Bible are the following:

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—From Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* to Italy.

"In the midst of life we are in death."—From the burial service; and this was originally from Luther.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scripture form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

"Money is the root of evil." Paul's version is: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

"Cleanliness akin to godliness," not in the Bible; first used by Mr. Whitfield.

Is Life Worth Living?

ELIZABETH LYNN LINTON.....THE LONDON QUEEN

The world sees many follies, and the good sense of the community lives them down with time and patience. But never has Old Earth known a greater folly than the pessimists' whining cry of pain, and that silliest of all silly queries, "Is life worth living?" Whosoever asks that question, his soul is already dead; and the enemy who has slain it is Self. The more we live for self the less shall we find the value of existence; the more we live for others and out of self, the greater will be the joy and the gain. To be out in the open among the flowers and by the trees, to hear the birds in the bushes, to watch the glories of the sunset, to see the delight of nature—free and unfettered—this, too, is one of the lovely hymns of joy by which that whining cry is drowned. All things are good and beautiful to those who have the talisman which transforms the common to the rare, the accustomed to the precious. And that talisman is Love—the Love which Self destroys as the laidly worm destroyed all on which it shed its desolating venom. This is a truth never to be too strongly insisted on. Sympathy, love, unselfishness give happiness. It matters not what our physical condition, what our material surroundings. With these as our ingredients we shall extract the glorious elixir of life.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

My Little Girl....Samuel Minturn Peck....Times-Democrat

My little girl is nested
Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand:
She dreams her broken dolly
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen;
O angels, let me keep her
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper
Who has my love and prayers.

The Child's Face....Ernest Warburton Shurtliff....Poems

There's nothing more pure in Heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of Heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

A Plea....Josie Frazee Cappleman....Poems

I have watched the children playing
With the countless odds and ends,
Such as children glean together
In their mystic little dens.
I have watched their mute emotions,
Ever changing with the hours,
And find they have their heartaches
The same as we have ours.

I have seen the frightened faces
When a glorious golden-hair,
From out the dolly kingdom,
Has died and gone back there;
And have heard their sighs and heart-sobs
When they realize the blow,—
Then isn't dolly's death to them
Just as a mother's woe?

Yet we smile upon their folly,
Or chide them for their grief,

Little thinking of their anguish,
That their feelings need relief;
Never heeding, never halting
To reck that childhood's heart,
Of all that's good in nature,
Is the best, the purest part.

But can you not remember,
In the days of long ago,
Of just such crushing sorrow
As these little darlings know?
And, for days and days together,
Have mourned some thing of play.
And wondered that your elders
Should not your grief allay?

Do you think because it's childhood,
And childhood's heart is light,
That these ceaseless little crosses
Cannot their beings blight?
Oh, hear that soulful sobbing,
And see those tearful showers!
Ah, children have their heartaches
The same as we have ours.

Then soothe that childish sorrow,
And smooth the throbbing head,
E'en as though it were a mother
When mourning for her dead;
And the little heart will thank you
In the years that are to be.
Aye, remember that the children
Have heartaches just as we.

Baby Asleep....Nancy Priest Wakefield....Poems

Baby has gone to the land of dreams!
Hush, or you'll wake him! How still it seems!
Carefully shut the bedroom door,
Noiselessly tiptoe across the floor.
See how sweet he looks as he lies,
With fringed lids shutting the dark brown eyes;
One pink palm pressing the dimpled cheek,
And his red lips parted as if to speak.

Yonder, in the low rocking-chair,
Is a broken plaything,—he left it there;
And there, in the corner beside the door,
Lies a motley heap of many more,—
Jack-knife, picture-book, marbles, ball,
Tailless monkey, and headless doll,
And new, bright pennies, his special joy,
By the father hoarded to please his boy.

There lie his shoes on the kitchen-floor,
That all day long they have pattered o'er,—
Battered and chubby, short and wide,
Worn at the toe, and cracked at the side;
And there hangs the little dress he wore;
Scarlet flannel, and nothing more;
But there clings about it a nameless charm,
For the sleeves are creased by his dimpled arm.

Dear little feet that are now so still,
Will ye ever walk in the paths of ill?
Rosebud lips, will ye ever part,
Bringing pain to a mother's heart?
Keep, O Father, that baby brow
Ever as pure from stain as now;
Lead him through life by Thy guiding hand
Safely into the better land!

RHINE LEGENDS: TOLD AT GERMAN FIRESIDES*

COMPILED BY H. A. GUERBER

How the Baker Boys Saved the Town

During the Middle Ages, the inhabitants of Linz and Andernach could never agree, and were continually at war, each hoping to obtain the supremacy and utterly destroy the other city. As the towns were only a short distance apart, they could often pounce upon each other unawares, and the inhabitants of Linz knowing the people of Andernach were sound sleepers and took special pleasure in prolonging their morning nap, once resolved to attack them at dawn of day.

In silence the enemy stole up under the city wall, which they prepared to scale. Their attempt would probably have proved successful, had it not been for two greedy baker lads, who had crept up into the tower to steal honey from the hives the watchman kept up there. Hearing a slight noise, and fearing the approach of the watchman, the youths cautiously peered over the wall, and thus became aware of the enemy's proximity. A moment later, having thrown the hives down upon the foe, the boys, rushing to the bell, loudly rang the alarm.

The Andernachers, springing out of bed, hurriedly donned their armor, seized their weapons, and rushed out, but their interference was no longer necessary, as the infuriated bees had already routed the enemy. In commemoration of this event, the statues of the two baker lads have been placed just within the Andernach gates. There they can still be seen—exact effigies of the boys who crept up into the tower to steal honey, and saved the town.

The Carousing Army of Thurant

The ruins of the ancient fortress of Thurant, which was first built in 1200, tower above the Moselle, and serve to remind travellers of the many sieges which the castle endured during the Middle Ages. On one occasion, the united forces of the Bishops of Trier and Cologne surrounded the stronghold, which was nobly defended by its owner. He and his brave garrison suffered much from hunger and thirst, while his foes drank their fill of Moselle wine, declaring they hoped the castle would hold out until they had emptied barrels enough to erect as imposing a building as the one they besieged. This was before the days of gunpowder. Arrows and swords were of no avail when it was a question of seizing a well-defended castle, perched upon such almost inaccessible heights, where battering rams and other ponderous war engines could not be used.

To beguile the time, therefore, the hosts of Trier and Cologne drank morning, noon, and night, sang jolly songs, and kept up a perpetual carousal. This greatly exasperated the garrison at Thurant, who, however, held out bravely for two whole years, during which time the enemy drained no less than three thousand casks of Moselle wine. The gatekeeper, weary of this long siege, and longing to join in the noisy orgies which he daily saw and heard, finally made secret arrangements to open the castle gates, and deliver it into the enemy's hands. His treachery was discovered,

however, and, in punishment, his master ordered him to be tossed in a blanket from the top of the castle tower into the midst of the enemy's camp, where he was anxious to be. Strange to relate, the gatekeeper landed unharmed in the midst of his foes, drank a long draught of wine, and in gratitude for his narrow escape, built the chapel on the Bleidenberg, from whence a beautiful view can be obtained.

The Ride of the Emperor

Ten long years had passed since the Emperor had ridden out of his favorite city, at the head of his army, to go and fight the heathen, and now, instead of the welcome tidings of his return, dark rumors of defeat and death spread throughout the whole country. Convinced of the truth of these reports; the lords of the empire assembled to discuss what had better be done, and, after much deliberation, sent an embassy to the Empress Hildegarde. They bade her, for her subjects' sake, choose another husband to rule the nation instead of Charlemagne, who would never be seen again.

Hildegarde at first indignantly refused to consider this proposal, but finally, seeing the justice of their wishes, she consented, for the good of the country, to marry any man they recommended; stipulating, however, that she should be allowed to spend three more days in strict solitude, mourning for the beloved husband whom she would never behold again.

Well pleased with this answer, the lords withdrew, and began making preparations for the coming marriage, while Hildegarde wept for Charlemagne, who, by the way, was not at all dead, but very busy fighting the heathen, whom he had almost entirely subdued.

During the night, while poor Hildegarde wept, an angel of the Lord suddenly appeared to Charlemagne and bade him return in hot haste to Aix-la-Chapelle, if he would not lose both wife and scepter at once. Thus warned, the Emperor sprang on the steed which the heavenly messenger had brought, and sped over mountain and valley with marvelous rapidity, arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle just as the third and last night of Hildegarde's respite was drawing to a close.

Instead of entering his palace, however, the Emperor dismounted and passed into the silent cathedral, where he seated himself in his great golden chair, with his sword across his knees, as was his wont when dispensing justice. There he waited until the sacristan came to prepare the church for the wedding, which was to take place soon after sunrise.

This man, startled by the sight of the imposing figure seated upon the imperial throne, and thinking it an apparition, staggered, and would have fallen, had he not steadied himself by the rope of the great bell, which, thus suddenly set in motion, sent peal after peal through the awakening city.

The people of Aix-la-Chapelle, startled by the untimely and frantic ringing, rushed out of their houses to see what had occurred, and as they entered the church they uttered loud cries of joy, for there sat Charlemagne in all his wonted state.

These cries soon reached the ears of the unhappy

* Selected from *The Legends of the Rhine*. By H. A. Guerber, author of *Myths of Greece and Rome*. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Hildegarde, who, still dissolved in tears, and deeming they were intended to welcome her unknown bridegroom, shrank back in fear; but her sorrow was changed to boundless joy when she saw her beloved husband once more, and heard how Providence had miraculously interfered to save her from a hated second marriage.

The Sacrilegious Painter

The Church of St. Mary of the Capitol, founded by Plectrude, mother of Charles Martel, upon the site once occupied by the Roman Capitol, possesses as altarpiece a crucifix to which great miracles are attributed. Some young painters, idly talking together one day, dared one of their number to enter the church and renew the sacred emblem's freshness by giving it a new coat of paint.

The artist, a heedless young fellow, immediately accepted the challenge, and knowing the priests would not permit him to touch their holy image were he to present himself in the daytime, he entered the church alone at midnight. Just as the city clocks were tolling the hour he dipped his brush in the paint, but no sooner had the bristles touched the crucifix than his arm fell paralyzed.

Gazing upward in terror at the figure on the cross, he fancied he saw such a reproachful glance fall upon him that he fell down before the altar in convulsions. A priest found him there early in the morning, but, in spite of every care, he expired unconscious when the clocks were again tolling the midnight hour, and since then no painter dared touch the sacred image on the altar.

At the Spectre Wedding

Kurt von Stein was galloping wildly along the rocky road in a gorge not far from the Rhine, seeking a place where he might take shelter for the night, for the storm was raging and darkness was coming on rapidly. All at once he saw a light ahead of him, and coming nearer he perceived the ruins of the ancient castle of Dattenburg. He roused the echoes by calling for a servant to come and take his horse. As no one answered his call, he soon dismounted, and felt his way up the narrow winding stairs, which led to the top of the tower, where a light was shining brightly. When he came to the last step he perceived an open door, and through it he saw a beautiful lady sitting by a table all alone.

In answer to his courteous request for shelter, the lady silently motioned him to enter, and the table, bare a moment before, was soon covered with all manner of viands, of which she invited him, by signs, to partake. Somewhat awed by the maiden's beauty and silence, the knight obeyed, glancing about him from time to time, and taking particular note of two portraits on the wall. He conjectured these must represent the young lady's parents, as there was a great resemblance between them, in spite of the antiquated garb, which would seem to indicate that they had lived several centuries before. After having finished his meal, Kurt von Stein ventured an interrogation, "Your parents, I suppose?" Receiving a gracious affirmative gesture, he concluded the fair lady was mute, and continuing his conversation on the same system, soon discovered that she was an orphan and alone, the last of her race. Excited by her beauty, he finally began to make love to her, and before many hours had passed, he was kneeling at her feet, entreating her to be his bride. Then, having won her consent, he saw her crown herself with a wreath of rosemary, and

obeying her gesture, followed her down the stairs and into the castle chapel.

There he was surprised to see a numerous assembly of persons in antiquated garb steal from behind pillar and tomb, and silently take their places in the empty church. A moment later a mitered bishop stepped down from the tomb on which he had been lying with folded hands, and, marching gravely up to the altar, began the service. Kurt von Stein, sobered now and quailing with fear, vainly tried to speak the necessary answer to the priest's demand, whether he accepted that lady for his wife, but before he could recover the power of speech, the twelve solemn strokes from the convent of St. Helena reached his ear.

"God have mercy upon me!" he suddenly exclaimed, and sank fainting to the ground. When he recovered from his swoon, the sun was shining upon him, the phantoms had disappeared, and he was alone in the ruined Dattenburg chapel, his steed close beside him. Kurt von Stein hastened home, but as long as he lived he vividly remembered the night he had spent in those ruins, and often gave thanks for having been saved from a marriage with the dead, for he instinctively felt that the lady could have been nothing but a ghost.

Naming the Strange Bird

Long before the Kreuzberg had become a holy spot, and was studded with the crosses to which it now owes its name, the site of the convent was occupied by a cunning fowler. He snared birds of all kinds, which he knew by name and whose habits he could accurately describe. This fowler was so passionately fond of ornithology that he was never so happy as when he could discover a new specimen, and so proud of his learning that he openly declared that he could name any winged creature on earth, and challenged the devil to do as much. Satan, who had long been watching to secure the fowler's soul, seeing an opportunity to reach his ends, now promised to supply him with all the birds he wanted, in exchange for the possession of his soul at death. He bargained, however, that he would relinquish all claim to it, if the fowler ever brought him a bird he could not name.

At first the fowler, finding his snares always full of game, was delighted with his bargain, but little by little the haunting fear that the devil would claim his soul troubled him so sorely that he wondered, night and day, how he might outwit the fiend. After many days of deep thought, he finally decided to take one of his own little grandchildren, smear him with tar, roll him in loose feathers of every kind and hue, and then present him to the devil, bidding him class the bird and tell its name. This plan, cleverly carried out, greatly puzzled the devil, who, after vainly scratching his head with his clawlike fingers, and impatiently curling and uncurling his long tail, was finally compelled to declare he was unable to class the strange specimen before him, and must therefore relinquish all claims upon the fowler's soul. The frenzy of the devil at being thus outwitted was awful to see. Flames burst from his lips, his tail rose erect like that of a tortured cat, and his fierce eyes burned like coals.

Thus delivered from an awful fate, the fowler revealed the deception he had used, and when the devil took leave of him, the happy man solemnly swore that he would never again attempt to deal with the Evil Spirit.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY.

Thought Measured by Science

PROF. SCRIPTURE'S VALUABLE BOOK*.....S. F. CHRONICLE

Students of psychology must feel deeply indebted to E. W. Scripture, director of the psychological laboratory of Yale University, who has just published the results of years of careful work on the new science of measuring thought. The neat volume just issued is entitled *Thinking, Feeling, Doing*. The experiments carried out at Yale University during the past three years have resulted in the discovery of many facts interesting and valuable not only to scientists, but to the world at large. "Time is money" is the adage recommended by all business men, and the saving of time is the most essential factor in modern success. Hence the building of ocean greyhounds and lightning-speed locomotives and electric cars for time-saving purposes, and so with machinery used in all departments of commerce. One can, therefore, readily understand that the person who can think faster than another has the advantage in the struggle of life. The experiments which have occupied the attention of Professor Scripture and his co-workers have been based on this line, namely, finding the difference of time in which people think.

To the ordinary observer, "to think is to do," but such is really not the case. When the brain forms an idea to do or say anything, the action resulting from the thought is not instantaneous. It may seem so, but a portion of time elapses between the formation of the thought and the reaction in carrying out the idea formed. Even the winking of the eyelid is not instantaneous with the thought, and so with any action of the body. The interval of time varies in different persons. When a number of children in school are ordered to stand up, they do not all respond at the same time, showing that their minds vary in their action. The will and the act may apparently occur at the same time, but "apparently" is a word not allowed in the dictionary of the new psychology. The experiment of measuring thought is one of the most beautiful and accurate of any carried out by scientists. The first thing done is to set up a tuning fork, not a little one like musicians carry, but one a foot long, which vibrates one hundred times a second. By means of a battery and a magnet the fork is kept vibrating. Every time the lower prong moves downward, a point on the end dips into a cup of mercury, closing an electric circuit. The electric current passes through an instrument called a time marker, which makes a little pointer move back and forth one hundred times a second. The pointer of the time marker rests on a surface of smoked paper on a cylindrical drum. As the drum revolves, the pointer scratches a wavy line, one hundred waves to the second. Each wave represents one-hundredth of a second. Consequently if a dot be placed on the line at the time the finger is moved, and another when the foot is moved, by counting the waves between the dots and the fractions of the waves, the exact interval of time between the two movements is recorded in hundredths parts of a second. By means of special telegraph keys, which operate pointers resting on the

smoked paper on the drum, the exact instant of the movement of the hands on the keys is recorded. The fraction of time taken by the electric current to move its pointer cannot be measured, for it is so small that it cannot be recorded or even conceived by the human mind. Hence the expression, "Quick as a lightning flash."

By means of this apparatus it is therefore possible to measure the difference of time which exists when a person touches the telegraph keys with the right and left hands, at what may seem to the mind the same time. The wave line shows the hundredth of the second, the position of the dots made by the hands touching the telegraph keys will show the difference of time elapsing in touching the keys. This proves that the will to move both hands at the same time results in moving the two at different times. To train the mind to act quickly is therefore an essential factor in expert telegraph operators; the quicker the mind can cause the fingers to tap the key, the more work will be done. For the mind to react takes time. A hundred years ago this was not known, and in 1795 the British astronomer discharged his assistant because in recording the passage of a star across the lines of the telescope, the assistant varied from his superior by eight-tenths of a second, and was accused of carelessness. The poor fellow was not to blame, for his mind was simply acting eight-tenths of a second slower than that of the Royal astronomer.

Betting on races is a risky thing, for though the runners may get off exactly at the same time as far as the eye can tell, such is not the case. By placing a spring over the muzzle of the starter's pistol, which breaks an electric current when fired, and attaching a thread to the runner, the breaking of which when he makes the start acting in a similar manner, the difference of time is noted by the position of the two dots made by the electric circuits on the wave line recorder. The runners may seem to get off at the same instant, but such is not the case. There is a difference between thinking and reacting time. To measure the time of thought can be done by the apparatus in noting the difference of time in which a person will recognize a color, a letter, a short or long word, or various kinds of type. To find the actual time of thought it is only necessary to deduct the reaction time from the recognition time. The experiments made at Yale show that a German requires one to two-hundredths' part of a second more time to recognize the German type of alphabet than to recognize the Latin type. The time taken by a number of fencers to respond to a signal and lunge at a metal disk, the signal and striking of the disk both making electrical records, varied considerably and produced interesting results.

Professional fencers, amateurs, and those without any knowledge were tested, and the records proved that the amateur fencer, a trained scientist, thought and responded quicker than the professional wielder of the foil when discrimination was utilized in making the swordsman lunge either right or left, but that the professional fencer was quicker when the mind knew beforehand that a straight lunge was to be made when the signal was given.

* This most important and interesting volume on experimental psychology is entitled *Thinking, Feeling, Doing*. By E. W. Scripture, Ph. D. (Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.)

The conclusion arrived at was that fencing does not develop mental quickness more than scientific pursuits, but it does develop to a high degree the rapidity of executing movements. It is even possible to measure how fast a dog thinks, by attaching an electric wire to his collar which closes a circuit and makes a dot on the paper when he jumps up in response to an order, the order being given by releasing a piece of meat by touching an electric key which records the exact time of command.

A company of trained soldiers seem to execute the commands of an officer simultaneously, and so with an orchestra of skilled musicians, but such is not the case; there is always a difference of time in the movements, though being a fraction of a second it is not discernible to the human eye. Even the skilled composer, in waving his baton to beat time, does not do so regularly. But the variation of time is so slight that the difference is not discernible. The mind acts quicker when prepared by fixing the attention. Thus soldiers respond in less time to the command "Forward, march," than they would to the single order "March." The attention of every man has been prepared by the warning "Forward," and all the mental processes, except the simple reaction of moving, are performed beforehand. That is why the boatswain always gives the cry "Yo-Ho," in order to prepare the minds of the sailors to pull the rope together. The possibilities of measuring the time of the action of the brain are innumerable. By means of delicate instruments the power and will can be measured, showing the variations caused by silence and sound upon the mind, the effect of different odors upon the senses, and the sensitiveness of the brain caused by heat and cold and taste. The new psychology deals with facts and not with theories, and must prove essentially valuable to rational education, which has for its basis the demonstration that mere observation and speculation are but stepping stones to success.

The Mystery of Heredity

GRANT ALLEN....THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Year after year the leaves fall and die. The individual tree ceases often for a time to display externally the majority of its most marked and vital features. But next year it leaves again. The protoplasm within it once more forms the same sort of leaves and the same sort of flowers as in the previous season; and it retains from year to year its individual character. Year after year it goes on assimilating; year after year the same general features are produced with individual distinctness. The living material of the tree is of such a sort that it makes absolutely like itself, down to the minutest particular, all the non-organic bodies which it absorbs, decomposes, and synthesises again by means of its roots or its foliage. I venture, then, to suggest that assimilation in this wider sense—the making of the Not-Me into the Me, which takes place every day in the tissues of every plant on earth—lies at the root of the supposed mystery of genesis and heredity. I venture to suggest that when the Not-Me thus becomes the Me, the real miracle is wrought; and that, compared with this vast and deep-reaching miracle, the miracle of reproduction is but a minor detail. And when I say "miracle," I need hardly add I mean it, of course, in a strictly physical sense; I mean it as a symbolical term for an intricate problem of minute and subtle

chemical or physical reactions, not yet deciphered, though capable in their nature of ultimate decipherment with increased knowledge.

An amoeba takes into its own body certain foreign organic substances, absorbs and alters some of them, and rejects the remainder. Now, what does it do with those it absorbs? Well, as we say, it assimilates them. In other words, writ large, it makes them into amoeba; actually into amoeba, a part of itself. They were, before, some other form of protoplasm; they are now the form of protoplasm that makes up amoebae. So far as we know, no distinction at all exists between the original and the acquired amoeba-stuff. In point of fact, it is all acquired amoeba-stuff; for it keeps breaking up into fresh masses, and forming new amoebae as fast as ever it gains fresh material for doing so. There is no need here to distinguish between one sort of plasm and another. It is all amoeba-plasm alike, taking up whatever it can get outside, and converting it within itself into more amoeba-plasm. How does it do it? What is the chemistry—what the physics of the change? That is a question we cannot answer. But what I insist on is that here, as it seems to me, the essential part of the reproductive process is really performed when non-amoeba is converted all at once into amoeba. If only we knew how that conversion is wrought, "we should know what God and man is." Amoeba absorbs non-amoeba, converts it into amoeba, divides in half, and there are two amoebae.

Take, at the opposite end of the scale, a higher animal—say man, if you will—for here we can instance familiar habits and psychological experiences. Your man eats food—say, bread and beefsteak; and after he has eaten it, it passes into his stomach and intestines, and is absorbed and assimilated. Now, I am not going to dogmatize about the precise change that comes over it when it passes from the Not-Me into the Me. I do not know, and I cannot tell whether anybody living knows, how or where this transformation is most completely effected. I will not try to follow it up through stomach and intestines, lymph and chyle, white or red corpuscles. All I can say is this: The food that went into William Evans' body as brown bread and beefsteak ceases sooner or later to be bread and beef, and becomes transformed into the formative material of William Evans, in all his parts and organs. It becomes not merely human lymph or human blood, but European white man's lymph and blood, Welshman's blood, William Evans' blood, the identical formative and restorative material of William Evans. It circulates freely through William Evans' body, and rebuilds every part of it, not merely as mammal, as man, as Welshman, but personally and individually as William Evans. And when it does that, it performs, I think, the real miracle; of which the other embodiment, that William Evans' children are half himself and half his wife, Mary Evans, is but a slight and unimportant corollary. William Evans makes himself daily out of meal and mutton. *There is the mystery.*

Go back to the place where you lived as a child, some twenty or thirty years after. Not a particle of the primitive You may now survive in your brain; but the You of to-day vividly recognizes ten thousand spots, ten thousand objects, whose images were stamped on the You of twenty years ago. Wherein does this process differ from that of the crustacean which replaces

its lost tail, or that of the rosebush, which from a single branch grows out again into the complete *Gloire de Dijon*? Is it not clear that assimilation turns the Not-Me, inorganic or vegetal, into the Me, vegetal or animal; turns it into the Me, generic, specific, individual and personal; the Me of the now, with all the history of the past everywhere written upon it? Refrain from swimming for ten years, and then try the water once more; you will find the acquired power is still present in arms and legs, no actual living particle of which ever before performed any active work in swimming. From day to day, as it seems to me, the Not-Me is constantly becoming the Me, capable of building up every part of the organism, and of building it up, so to speak, up to date, with all the latest acquisitions and improvements included. Why, then, need we call in a perfectly hypothetical continuous germ-plasm to do for the reproductive cell what the ordinary protoplasm of the body is daily doing for each portion of the organism? Especially when we see that each plant and animal is itself in ultimate analysis a product of the Not-Me, assimilated to the Me; and that it goes on producing and rebuilding the whole of the Me, with all its peculiar individual features. What, then, is the germ-plasm? Clearly it, too, must ultimately be fed from the Not-Me, because it cannot possibly be capable of indefinite subdivision. What is it, then? So far as I can see, it can only differ from the ordinary somatic material in this—that it is a part of the organism specially kept apart for the bare purpose of asserting its "continuity," and transmitting to future organisms just that amount of individuality which it first received from its parents before it.

Can Man Revert to the Ape?

M. J. V. LABORDE....LA REVUE SCIENTIFIQUE

We have to do with three children born in Greece, in the isle of Xeraphos, two boys and a girl; the eldest (Marguerite) aged twelve years; the second (Nicolas) of ten years; the last (Antoine) eight years of age. The pointed shape of the head and the flattening of the forehead are very marked; the state of idiocy which is the consequence of this formation of the head manifests itself in the stupid expression of the face and in the whole exterior appearance. The attitude of the three children is absolutely that of the monkey; the arms and wrists are bent and held near the body, and they walk bent over forward like the anthropoid apes, the legs held far apart and unsteady; sometimes even on all fours, but resting on the closed fists. They are constantly in motion; night and day they keep stirring, even when asleep. The head is at times maintained in a more or less automatic rotatory movement on the neck as an axis, especially with the eldest (the girl), who is also more idiotic in other respects. They all three, especially the oldest two, present a deviation of the knees and feet known as valgus. They do not speak, but only give vent, from time to time, to inarticulate, automatic cries, especially when they are feeling happy. They cannot fix their attention long on one object. They hear pretty well and see objects quite far off. They recognize no one, not even the people who feed them; their food has almost to be put into their mouths.

We may say in this connection that the phase of embryonic development that corresponds almost exactly to the monkey's brain coincides precisely with the arrested

development that characterizes the brain of the microcephalous person, so that this last, in its retarded and deviated evolution, reproduces the morphological characteristics of the simian brain. * * * The microcephalous idiots, properly so-called, and notably the remarkable specimens that serve as a subject for this study, are in a real state of intellectual inferiority relative to the monkey * * * because they have not undergone the influence and the consequences of the adaptation to the environment and to circumstances that lead to and make necessary the struggle for existence, and preside over evolution, to the perfecting of the cerebral functions. * * * We can, after these preliminaries, define the true microcephalous person: An abnormal product, regressive or reverse—that is to say, atavistic, whose origin or point of departure is at once in an arrest and a deviation of the embryonic development of the crano-cerebral system, which characterizes the primitive state of the ancestral stock of man and reverts thither. * * * We have now studied what Carl Vogt justly calls "monkey-children"—that is to say, types in which the human or hominal characteristics have undergone regression toward the ancestral type, which is evidently the simian type.

Lost in the Depths of Space

SIR ROBERT BALL.....PHILADELPHIA ITEM

Let us suppose that telegraph lines, instead of being merely confined to the earth, were extended throughout the length and depth of space. Let one wire stretch from the earth to the moon, another from the earth to the sun, another from the earth to the nearest bright star, another from the earth to a faint telescopic star, and, finally, let a wire be stretched all the way from the earth to one of the more distant stars. Let us now see what the very shortest time would be in which a message might be transmitted to each of these several destinations. First, with respect to the moon. Our satellite is, comparatively speaking, so near to us that but little more than a second would be required for a signal to travel thither from the earth. The sun is, however, many times farther away than the moon, and the time required for sending a message to the sun would be correspondingly longer. The sun is, indeed, so far that when the key had been pressed down, and the electric wave had shot forth along the solar wire to pursue its route at that stupendous speed which would permit it to place a girdle seven times round this earth in a second, yet eight minutes would have to elapse ere the electric wave had passed from the earth to the sun. An answer sent back from the sun would require another eight minutes for the return journey, so that, if there were no undue delay in the solar post-office, we might expect a reply within half an hour or so after the original message had been dispatched.

Telegraphing to the stars would, however, be a much more tedious matter. Take first the case of the very nearest of those twinkling points of light, namely, Alpha Centauri. The transmission of a telegraphic message to this distant sun would indeed tax the patience. The key is pressed down, the message bounds off on its journey; it wings its way along the wire with that velocity sufficient to carry it one hundred and eighty thousand miles in a single second of time. Even the nearest of the stars is, however, sunk into space to a distance so overwhelming that the time required for the journey is not a question of seconds, or of minutes, not

of hours, not of days, not of weeks, nor even of months, for no less than four years would have to pass by before the electricity had accomplished this stupendous journey. Alpha Centauri is, however, merely the nearest of these stars. We have yet to indicate the distances of those which are more remote. Look up to-night toward the heavens, and, among the thousands of twinkling points which delight our eyes, there is many a one up there so far off that if, after the Battle of Waterloo had been won in 1815, the Duke of Wellington had telegraphed the news to these stellar depths, the message would not yet have been received there, notwithstanding the fact that for eighty years it has been flashing along with that lightning velocity of seven times round the earth in the interval between the two ticks of a clock.

There are stars farther still. Fortify your eyes with a telescope and direct it towards the sky. Over our heads there are thousands of stars so remote that, if the news of the discovery of America by Columbus had been circulated far and wide through the universe by the instrumentality of the telegraph, those thousands of stars to which I now refer are elevated into boundless space to altitudes so stupendous that the announcement would not yet have reached them. And we have still one more step to take. Let us think of the telegraph wire that is supposed to run from the earth to one of those stars which are only known to us by the impressions they make on a photographic plate. It seems certain that many of these stars are so remote that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, 1894 years ago, had been disseminated through the universe by the swiftest electric current ever known, yet these stars are so inconceivably remote that all the seconds which have elapsed in the 1894 years of our present era would not have sufficed for the journey.

But if any reader of these lines should entertain any misgivings as to the reality of these stellar distances, then there is one consideration which I specially commend to his notice. Remember that space seems to us to be boundless, for our imagination can conceive no limits. There must, it would seem, be depths of space thousands of times, or indeed millions of times, greater than those of which I have spoken. We can conceive of no boundary; for even if that celestial vault of crystal existed which the ancients supposed, our imaginations could pierce through it to the other side, and then in thought we could start afresh, and on and on indefinitely. And seeing that space seems to us to be infinite, what wonder is it if the stars should lie at the distances I have named, or at distances millions of times greater still.

Man's Susceptibility to Weather

AFFECTING MENTAL ACTION.....POPULAR SCI. MO.

Who has not felt the difference between a depressing and an exhilarating day? Sydney Smith wrote: "Very high and very low temperature establish all human sympathy and relations. It is impossible to feel affection above seventy-eight degrees or below twenty degrees." Dr. Farr and Dr. Stark almost lead us to think morality is registered on the thermometer, so surely does it measure certain kinds of criminality. On suicides the effects of the weather are well known. Nearly all vocations are affected by weather. Men of science are often as much subject to weather as seamen. Some writers must have the weather fit the mood, character, or scene. If one will read poetry attentively, he

will be surprised to find how many weather marks are scattered through it. Diverse weather states may be one cause of so much diversity and even disagreement in thought processes usually regarded as scientific. Many experienced teachers think there should be modifications of school work and discipline to correspond with the weather. The head of a factory employing three thousand workmen has said: "We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about ten per cent. less work than a delightful day, and we thus have to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account." These are some of the ideas put forth in a preliminary statement by J. S. Lemon, who proposes to publish more at length upon the subject: "Laboratory investigation of the subject," he says, "meets at the outset the difficulty of distinguishing results of weather changes from similar states otherwise caused. This difficulty is no greater than in many other topics of research, and, we believe, will not invalidate our methods and results."

Dabbling in Germs

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

It has been six months since the first horse employed for the manufacture of anti-toxin by the Government was infected with the diphtheria-producing liquid made from the disease germs. Its blood, as well as that of other horses likewise treated shortly after, is now sufficiently saturated with the strangely-formed medicine of nature to supply a generous amount of the serum for experimental purposes. The appropriation of \$900 given in the sundry civil bill to the marine hospital service for the investigation of smallpox and vaccinia had a purpose not realized outside of the sanctum of the specialists who are now preparing to put this small amount to good use. The allowance means that a new use is to be made of the anti-toxin. This serum now only identified with diphtheria is to be produced by the germs of smallpox and used for the cure of this same disease, or vaccinia—its relative form. This new application of Behring's great discovery is being prepared by Dr. Kinyoun, the well-known bacteriologist, who is conducting the Government anti-toxin laboratory under the direction of Surgeon-General Wyman of the marine hospital service. To the writer, who recently called upon Dr. Kinyoun, he admitted that he had already used anti-toxin upon half-a-dozen smallpox patients with more than satisfactory results. He also said that the germ elements of hydrophobia, lockjaw, pneumonia, and even consumption are being studied with a view of finding their anti-toxin. As far as pneumonia is concerned, its germ differs but slightly from that of diphtheria, hence its anti-toxin may be determined without going over un-beaten ground.

There is no busier man in the national capital than Dr. Kinyoun. In addition to this original work and general duties he is instructing delegations of specialists continually being sent to Washington by the various State boards of health, each of whom is allowed a course of from six to eight weeks embracing these new studies. Hence the health of every citizen of the country practically depends upon the work accomplished in this institution. Dr. Kinyoun became well known in scientific circles at the time of the cholera scare in 1892, when he and Surgeon-General Wyman had headquarters in New York. It was Dr. Kinyoun who was sent to Quarantine to diagnose the disease which had brought

four deaths to the passengers of the *Britannia*. In this diagnosis the microscope was for the first time in America used to detect cholera from the germ. He studied, during 1891-92, with Koch, Pasteur, and Roux, in Europe, at the time when the lymph of tuberculin was the world's sensation. During last fall, when anti-toxin became the talk of the medical world, he was again in Paris and Berlin. During these visits he procured duplicates of all of the improved apparatus used by these great bacteriologists. In his laboratory here he has combined the principal virtues of these various foreign methods with such improvements as he and Dr. Wyman have since devised.

Although the foreign laboratories producing anti-toxin have received the greater part of the world's attention, because of their size, there is none in the world so complete as Uncle Sam's. This workshop occupies four rooms on the top floor of the old Ben Butler mansion, adjoining Capitol Park on the south. At the time of the writer's visit, the laboratory was happily in full operation. The famous anti-toxin was actually being made. In several metallic cabinets with glass doors, and heated from beneath by gas jets, the germs of every dire disease which gnaws at the life of man were growing in glass flasks or test tubes. In one of these, predominating in size, were being bred the bacilli for the diphtheria anti-toxin. They must be kept in this incubator always at a temperature equal to that of blood in circulation. They live and multiply in glass flasks filled with bouillon. These flasks are connected with a continuous series of glass tubes, through which warm air is always circulating. With this care they multiply by countless millions in an hour. During this rapid breeding they secrete their poison, which combines with the bouillon as a sort of ferment. In the culture of the other diseases experimented with, similar processes are employed. After a flask of bouillon has been increasing with germs to the required depth, the liquid is poured through a filter which takes out all the bacilli, but leaves the poisonous secretions in the bouillon. These secretions are the toxins, or poisons, and they are now ready to be injected into an animal in which a disease, whatever it may be, is to be planted.

Out at the Agricultural Department's experiment station, and also at the city workhouse, are kept altogether a half-dozen horses whose functions are to produce the valuable serum, but not at a sacrifice of their happiness—for they are better fed and less worked than possibly any other steeds in the city. This is a sufficient number for purely scientific investigation, although Roux, the Paris bacteriologist, employs no less than 150. This filtered bouillon is injected under the skins of these animals, who immediately become affected by the disease represented in the germs from which the toxins were made. The severity of the disease depends upon the severity of the dose given. In the case of diphtheria, it would cause but a small dose to kill a horse in the first injection. For instance, only one half of a cubic centimetre of the liquid can safely be injected on the first day, whereas, on the eighty-eighth day, 250 cubic centimetres, or 500 times as much, is the regular dose. The applications are repeated once every eight days, for a length of time proportional to the strength of the anti-toxin to be afterward made. Thus, the first horse experimented with was given its first dose on the 9th of November last. Within two months, or on the 9th of

January, the blood might have been drawn, and a serum prepared sufficiently strong to effect a cure. On the 9th of February the horse was bled for the first time, producing 100 doses of anti-toxin two-thirds as strong as Behring's No. II., usually taken as a standard. When a very strong serum is desired, the treatment must be continued for seven or eight months.

But what is going on in the horse's system all of this time? The poisonous bouillon and its toxins have created the disease, and nature has done all in its power to make amends. A substance was produced in the blood and in every cell of the tissue to counteract the effects of the toxins, and thus it is called anti-toxin. When the blood is drawn, it is filled with this anti-toxin. When a man is stricken with diphtheria, for instance, the same anti-toxin is supplied him by nature. But in a dangerous case the system exhausts its supply of anti-toxin. Hence he must borrow from the horse. The horse is selected, because it better endures the injections and gives a stronger serum than any other animal yet found. The blood is drawn by a slight incision in the jugular vein. During this operation the animal is blindfolded. The blood is caught in a glass jar, afterward put on ice, where it coagulates or forms a clot, just as any blood from a wound will harden. This clot resembles a large lump of dull red jelly; but a portion of the blood is too thin to harden. This is the yellowish liquid called the serum. It collects on top of the clot, and may be poured off separately. It fortunately contains all of the anti-toxin. An antiseptic is next applied to the serum to prevent its putrefaction; then it is filtered first through paper, and secondly through a bulb of unglazed porcelain. Before this straining it was blood-orange in color, but now it is a bright yellow and transparent. It is poured into sterilized glass flasks, and is ready for use. It contains no bacilli, dead or alive.

There is in the laboratory an improved apparatus by which the anti-toxin may be concentrated to any strength. There are uncountable devices which are worthy of mention but for space. Automatic ventilators are fitted on the closets in which the germs must be kept at even temperatures. These are worked with ether thermometers with pistons set at the proper degree. A pressure on the pistons opens a slot and lets in a current of air from an adjoining apartment filled with ice. There are four large cameras used exclusively in this laboratory work.

But the most interesting feature of the laboratory is the menagerie. Here are ten or a dozen cages containing guinea pigs, rabbits and monkeys which are one day infected with some terrible disease and the next cured with anti-toxin. However, they all looked as contented and healthy as though they had never felt the diphtheria, the lockjaw or anything else in the nature of pain. Guinea pigs are generally preferred for these experiments because of their extreme sensitiveness. On the day before the writer's visit several of these little creatures had been given enough of the toxin bouillon to kill them within twenty-four hours. The anti-toxin had since been administered, and now they were as well and as happy as ever before. This practice goes on day after day; and thus the specialists learn how to treat animals of a higher grade, more apt to complain. One-tenth of a cubic centimetre of the fluid toxin will kill a 500-gram guinea pig within twenty-four hours.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

In the Dread Desert of Cocopah

LONELIEST PLACE IN AMERICA.—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Thrilling and horrible is the story of two prospectors just arrived in California from the Cocopah desert, in Lower California. Their narrative is suggestive, in its remarkable adventures, of the stories told by Sindbad the Sailor. As a starting point for a desert trip find Campo, a village in Southern California, near the Mexican boundary and about sixty miles back from the coast line. Twenty miles south of that, as an initial point, run a line one hundred miles southeast until it touches the Gulf coast line. Between that line and the Gulf lies the famous Cocopah desert, with its range of mountains. A territory about one hundred miles square, but as little known as the interior of Africa. An innocent-looking little spot on the map, but on the surface of what it represents lie bleaching the bones of many men, both white and red. You will note that it is not marked with the zigzag lines which generally denote water courses, nor is it marked with the shaded lines representing mountains. Why? Simply because as yet there has been found no corps of engineers with sufficient hardihood to attempt its survey. There are maps of the region, but they are seared on the brains of less than half-a-dozen hardy prospectors.

Standing on the line you have drawn and looking eastward, you may see the outlines of a range of low mountains, distant, with water, forty, possibly sixty miles. Without water, eternity intervenes between you and that range of hills darkly purple through the shimmering heat. That stretch of forty or sixty miles is the worst part of the Cocopah desert. A wide stretch of arid, sterile, sandy plain, lying far below the level of the sea, and absolutely devoid of vegetation and life in any form. Too hot and dry is it for even the lizard and horned toad. The heat radiates from the sand and rocks with scorching effect, blistering the skin. Forty or sixty miles is not a great distance, you say, and ought to be covered in less than twenty-four hours. Other good men have thought the same and tried it. Their bones scattered about on the sand afford proof of their error. Every year, for nearly half a century, that desert has claimed its victims singly and in groups. Yearly since the Argonauts drifted south from the gold fields in the centre of California men have started for the Cocopahs and never returned. Once having reached the mountains, you are not saved from death or thirst. There are but two or three places in all that range where water fit to drink may be found.

At the foot of the mountains, on the west, is a large lake, known as the Laguna Salado. It is probably eight miles in length, and from one to two miles in width, lying parallel with the range. The water is very salty, and has tides like the ocean's. Its shores are fringed with a marine vegetation, and it is evident that the lake is fed from the Gulf of California, but the gulf is more than sixty miles away, and a range of mountains intervenes. What lures men to that locality and tempts them to cross those burning sands? Gold. Of the hundreds that have tried to reach these mountains, that Eldorado of "mucho oro," there are but a pitiful few that have ever returned. Among the latter are

Alonzo Baker and Henry Daniels, two old-time miners. Four years ago they "outfitted" at the little village of Campo and started for the Cocopah country. Two years later, gaunt, thin and hollow-eyed, they drifted into the little Mexican town of Ensenada, some sixty miles down the coast. Their belts were full of gold, however, and after resting they refitted and disappeared. From that time nothing was heard of them until the other day they arrived in Los Angeles, Cal. When they started for the desert, in addition to the usual supply of provisions and necessary prospecting tools, they had made four canteens of zinc, each of six gallons capacity, and so constructed as to fit the backs of the burros. On the back of each burro was also a five-gallon keg. Their way led them south from Campo to Tajo, some thirty miles south of the Mexican line. From there they went down the Cañon de la Palmas, and nine miles brought them to the edge of the desert. In this cañon they report having found many date palms, probably a memento of the mission fathers.

There is generally a good supply of water in the cañon, and there the two men camped for several days while resting their mules, and, with their field-glasses, fixing on some objective point in the distant mountains by which to shape their course. They finally decided to steer straight for what appeared a low pass in the Cocopah range, and one that could not be mistaken. One night the canteens and kegs were filled at the spring two and a half miles up the cañon, and the next morning they started on their journey through that veritable valley of death. Their course was south south-west by the compass toward that low pass, and they diverged neither to the right nor the left. They had hoped to make the pass by travelling constantly in twenty-four hours, but here their experience failed them. The heat was worse than that of the Sahara, and the dryness of the atmosphere something of which they had not dreamed. They soon found that they could not engage in conversation without their throats and tongues becoming inflamed, and they went along in silence. The hot air seemed to shrivel their very lungs. Their canteens were constantly drawn upon, and by the time the mountains were reached those 192 quarts of water had disappeared, though it had been used sparingly. Suddenly the old burro, stumbling along in front, paused, threw up his head, the long ears went forward, and his nostrils worked convulsively. The pause was but for an instant. Then he went forward at a pace that hurried his more heavily packed companions to maintain.

He had scented water. The first visible sign to the men was a spot of damp sand under the edge of a boulder in the bottom of the cañon. A short distance further up a little stream trickled over the rocks, and not far above was a spring. The supply of water disappeared, however, some months after, during an earthquake. The nearest water was found three leagues nearly due north, the same earthquake having opened another spring. The ever-present heat was too intense for them to carry on their operations, except in the early morning or late in the afternoon, but they managed to get an ounce of gold a day. The nights were but little cooler than the days, and, after the men had

spent the usual two hours after sundown in the placers, they would stretch out naked on the sand and endeavor to pass the night in sleep. Mosquitoes and other insects did not bother them, the heat being too great, seemingly, for even them to bear. One night, when the two men were asleep and deadly stillness prevailed in the cañon, Baker was awakened by what he thought was a man shouting. He awakened Daniels, and they strained their ears to catch the sound. In a moment or two a faint hallo came down the night from far up the cañon. Seizing his rifle, Baker started up the gulch. After he had stumbled over the rocks for a mile or more, he came upon an old Cocopah Indian nearly dead from thirst. They carried the old man in. The sight of water threw him into frenzy, but they held him back, allowing him only a small quantity at a time. Some weeks later a party of Indians numbering seventy-five arrived from Colorado, on their way to the mountains on the west, to gather pine-nuts. They demanded a portion of the miners' flour, but the demand was refused. This greatly angered the Indians, who withdrew a short distance down the cañon to hold a pow-wow. The miners scented trouble. While the pow-wow was in progress, Baker and Daniel each secured his repeating-rifle and began "edging away" towards some large bowlders near camp.

They had hardly started, however, when a few of the younger bucks opened fire on them with arrows. The first few flights were successfully dodged, but soon they came thick and fast, making it impossible to dodge all of them. Baker suffered a wound in his left hand and Daniels caught an arrow in his thigh before they gained the rocks. Throwing themselves on their stomachs behind the bowlders, they held themselves in readiness for the expected whoops and rush. Some of the bucks had knives. Drawing these, they laid aside their bows and quivers, and with others, armed with clubs, probably two dozen in all, comprising the younger members of the party, drew out from the pow-wow and formed for a rush. The rifles behind the rocks clicked in unison. Throwing their arms above their heads and waving their weapons, a half-dozen of the bucks leaped into the air and started for the rocks. The Indians had not taken three leaps until there was a short, sharp command from an old man, and they stopped instantly. The command was probably from the old Indian whose life they had saved.

Baker and Daniels had been in camp about two months, during the summer, when a Los Angeles attorney, named Singleton, came into their camp from the north. He had been prospecting with a partner, but some disagreement had arisen, and he had struck out alone with a pick and a small canteen of water. When he arrived his canteen was empty and he was in serious straits for food. He finally decided to strike out for Los Angeles. One week after Singleton had left camp Baker started for Campo, one hundred and twenty miles away, to procure supplies. In the Cañon de la Palmos he found the body of Singleton. The victim's hair, which was black when he left the miners, was now almost snow-white. Baker scooped a grave in the sand and continued on to Campo, where he disclosed the fate of the young lawyer. But this tells little of the wanderings of the prospectors, which continued for months, over the strange new fields that men had never trod before. While pros-

pecting in the coast range of the gulf, beyond the desert, they found in the Canada de los Muertos (Cañon of the Dead) a mound of tailings in which were two human skulls, evidently those of white men. As there were no other bones to be found, the prospectors concluded they had happened on the scene of a massacre of years ago. On the return of the prospectors to Los Angeles they almost perished in a sand storm encountered in the Sierra range, which continued for seven days without intermission, almost burying the men and their animals.

The Glacier of the Selkirks

HENRY M. FIELD....OUR WESTERN ARCHIPELAGO (SCRIBNERS)

And as to the avalanche, the terror of Alpine villages, surely that never comes here! The snowbanks lie so peacefully on the mountain's breast, dripping away in drops that trickle down the mountain side, and glide away in rivers to the sea; surely nothing in nature ever looked more innocent. What is so light, so feathery, as particles of snow? Is there anything that falls so gently, and rests so lightly on the bosom of mother earth? It is the one thing in nature that we choose, as we speak of the down of the swan, as the emblem of lightness and beauty and grace. We should as soon think of finding terror in a butterfly's wing, or a robin's song, as in the beautiful, beautiful snow. And yet, what do I hear to-night? That the bank of snow that gathers on yonder mountain top, if once loosened from its base and set in motion, will come thundering down the mountain side as a destroyer of everything in its path, breaking off the thick trees as it would sweep over a field of grain.

One morning the young traveller appeared after her night's rest as fresh and bright as ever; and as the train from the east came in, turning out its load of passengers for breakfast, the solitary place was filled with life and gayety. In an hour we were on our way, and so full were we of the exhilaration of this mountain air, and so determined to see everything, that we took our places again in the engineer's cab, where I now felt so much at home that I even did the honors of this new reception room, and gave my seat to a couple of friends from New York, while I stepped outside and stood by the boiler, holding on by the rod that serves for the firemen or brakemen as they may need to pass up and down.

And now, what were we to see? The day could not be so rich in experience as yesterday, for that was the culmination of grandeur and beauty. And yet the last word of a friend as he left us in the evening was: "Tomorrow you will begin to see mountains!" What did he mean? To me it seemed then—and seems now—that, familiar as he is with all the peaks from the plains to the Pacific, the mere succession of one after another, the fact that "Alps on Alps arise," gave him, as it would give any traveller, the impression that he was himself rising higher and higher. Whatever the explanation, the fact is that we made our triumphal march across the continent over three great ranges, which, fifty years ago, when little was known of their geography, were grouped together under the general name of the Rocky Mountains, a term which is now restricted to the first range, which we have just crossed; while beyond us are the "Selkirks" and the "Cascades," the latter including the great mountains on the coast. It is the second of these—the Selkirks—with which we are now to make

our acquaintance. We have not to go far to find them, for here they are in all their rugged grandeur! Hardly have we turned our eyes from the Cathedral of Mount Stephen before we see on the western horizon the Van Horn Range, a mighty battlement of mountains, standing up against the sky, as if to bar our passage to the Western Sea. By what feats of engineering this cloud-capped fortress was stormed and taken, it would be a thrilling story to tell. Mountains are not to be "stormed" as were the heights of Abraham. They can only be taken by the slow process of siege, working round on this flank and on that; and if still kept at bay by precipices too high to be scaled and too broad to be flanked, attacking them in front, boring into the rock-ribbed hills and making a tunnel perhaps miles in length, till the loaded engine that has been standing on the heights above, chafing with impatience, is at last let loose, and, advancing through fire and smoke, as if making a charge in battle, issues like some wild monster escaped from prison in the bowels of the earth, and rushes madly down the side of the mountain.

With such an introduction to the Selkirks, I began to think that my friend had not overstated the matter when he said, "To-morrow you will begin to see mountains," as we climbed steep ascents, one after another, and at times seemed for a few minutes to be suspended in air, while we crept slowly over a bridge that spanned some mountain gorge, from which we looked down into the abyss below. So rapidly did these scenes succeed one another as almost to fatigue the eye, and we were not sorry to break our journey again for a day of rest at Glacier, which, like Field, is set in a deep valley in the heart of the mountains. In their general features, the two places are alike. Both have their green lawns and sparkling fountains. But one feature Glacier has which Field has not—a stream pouring down the face of the mountain (which stands over against it) and lighting up the dark background of the forest. This reminded me instantly—as it must remind everyone who is familiar with Swiss scenery—of the Staubbach in the valley of Lauterbrunnen. One difference there is, which varies the scene—the Staubbach descends in a single leap, with nothing to break its fall, and before it touches the earth is dissolved in spray; while here the silver current comes down in a series of cascades that keeps the stream unbroken.

In this enchanted valley is the inn, which has one advantage over that in which we slept last night—that, as at certain seasons it is a resort for hunting parties, it has an annex, which doubles its capacity for guests. In this we found not only private rooms, but a spacious parlor, of which, as by good fortune it was not occupied to-day, I took possession, spreading out my books and papers, and doing my reading and writing as if I were in my own library. In this delightful place of rest we spent twenty-four hours. But, of course, the first duty of a traveller, in coming to a place far off in the wilderness, is to see the sight which has made it famous—the great glacier of the Selkirks. I accepted the offer of the landlord to be my guide, and, taking our staffs in hand, we set out, as if we were two pilgrims on our way to the Delectable Mountains. We had not gone far before we saw proof of the destructive power of an avalanche. On the other side of the valley, through which the glacier forces its way, is a mountain covered with forest, where it seemed as if all the snows of winter

might fall, hardly breaking more than the twigs of the trees. But only a few years since, the drifts were piled so high that they broke loose and came down with the fury of a cyclone, cutting off trees two feet thick like saplings. Nor did the avalanche stop when it reached the foot of the mountain, but swept across the valley, and some distance up the slope, on the other side, carrying destruction before it.

From here the path leads across a stream, which, as it never ceases its flow, indicates the inexhaustible source which it finds in the glacier by which it is fed. Climbing slowly upward, we come at last to the foot of the glacier, whose first appearance is disappointing, as one sees no tall cliffs of ice shining in the sun, nothing but a vast snowbank, strewn with all the debris of winds and storms. Coming up closely to it, I first mounted one of the great boulders that lie in front of it, and took a view from a respectful distance. Then, getting bold by familiarity, I came nearer, till I laid my hand upon it, as upon some fearful power that I hardly dared to touch, and in a foolish freak threw myself down and crawled under it, and even tried to woo the creature in whose power I was by putting my face against the glistening surface above me; but it made no response—its kiss was cold as the lips of death. Then crawling out again, and returning to the rock, I looked the grim monster in the face, and asked, "What are you? How long have you been plowing this mountain-side, and how long will you continue your work of destruction?" As to its substance, anybody can see that it is an enormous mass of ice and snow. But how great is it, and how long has it been accumulating? That bank is probably hundreds of feet thick, and it may have been piling up for hundreds of years! As to its extent of surface, we see only what reaches to the top of the nearest ridge; but if we were to climb to that spot, we should see that it stretches far away over other heights, and down into valleys, till one can hardly say where it ends. I believe the men of science reckon it to be fifteen miles long.

And this is not a dead mass, powerless and motionless, but is moving on day and night, with a power hardly less than any of the forces of nature, unless it be that of the ocean itself. And even the "cruel, crawling foam" of the sea is not more "cruel" and "crawling" than the "foam" of the ice and snow, beneath which are the ever open crevasses of the glacier, presenting so many slippery paths to destruction. Seeing what a part it plays in these mountains, we are more ready to accept the theory of an Ice Age, a Glacier Epoch, when masses of ice, large as islands in the sea, swept over continents, changing climates, and even the formation of the globe. Into all this I do not enter, but one lesson I find: That in the material world law works inexorably, to create or to destroy. The forces of nature are but the outward manifestations of that power of the Almighty which is behind them all. If the sceptic will not listen to one speaking from the Bible, let him go out on this mountain-side, and mounting some huge boulder that was thrown down ages ago by a force that is as mighty to-day as it was then, he may take it for a type of the weight and force of the moral law, of which all material laws are but types and emblems, and say in sad solemnity: "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

THE HORRORS OF WAR: IN DAYS OF THE SIEGE

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

A selected reading from *The Street of the First Shell*, a short story in *The King in Yellow*. By Robert W. Chambers. F. Tennyson Neely, new edition. This is a graphic picture of the siege of Paris.

A pallor crept above the horizon, touching the edges of the watery clouds, and drew dull sparks from a thousand bayonets. Bayonets—they were everywhere, cleaving the fog or flowing beneath it in rivers of steel. High on the wall of masonry and earth a great gun loomed, and around it figures moved in silhouettes. Below, a broad torrent of bayonets swept through the iron-barred gateway, out into the shadowy plain. It became lighter. Faces grew more distinct among the marching masses, and he recognized one.

“You, Philippe!”

The figure turned its head.

Trent cried, “Is there room for me?” but the other only waved his arm in a vague adieu and was gone with the rest. Presently the cavalry began to pass, squadron on squadron, crowding out into the darkness; then many cannon, then an ambulance, then again the endless lines of bayonets. Beside him a cuirassier sat on his steaming horse, and in front, among a group of mounted horse, he saw a general, with the astrakan collar of his dolman turned up about his bloodless face.

Some women were weeping near him, and one was struggling to force a loaf of black bread into a soldier’s haversack. The soldier tried to aid her, but the sack was fastened, and his rifle bothered him, so Trent held it, while the woman unbuttoned the sack and forced in the bread, now all wet with her tears. The rifle was not heavy. Trent found it wonderfully manageable. Was the bayonet sharp? He tried it. Then a sudden longing, a fierce, imperative desire took possession of him. But when the soldier had taken the rifle again, and thanking him, ran hard to catch his battalion, he plunged into the throng about the gateway.

“Are you going?” he cried to a marine who sat in the gutter, bandaging his foot.

“Yes.”

Then a girl, a mere child, caught him by the hand and led him into the café which faced the gate. The room was crowded with soldiers, some white and silent, sitting on the floor; others groaning on the leather-covered settees. The air was sour and suffocating.

“Choose!” said the girl, with a little gesture of pity; “they can’t go!”

In a heap of clothing he found a capote and képi.

She helped him buckle his knapsack, cartridge-box, and belt, and showed him how to load the chassepot rifle, holding it on her knees.

When he thanked her she started to her feet.

“You are a foreigner!”

“American,” he said, moving toward the door, but the child barred the way.

“I am a Bretonne. My father is up with the cannon of the marine. He will shoot you if you are a spy.”

They faced each other for a moment. Then, sighing, he bent over and kissed the child. “Pray for France, little one,” he murmured, and she repeated with a pale smile: “For France and you, beau monsieur.”

He ran across the street and through that gateway. Once outside, he edged into line, and shouldered his way along the road. A corporal passed, looked at him, repassed, and finally called an officer. “You belong to the 60th,” growled the corporal, looking at the number on his képi.

“We have no use for Franc-tireurs,” added the officer, catching sight of his black trowsers.

“I wish to volunteer in place of a comrade,” said Trent. The officer shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

Nobody paid much attention to him, one or two merely glancing at his trowsers. The road was deep with slush and mud plowed and torn by wheels and hoofs. A soldier in front of him wrenched his foot in an icy rut and dragged himself to the edge of the embankment, groaning. The plain on either side of them was gray with melting snow. Here and there behind dismantled hedgerows stood wagons, bearing white flags with red crosses. Sometimes the driver was a priest in rusty hat and gown, sometimes a crippled Mobile. Once they passed a wagon driven by a Sister of Charity. Silent, empty houses with great rents in their walls, and every window blank, huddled along the road. Further on, within the zone of danger, nothing of human habitation remained except here and there a pile of frozen bricks or a blackened cellar choked with snow.

For some time Trent had been annoyed by the man behind him, who kept treading on his heels. Convinced at last that it was intentional he turned to remonstrate and found himself face to face with a fellow-student from the Beaux Arts. Trent stared.

“I thought you were in the hospital!”

The other shook his head, pointing to his bandaged jaw. “I see, you can’t speak. Can I do anything?”

The wounded man rummaged in his haversack and produced a crust of black bread.

“He can’t eat it, his jaw is smashed, and he wants you to chew it for him,” said the soldier next to him.

Trent took the crust, and grinding it in his teeth, morsel by morsel, passed it to the starving man.

From time to time, mounted orderlies sped to the front, covering them with slush. It was a chilly, silent march through sodden meadows wreathed in fog. Along the railroad embankment across the ditch, another column moved parallel to their own. Trent watched it, a sombre mass, now distinct, now vague, now blotted out in a puff of fog. Once for half an hour he lost it, but when again it came into view, he noticed a thin line detach itself from the flank, and, bellying in the middle, swing rapidly to the west. At the same moment a prolonged crackling became continuous. A battery passed at full gallop and he drew back with his comrades to give it way. It went into action a little to the right of his battalion, and as the shot from the first rifle piece boomed through the mist, the cannon from the fortifications, opened with a mighty roar. An officer galloped by, shouting something which Trent did not catch, but he saw the ranks in front suddenly part company with his own, and disappear in the twilight. More officers rode up and stood beside him, peering into the fog.

Away in front the crackling became one prolonged

crash. It was dreary waiting. Trent chewed some bread for the man behind, who tried to swallow it, and after a while shook his head, motioning Trent to eat the rest himself. A corporal offered him a little brandy and he drank it, but when he turned around to return the flask, the corporal was lying on the ground. Alarmed, he looked at the soldier next to him, who shrugged his shoulders and opened his mouth to speak, but something struck him and he rolled over and over into the ditch below. At that moment the horse of one of the officers gave a bound and backed into the battalion, lashing out with his heels. One man was ridden down; another was kicked in the chest and hurled through the ranks. The officer sank his spurs into the horse and forced him to the front again, where he stood trembling.

The cannonade seemed to draw nearer. A staff officer, riding slowly up and down the battalion, suddenly collapsed in his saddle and clung to his horse's mane. One of his boots dangled, crimsoned and dripping, from the stirrup. Then out of the mist in front, men came running. The roads, the fields, the ditches were full of them, and many of them fell. For an instant he imagined he saw horsemen riding about, like ghosts in the vapors beyond, and a man behind him cursed horribly, declaring he, too, had seen them and that they were Uhlans; but the battalion stood inactive and the mist fell again over the meadows.

The colonel sat heavily upon his horse, his bullet-shaped head buried in the astrakan collar of his dolman, his fat legs sticking straight out in the stirrups.

The buglers clustered about him with bugles poised, and behind him a staff officer, in a pale-blue jacket, smoked a cigarette and chatted with a captain of hussars. From the road in front came the sound of furious galloping and an orderly reined up beside the colonel, who motioned him to the rear without turning his head. Then on the left a confused murmur arose which ended in a shout. A hussar passed like the wind, followed by another and another, and then squadron after squadron whirled by them into the sheeted mists. At that instant the colonel reared in his saddle, the buglers clanged and the whole battalion scrambled down the embankment, over the ditch and started across the soggy meadow.

Almost at once Trent lost his cap. Something snatched it from his head; he thought it was a tree branch; a good many of his comrades rolled over in the slush and ice, and he imagined that they had slipped. One pitched right across his path and he stopped to help him up, but the man screamed when he touched him and an officer shouted, "Forward, forward!" so he ran on again. It was a long jog through the mist, and he was often obliged to shift his rifle. When at last they lay panting behind the railroad embankment, he looked about him. He had felt the need of action, of a desperate physical struggle, of killing and crushing. He had been seized with a desire to fling himself among masses and tear right and left. He longed to fire, to use the thin sharp bayonet on his chassepot. He had not expected this. He wished to become exhausted, to struggle and cut until incapable of lifting his arm. Then he had intended to go home. He heard a man say that half the battalion had gone down in the charge, and he saw another examining a corpse under the embankment. The body, still warm, was clothed in a strange uniform, but even when he noticed the spiked helmet, he did not realize what had happened.

The colonel sat on his horse, a few feet to the left, his eyes sparkling under the crimson képi. Trent heard him reply to an officer: "I can hold it; but, another charge, and I won't have men left to sound a bugle."

"Were the Prussians here?" Trent asked of a soldier.

Then the battalion crawled over the embankment and moved along the lines of twisted rails. Trent rolled up his trousers and tucked them into his woollen socks; but they halted again, and some of the men sat down on the dismantled railroad track. Trent looked for his wounded comrade from the Beaux Arts. He was standing in his place, very pale. The cannonade had become terrific. For a moment the mist lifted. He caught a glimpse of the first battalion, motionless on the railroad track in front, of regiments on either flank, and then, as the fog settled again, the drums beat and the music of the bugles began away on the extreme left. A restless movement passed among the troops, the colonel threw up his arm, the drums rolled, and the battalion moved off through the fog. They were near the front now, for the first battalion was firing as it advanced. Ambulances galloped along the base of the embankment to the rear, and the hussars passed and repassed like phantoms. They were in the front at last, for all about them was movement and turmoil, while from the fog, close at hand, came cries and groans and crashing volleys. Shells fell everywhere, bursting along the embankment, splashing them with frozen slush. Trent was frightened. He began to dread the unknown, which lay there crackling and flaming in obscurity. The shock of the cannon sickened him. He could even see the fog light up with a dull orange as the thunder shook the earth. It was near, he felt certain, for the colonel shouted "Forward!" and the first battalion was hastening into it. He felt its breath, he trembled, but hurried on. A fearful discharge in front terrified him. In the fog, men were cheering, and the colonel's horse, streaming with blood, plunged about in the smoke.

Another blast and shock, right in his face, almost stunned him, and he faltered. All the men to the right were down. His head swam; the fog and smoke stupefied him. He put out his hand for a support and caught something. It was the wheel of a gun carriage, and a man sprang from behind it, aiming a blow at his head with a rammer, but stumbled back shrieking with a bayonet through his neck, and Trent knew that he had killed. Mechanically he stooped to pick up his rifle, but the bayonet was still in the man who lay, beating with red hands against the sod. It sickened him and he lay on the cannon. Men were fighting all around him now, and the air was foul with smoke and sweat. Somebody seized him from behind and another in front, but others in turn seized them or struck them solid blows. The click! click! click! of bayonets infuriated him, and he grasped the rammer and struck out blindly.

A man threw his arm around his neck and bore him to the ground, but he throttled him and raised himself on his knees. He saw a comrade seize the cannon, and fall across it with his skull crushed in; he saw the colonel tumble clean out of his saddle into the mud; then consciousness fled.

An icy wind swept down from the heights, cutting the fog into shreds. For an instant, with an evil leer, the sun peered through the naked woods of Vincennes, sank like a blood-clot in the battery smoke, lower, lower into the blood-soaked plain.

THE SONNET: A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

Sea-Shell Murmurs *Eugene Lee-Hamilton* *Poems*

The hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent: and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings, every shifting mood.
Lo, in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmurs of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool, this echo is a cheat as well—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

St. Martin's Summer *Edith Jones* *Poems*

After the summer's fierce and thirsty glare,
After the falling leaves and falling rain,
When harsh winds beat the fields of ripened grain
And autumn's pennons from the branches flare,
There comes a still season, soft and fair,
When clouds are lifted, winds are hushed again,—
A phantom Summer hovering without pain
In the veiled radiance of the quiet air;
When, folding down the line of level seas,
A silver mist at noonday faintly broods,
And like becalmed ships the yellow trees
Stand islanded in windless solitudes,
Each leaf unstirred and parching for the breeze
That hides and lingers northwood in the woods.

One Way of Love *Eliza Calvert Hall* *Poems*

I cannot measure for thee, drop by drop,
Thy draught of love, my hands, dear, tremble so.
Behold the chalice! How the bright drops glow!
And still I pour, although thou bidst me stop,
Till the rich wine mounts to the goblet's top
And the dry earth receives the overflow.
Too generous I am? Beloved, no!
Love that doth count its gift is a weak prop
Whereon to stay a weary human heart.
Yes, draw me closer still— perchance I may,
Clasped in thine arms, forget the dreaded day
When thou, my love, my life, my soul's best part,
In cold satiety will turn thee round,
And dash the poor cup, broken, to the ground.

The Undine's Dance *Emma Lazarus* *Representative Sonnets*

Upon the silver beach the Undines dance
With interlinking arms and flying hair;
Like polished marble gleam their limbs left bare;
Upon their virgin rites pale moonbeams glance.
Softer the music! for their foam-bright feet
Print not the moist floor where they trip their round:
Affrighted, they will scatter at a sound,
Leap in their cool sea-chambers, nimbly fleet,
And we shall doubt that we have ever seen,
While our same eyes behold stray wreaths of mist,
Shot with faint colors by the moon rays kissed,
Floating snow-soft, snow-white, where these had been—
Already, look! the wave-washed sands are bare,
And mocking laughter ripples through the air.

Is Life Worth Living? *Francis S. Saltus* *Shadows and Ideals* (Moulton)

If we could rub Aladdin's lamp each day,
And at our palm attentive genii find
To grant our every whim and wish resigned;
Yea! could we lure the golden goose to lay
A precious egg that we might keep alway;
And had we wishing-mantles round us twined,
Or Fortunatus's rare wallet lined,
And youth's elixir to avert decay,—
Then life, perchance, might sweet and pleasant be.
Who knows? Such magic might delight us much,
Yet we, perhaps, might yearn for something more.
We would find qualms and deem ourselves unfree,
Find life obnoxious to the sight and touch,
And dream and doubt, dejected as before!

Sudden Death *Mary A. Townsend* *Distaff and Spindle* (Lippincott)

I cannot pray that prayer! Nay, not for me
Implore deliverance from sudden death;
What is there in the stoppage of the breath
To fright me so! Oh, that my fate may be
To lose in one pulse-beat mortality;
To be the fervent lightning's sudden sheath,
The point where the tornado centereth,
The spark extinguished instantaneously!
I would not, anguish-led, existence quit,
Nor halting go, like some scared, whimpering hound,
With faltering steps toward the echoless verge;
Nay! I would fain with one immediate bound
The dark profound leap into, and so merge
At once the finite in the infinite.

Dawn *Susan Man Spalding* *Poems*

With still, slow footsteps over hills and streams
She glides, sheathing the old moon's scimitar,
And quenching, with her cold breath, star by star.
The pallid ghost of some dead day she seems,
Doomed to a sad unrest. Her wan face gleams
Through my dim room, despite of bolt or bar.
She drives my sweet companion, sleep, afar,
Strips from my soul its shining robe of dreams,
And wraps it in the coarse, gray garb of care.
Ah, there are some, sad Dawn, who find thee fair,
To whom thou comest with smiles and greetings gay;
But I—I murmur not, if but I may
Unhindered turn, with no new grief to bear,
Back to the unfinished toil of yesterday.

A Summer Tempest *James Ernest Nesmith* *American Sonnets* (Houghton)

Along the hills the breathless forests dream,
Unvisited, and in the yellow light
The grass grows golden, and the birches white
Print their pale shadows in the darken'd stream,
Each twig distinct imprest; no warblers seem
To stir the stagnant air, no wing takes flight;
Athwart the west, in sombre purple dight,
The silver, silent lightnings sharply gleam.
Anon a spreading gloom creeps up the sky,
The Tempest drapes the azure dome in black,
Rolls up the rain, the whirlwind, and the rack,
And thunders in the roaring torrent by;
And every jewelled spray, afar and nigh,
Sparkles and glitters in its dewy track.

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1895

Art and Decoration

A Fifteenth-Century Revival: Rev. Dr. J. H. Hobart. *Harp.*
 Art in the Theatre: W. J. Lawrence. *Magazine of Art.*
 Ceramic Relics of Confederate States. *Art Interchange.*
 Flemish Oil Masters: Timothy Cole. *Century.*
 Furniture Designing and Drawing: J. Thomson. *Art Inter.*
 Notes on Indian Art: Edwin Lord Weeks. *Harper's.*
 Photography in Fiction: Alexander Black. *Scribner's.*
 Private Picture Galleries of United States. *Godey's.*
 Recent Amateur Photography: F. W. Crane. *Godey's.*
 Salon of the Champs Elysées: Claude Phillips. *Mag. of Art.*
 Some Living American Painters: Howe and Torrey. *Art In.*
 Some Women Artists: Polly King. *Art Interchange.*
 The Place of Sculpture in Daily Life. *Magazine of Art.*
 Venetian Stone and Marble Balconies. *Art Interchange.*

Biographic and Reminiscent

Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke. *Popular Science Monthly.*
 Garfield's Ride at Chickamauga: J. R. Gilmore. *McClure's.*
 George Eliot's Place in Literature: F. Harrison. *Forum.*
 Grant and Galena: Leigh Leslie. *Midland Monthly.*
 Henry W. Grady: Clark Howell. *Chautauquan.*
 John Smith in Virginia: John Fiske. *Atlantic.*
 Life of Napoleon Bonaparte: Wm. M. Sloane. *Century.*
 Molière: Ellen Duvall. *Lippincott's Magazine.*
 Napoleon and the Regent Diamond: C. S. Pratt. *Lippin.*
 Napoleon Bonaparte: Hon. John Davis. *Arena.*
 Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc: VI. *Harper's.*
 Prof. George D. Herron: A Symposium. *Arena.*
 Prof. Huxley: Richard H. Hutton. *Forum.*
 Recollections of Henry Clay: Madeleine McDowell. *Cent.*
 Reminiscences of John Brown: N. M. Smith. *Midland Mo.*
 Reminiscences of Prof. Huxley: Wm. H. Flower. *N. A. Rev.*
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge. *Atlantic Monthly.*
 Sketch of Edward Hitchcock. *Popular Science Monthly.*
 Will H. Low and His Work: C. Moffett. *McClure's.*

Educational Discussion

What Knowledge is of Most Worth. *Educational Rev.*
 Education According to Nature: W. H. Payne. *Ed. Rev.*
 German Schools: M. A. W. Rodger. *Chautauquan.*
 Laws of Mental Congruence: B. A. Hinsdale. *Ed. Rev.*
 Methods and Difficulties of Child-Study. *Forum.*
 Studies of Childhood: J. Sully, M. A., LL. D. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 The Pratt Institute: J. Frederick Hopkins. *New Eng. Mag.*
 The Rural School Problem: Henry Sabin. *Educa. Rev.*
 Unsanitary Schools: Douglas H. Stewart. *Forum.*

Essays and Miscellanies

Freemasonry in Boston: Warren P. Ellis. *New Eng. Mag.*
 Fruit as a Food and Medicine: H. Benjafield. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Guides: A Protest: Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic.*
 The Decadent Drama: Edward Fuller. *Forum.*
 The Survival of Superstition: Eliz. Ferguson. *Lippincott's.*

Historic and National

Anything to Beat Grant: E. Benj. Andrews. *Scribner's.*
 Chickamauga: Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic.*
 Evolution of the Blue Jacket: P. H. Colomb. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Gen. R. W. Johnson. *Forum.*
 In the Middle Town of Whitefield: Helen M. North. *N. E. M.*
 Personal History of the Second Empire. *No. Am. Rev.*
 President Polk's Administration: Jas. Schouler. *Atlantic.*
 The National Military Park: H. V. Boynton. *Century.*

Literary Criticism

After Sixty Years: B. O. Flower. *Arena.*
 On the Writing of History: Woodrow Wilson. *Century.*
 Plot of the Odyssey: Wm. Cranston Lawton. *Atlantic.*
 Women Writers of the Day: Gilson Willets. *Godey's.*

Natural History Sketches

Aquatic Gardening: J. H. Connelly. *Century.*
 How to Find Animals in the Woods. *Chautauquan.*
 Study of Birds Out-of-Doors: F. M. Chapman. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Variation in the Habits of Animals: G. C. Davenport. *P. S. M.*

Political Questions

Anecdotic Side of Parliamentary Dissolutions. *Forum.*
 Arabia—Islam and the Eastern Question. *Harper's.*

License and No-License in Cambridge: F. Foxcroft. *N. E. M.*
 Municipal Progress and the Living Wage. *Forum.*
 Our Reviving Business: J. H. Eckels. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Petty Tyrants of America: Max O'Rell. *No. Am. Review.*
 Shall Cuba be Free?: Clarence King. *Forum.*
 Tammany Under John Kelly: E. J. Edwards. *McClure's.*
 The Benefits of Hard Times: Edward Atkinson. *Forum.*
 The Cuban Revolution: Rupert Hughes. *Godey's.*
 The Cuban Situation: Segundo Alvarez. *No. Am. Rev.*
 The Enforcement of Law: Hon. T. Roosevelt. *Forum.*
 The German Struggle for Liberty: P. Bigelow. *Harper's.*
 The Outlook for Ireland: Earl of Crewe. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Why Women Do Not Want the Ballot. *No. Am. Rev.*

Religious and Philosophic

Christian Endeavor Movement: F. E. Clarke. *N. A. Rev.*
 How Evolution Evolves: Stinson Jarvis. *Arena.*
 New Chapters in the Warfare of Science. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Omnipresent Divinity: Henry Wood. *Arena.*
 Professional Institutions: V. Herbert Spencer. *P. S. Mo.*
 Progressive Changes in Universalist Thought. *Arena.*

Scientific and Industrial

Apparatus for Extinguishing Fires: J. G. Morse. *P. S. Mo.*
 Country Roads and Trolleys: J. G. Speed. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Crop Prospects and Conditions. *North Am. Review.*
 Marvels of Electricity: Prof. J. R. Buchanan. *Arena.*
 Mental Telegraphy Again: Mark Twain. *Harper's.*
 Natural Rain-Makers: Alexander McAdie. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Only a Match: C. Falkenhorst. *Popular Sci. Monthly.*
 The Evolution of the Cow-Puncher: O. Wister. *Harper's.*
 The Labor Exchange: F. W. Cotton. *Arena.*
 The People's Lamps, Electric Light: F. Parsons. *Arena.*
 Trades and Faces: Dr. Louis Robinson. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Wood-Engravers: Clément Bellenger. *Scribner's.*

Sociologic Problems

A Battle for Sound Morality: Helen H. Gardener. *Arena.*
 Clubs: Lawrence Irwell. *Lippincott's.*
 Criminal Anthropology: C. Lombroso. *Forum.*
 Fresh Air Work in New York City. *Chautauquan.*
 Old-Time Drinking Habits: C. Northend. *New Eng. Mag.*
 St. Anthony's Bread: Chas. Robinson. *No. Am. Rev.*
 The African Problem: Edward W. Blyden. *No. Am. Rev.*
 The Civil Service as a Career: H. T. Newcomb. *Forum.*
 The Ideal Hostess: Emily H. Miller. *Chautauquan.*
 The Stage and the Church: B. Fletcher. *Godey's.*
 Then and Now: Edward P. Jackson. *No. Am. Review.*
 Trend of National Progress: R. H. Thurston. *N. A. Rev.*

Sport and Recreation

Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America. *Scribner's.*
 Crabbing: Calvin Dill Wilson. *Lippincott's Magazine.*
 Is Cycling a Fad?: G. F. Rhinehart. *Midland Mo.*
 Outdoor Sports: J. H. Mandigo. *Chautauquan.*
 The Cup Challenger Valkyrie: E. L. Snell. *McClure's.*
 The Defense of the America's Cup: W. J. Henderson. *McCl.*
 The Pleasures of Yachting: Jesse A. Locke. *Godey's.*
 Yachting Cups. *Art Interchange.*

Travel and Adventure

A Brush with the Bannocks: N. A. Miles. *No. Am. Rev.*
 Ancestor-Worship Among the Fijians. *Pop. Sci. Mo.*
 Arts and Industries of Venice: P. Molmenti. *Chautauquan.*
 Beyond the Pyrenees. *Art Interchange.*
 Climbing the Matterhorn: Garrett P. Serviss. *McClure's.*
 Constantinople: J. P. Mahaffy. *Chautauquan.*
 Dominion of Canada: W. H. Withrow. *Chautauquan.*
 Hunting Customs of the Omahas: A. C. Fletcher. *Century.*
 In and About Mexico: Ida Charlotte Roberts. *Mid. Mo.*
 Lands of the English Tongue: S. P. Cadman. *Chaut.*
 Mojave, the Phantom City: E. J. Carpenter. *Godey's.*
 Notable Inns Around London: N. L. Beal. *Chautauquan.*
 Sight-Seeing in Cologne: Editor Abroad. *XVII. Mid. Mo.*
 Summer Outings in Europe: J. Rochard. *Chautauquan.*
 The Island of Mackinac: E. E. Rexford. *Midland Mo.*
 The New Northeast: Winfield M. Thompson. *N. E. Mag.*
 Three Gringos in Central America: R. H. Davis. *Harper's.*

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

The author of *Degeneration* writes as follows, in reply to the reference of the *Jewish Chronicle* to "the so-called Max Nordau": You go on saying, 'Max Nordau's real name is Simon Sudfeld.' This is a falsehood which you might have avoided with the slightest measure of care. My petty names (or ought I to say my 'Christian names?') are Max Simon. After having assumed, at my father's behest, for reasons that have no interest for strangers, and at the age of fifteen, the name of Nordau, I had this name officially and legally conferred upon me by decree of Karl von Zeyk, then Royal Hungarian Minister of the Interior, under No. 13,138, and the date of April 11, 1873. Since then Nordau is my 'real' name, and I have no legal right to bear and use another."

Emile Ollivier is writing a love story called *Marie Madeleine*, which he began twenty years ago.

Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, has written a play in which Edgar Allan Poe is the hero.

The Nation dubs Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Story of Bessie Costrell, recently published by the Scribners, "an artistic docket of a new female offender."

Herbert Spencer, who was one of the three men, outside of Germany, who were recently appointed by Emperor William knights of the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, has declined the honor on the ground that his opinions, repeatedly expressed in his writings, debar him from accepting it.

George Q. Cannon has translated the Books of Mormon into the Hawaiian language.

The Saturday Reviewer has nicknamed Sir Lewis Morris as "Tennyson's Tame Parrot." He also declares "Sir Lewis Morris has no claim to his knighthood that we know of, save that he has a lackey's love of titles."

Lovers of sports and of out-door life generally, will rejoice in the advent of the *Badminton Magazine*, edited by A. E. T. Watson, and published by Longmans, Green & Co. This periodical compares favorably with the better class of monthlies in literary quality and artistic make-up, and is clearly well-fitted to meet a decided need.

John Morley, being out of politics, is at work on a history of the union of England and Ireland, using the secret papers in the Government archives for the years from 1795 to 1805.

Edna Lyall has completed the peal at St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, by giving three more bells, which have been named after characters that will be familiar to her readers—Donovan, Erica and Hugo.

American Steam Vessels, by Samuel Ward Stanton (New York, Smith & Stanton, oblong 12mo, pp. 496, \$5), is a work of genuine historical value. It gives, in chronological order, illustrations and descriptions of nearly 300 types of American steamers—lake, river, ocean and naval—beginning with Fulton's first practical craft, the *Clermont*, and ending with that latest magnificent triumph of marine architecture, the *St. Louis*. This is the first attempt to present in book form the

appearance of different types of American steam vessels, and each illustration is accompanied by brief descriptive matter, giving date of building, dimensions, routes, and so on—data which even now are, in many instances, difficult to obtain, and which in the near future will be, from a historical point of view, well-nigh priceless. The work is gotten up in very handsome shape, and reflects credit on the good taste and enterprise of the publishers.

A new story is announced by Stone & Kimball with the curious title, *The Gods Give My Donkey Wings*. The author is Angus Evan Abbott.

Mary Cowden Clarke, the author of the *Concordance to Shakespeare*, will, in June next, be eighty-six years old. Douglass Jerrold once complimented her in this way: "On your first arrival in Paradise, madame, you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare, even though your husband should happen to be there."

Fresh Pond, a beautiful sheet of water in a park about a mile from the home of the late James Russell Lowell, is to be rechristened *Lowell Pond*.

R. D. Blackmore, the well-known author of *Lorna Doone*, said recently of *Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary*: "A truly 'magnum opus.' * * * I grieve only that such a work is not of English birthright."

Mrs. Flora Ann Steel, the author of *Tales of the Punjaub*, is the wife of a retired Indian civilian. She has spent more than twenty years of her married life in India, and, in order to pursue her studies in folklore, mastered five of the native dialects.

The *London Literary World* says: "The injudicious and somewhat malevolent criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's *The Woman Who Did*, which branded the story as 'absurd,' 'impossible,' and 'unreal,' is considerably discounted by a situation absolutely on all fours with it in its essential features, revealed in the Melbourne law courts some time back, and now brought before the public."

F. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, has been trying his hand at a play. *Kitty Clive* is its title, and it is a dramatization of a magazine story published not long ago by the author in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Moore is a quick writer. His new book, *The Sale of a Soul*, was written in eight days. This young man was born in Ireland, and he is an accomplished journalist and something of a traveller.

The *Chicago Journal* says of *When Dreams Come True*, Edgar Saltus' latest novel, published by the Transatlantic Publication Co.: "The book leaves the impression that Mr. Saltus is wasting his time gilding butterfly wings while he might be painting an *Angelus*."

Mme. Taine, with the assistance of her daughter, is putting the finishing touches to the memoirs and correspondence of her husband, the brilliant historian of English literature.

Max Nordau has always refused to allow himself to be "nailed to a specialty." He told Mr. R. H. Sherard, recently, the reason why he wrote *Degeneration* was that he was sick of always hearing himself spoken of as

the author of *The Conventional Lies of our Civilization*. Now that he is being spoken of universally as the author of *Degeneration*, he is writing a novel—his third—and will not write the philosophical work which he has in his head until he has disassociated himself from the specialty of philosophical writing. Mr. Sherard says that Dr. Nordau "lives a very quiet, simple life with his mother and sister, whom he has entirely supported since he was sixteen years old. He takes pleasure in nothing but work, and neither drinks, smokes, nor goes out into society. He speaks English, French, Italian, German and Hungarian with equal fluency, and can converse in Russian, Spanish and the Scandinavian languages. He is, moreover, an urbane and most amiable man." His hours for literary work are from 8.30 P. M. till midnight.

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BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

The author of *Degeneration* writes as follows, in reply to the reference of the *Jewish Chronicle* to "the so-called Max Nordau": You go on saying, 'Max Nordau's real name is Simon Sudfeld.' This is a falsehood which you might have avoided with the slightest measure of care. My petty names (or ought I to say my 'Christian names?') are Max Simon. After having assumed, at my father's behest, for reasons that have no interest for strangers, and at the age of fifteen, the name of Nordau, I had this name officially and legally conferred upon me by decree of Karl von Zeyk, then Royal Hungarian Minister of the Interior, under No. 13,138, and the date of April 11, 1873. Since then Nordau is my 'real' name, and I have no legal right to bear and use another."

Emile Ollivier is writing a love story called *Marie Madeleine*, which he began twenty years ago.

Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, has written a play in which Edgar Allan Poe is the hero.

The *Nation* dubs Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Story of Bessie Costrell, recently published by the *Scribners*, "an artistic docket of a new female offender."

Herbert Spencer, who was one of the three men, outside of Germany, who were recently appointed by Emperor William knights of the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, has declined the honor on the ground that his opinions, repeatedly expressed in his writings, debar him from accepting it.

George Q. Cannon has translated the Books of Mormon into the Hawaiian language.

The *Saturday Reviewer* has nicknamed Sir Lewis Morris as "Tennyson's Tame Parrot." He also declares "Sir Lewis Morris has no claim to his knighthood that we know of, save that he has a lackey's love of titles."

Lovers of sports and of out-door life generally, will rejoice in the advent of the *Badminton Magazine*, edited by A. E. T. Watson, and published by Longmans, Green & Co. This periodical compares favorably with the better class of monthlies in literary quality and artistic make-up, and is clearly well-fitted to meet a decided need.

John Morley, being out of politics, is at work on a history of the union of England and Ireland, using the secret papers in the Government archives for the years from 1795 to 1805.

Edna Lyall has completed the peal at St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, by giving three more bells, which have been named after characters that will be familiar to her readers—Donovan, Erica and Hugo.

American Steam Vessels, by Samuel Ward Stanton (New York, Smith & Stanton, oblong 12mo, pp. 496, \$5), is a work of genuine historical value. It gives, in chronological order, illustrations and descriptions of nearly 300 types of American steamers—lake, river, ocean and naval—beginning with Fulton's first practical craft, the *Clermont*, and ending with that latest magnificent triumph of marine architecture, the *St. Louis*. This is the first attempt to present in book form the

appearance of different types of American steam vessels, and each illustration is accompanied by brief descriptive matter, giving date of building, dimensions, routes, and so on—data which even now are, in many instances, difficult to obtain, and which in the near future will be, from a historical point of view, well-nigh priceless. The work is gotten up in very handsome shape, and reflects credit on the good taste and enterprise of the publishers.

A new story is announced by Stone & Kimball with the curious title, *The Gods Give My Donkey Wings*. The author is Angus Evan Abbott.

Mary Cowden Clarke, the author of the *Concordance to Shakespeare*, will, in June next, be eighty-six years old. Douglass Jerrold once complimented her in this way: "On your first arrival in Paradise, madame, you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare, even though your husband should happen to be there."

Fresh Pond, a beautiful sheet of water in a park about a mile from the home of the late James Russell Lowell, is to be rechristened *Lowell Pond*.

R. D. Blackmore, the well-known author of *Lorna Doone*, said recently of *Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary*: "A truly 'magnum opus.' * * * I grieve only that such a work is not of English birthright."

Mrs. Flora Ann Steel, the author of *Tales of the Punjaub*, is the wife of a retired Indian civilian. She has spent more than twenty years of her married life in India, and, in order to pursue her studies in folklore, mastered five of the native dialects.

The *London Literary World* says: "The injudicious and somewhat malevolent criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's *The Woman Who Did*, which branded the story as 'absurd,' 'impossible,' and 'unreal,' is considerably discounted by a situation absolutely on all fours with it in its essential features, revealed in the Melbourne law courts some time back, and now brought before the public."

F. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, has been trying his hand at a play. *Kitty Clive* is its title, and it is a dramatization of a magazine story published not long ago by the author in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Moore is a quick writer. His new book, *The Sale of a Soul*, was written in eight days. This young man was born in Ireland, and he is an accomplished journalist and something of a traveller.

The *Chicago Journal* says of *When Dreams Come True*, Edgar Saltus' latest novel, published by the *Transatlantic Publication Co.*: "The book leaves the impression that Mr. Saltus is wasting his time gilding butterfly wings while he might be painting an *Angelus*."

Mme. Taine, with the assistance of her daughter, is putting the finishing touches to the memoirs and correspondence of her husband, the brilliant historian of English literature.

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BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

Biographic and Reminiscent

Biography of James G. Blaine: Gail Hamilton: The Henry Bill Publishing Co., 8vo, sheep	\$3 50
Extracts from Private Letters of the Late Sir Wm. Fothergill Cooke: Spon & Chamberlain, 8vo, cloth.	1 25
The Boy Life of Napoleon: Madame Eugenie Foa: Lothrop Co., illustrated, square 8vo	1 25
A Short Life of Napoleon Bonaparte: Ida M. Tarbell: S. S. McClure, 8vo, paper	50
Nelson: John Knox Laughton: English Men of Action Series: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth	60
Life of General Thomas Pinckney: Rev. C. Pinckney: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, cloth	1 50
The Princess of Wales: A Biographical Sketch: Mary S. Warren: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth	2 00
Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart.: Leslie Stephen: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, cloth	4 50
The True Story of George Washington: Elbridge S. Brooks: Lothrop Co., illustrated, 4to	1 50

Educational Discussion

A Text-Book of Chemistry: S. P. Sadtler: J. B. Lippincott Co., 8vo, cloth	5 00
A Handbook of English Composition: Jas. Morgan Hart: Eldredge & Brother, 12mo, cloth	1 00
First Year in French: L. C. Syms: American Book Co., cloth	50
Mottoes and Commentaries of Frederick Fröbel's Mother Play: D. Appleton & Co., cloth	1 50
The Elements of Co-ordinate Geometry: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth	1 25
Pupils' Outline Studies in the History of the U. S.: Francis H. White, A. M.: Am. Book Co., paper	30
Elements of Pedagogics: J. N. Patrick: Standard Teachers' Lib.: C. W. Bardeen, cloth	85
Petrology for Students: Alfred Harker: Macmillan & Co., cloth	2 00
The Principles of Physics: Alfred P. Gage: Ginn & Co., half leather	1 55
Outlines of Psychology: H. G. Williams: C. W. Bardeen, 3d edition, cloth	75

Fiction of the Month

A Bid for Fortune: Guy Boothby: Town and Country Library: D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, pap., 50c.; cl.	1 00
A Cruel Dilemma: Mary H. Tennyson: The Cassell Pub. Co., paper	50
A Marriage for Hate: Harold R. Vynne: Town Topics Pub. Co., paper	50
A Soldier of Fortune: Mrs. L. T. Meade: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth	1 00
A Spoilt Girl: Florence Warden: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth	1 00
A Start in Life: Honoré de Balzac: Trans. by Katharine Prescott Wormeley: Roberts Brothers, cloth	1 50
A Woman Who Did Not: Victoria Crosse: Roberts Brothers, cloth	1 00
An Island Princess: Theo. Gift: G. P. Putnam's Sons, paper	50
Annals of the Parish: John Galt: Roberts Brothers, 2 vols., cloth	2 50
Betsey Jane on Wheels: H. O. Brown: W. B. Conkey Co., illustrated, paper	25
Bunch-Grass Stories: Mrs. Linden W. Bates: J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth	1 25
Cherryfield Hall: Frederic Henry Balfour: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo	
Chiffon's Marriage: Gyp: Trans. by E. P. Robins: Rand, McNally & Co., paper	50
Colonel Norton: Florence Montgomery: Longmans, Green & Co., crown 8vo, buckram	1 50
Cornish Stories: Mark Guy Pearse: Hunt & Eaton, illustrated, cloth	70
Fabian Dimitry: Edgar Fawcett: Rand, McNally & Co., paper	50
Fathers and Children: Ivan Turgenev: Translated by Constance Garnett: Macmillan & Co., cloth	1 25
God Forsaken: Frederic Breton: G. P. Putnam's Sons, paper	50
In Deacon's Orders, and Other Stories: Walter Besant: Harper & Brothers, 12mo, cloth	1 25
Inez: Augusta J. Evans: G. W. Dillingham, paper	1 25
Lyre and Lancet, A Story in Scenes: F. Anstey: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth	50
Macaria: Augusta J. Evans: G. W. Dillingham, paper	1 25
Messalina's Daughter: A Parisian Story: Guy de Maupassant: Jewett & Buchanan, buckram	75
Miskel: L. M. Phillips, M. D.: The Editor Publishing Co., cloth	
Mrs. Musgrave—and Her Husband: Richard Marsh: D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth	1 00
My Lady Nobody: Maarten Maartens: Harper & Brothers, illustrated, 8vo, cloth	1 75
Not Counting the Cost: Tasma: Town and Country Library: D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, paper, 50c.; cl.	1 00
On the Suwanee River: Opie Read: Laird & Lee, cloth	1 25
One Hundred Bear Stories: Historical, Romantic, Biblical, Classical: Murat Halstead: J. S. Ogilvie	50
Out of Due Season: A Mezzotint: Adeline Sergeant: D. Appleton & Co., paper, 50c.; cloth	1 00
Pierre and His People: Tales of the Far North: Gilbert Parker: Stone & Kimball, cloth	1 25
Scylla or Charybdis?: Rhoda Broughton: D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth	1 00
Stonewastures: Eleanor Stuart: D. Appleton & Co., 16mo, cloth	75
Storm King: Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse: G. W. Dillingham, paper	50
The Gray Wolf's Daughter: Gertrude Warden: International News Co., cloth	
The Heart of Life: W. H. Mallock: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth	
The Honor of the Flag: W. Clark Russell: Autonym Library: G. P. Putnam's Sons, oblong 24mo	50
The Mirror of Music: Stanley V. Makower: Roberts Brothers, cloth	1 50
The Mistress of Quest: Adeline Sergeant: D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth	1 00
The Mountain Lovers: Fiona Macleod: Roberts Brothers, cloth	1 00
The Old Settler, The Squire, and Little Peleg: Ed. Mott: Lovell, Coryell & Co., illustrated, 12mo, cloth	1 00
The Partners; or, Fremont, Jr., and Risler, Sr.: Alphonse Daudet: Rand, McNally & Co., paper	25
The Red House: The Duchess: Rand, McNally & Co., paper	
The Story of a Marriage: Mrs. Alfred Baldwin: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth	1 50
The Story of a Modern Woman: Ella Hepworth Dixon: The Cassell Pub. Co., paper	50
The Stark-Munro Letters: A. Conan Doyle: D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, cloth	1 50

Literary Criticism

A History of English Poetry: Vol. I.: William J. Courthope: Macmillan & Co., 8vo, cloth	\$2 50
Literary Types: Being Essays in Criticism: E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cl.	1 50
Modern German Literature: Benjamin W. Wells, Ph. D.: Roberts Brothers, cloth	1 50
Foundation Studies in Literature: Margaret S. Mooney: Silver, Burdett & Co., 12mo, cloth	1 25
The Greater Poems of Virgil: Vol. II.: Ed. by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge: Ginn & Co., ill. cl.	2 50
The Greater Victorian Poets: Hugh Walker: Macmillan & Co., 8vo, cloth	1 25
The Greek Epic: Geo. C. W. Warr: Dawn of European Literature: E. & J. B. Young & Co., cloth	1 50
The Trial of Sir John Falstaff: A. M. F. Randolph: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth	1 50

Medical and Surgical

A Handbook of Hygiene: A. M. Davies: J. B. Lippincott Co., illustrated	4 00
A Handbook on Tuberculosis Among Cattle: Henry L. Shumway: Roberts Brothers, cloth	1 00
Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders: Roger S. Tracy: D. Appleton & Co., cloth	50
Practical Dietetics, with Special Reference to Diet in Diseases: W. G. Thompson: Appleton, 8vo, cloth	5 00
Strength: C. A. Sampson: Rand, McNally & Co., paper	
The Care of the Baby: J. P. Crozer Griffith: W. B. Saunders, 12mo, cloth	1 50
The Eye in Its Relation to Health: Chalmer Prentice: A. C. McClurg & Co.	1 50
The Secrets of Health: S. H. Platt: Orange Judd Co., 12mo, cloth	1 50
Treatment of Wounds, Ulcers and Abscesses: W. W. Cheyne: Lea Bros. & Co., cloth	1 25

Poetry of the Month

Cradle Songs and Nursery Rhymes: Grace Rhys: Walter Scott	40
In Camphor: A Volume of Poems: Howard Chandler Christy: Putnam's Sons, 8vo, ornamental cloth	1 25
Many Moods: Warren Holdon: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth	75
Rhymes of Our Planet: Will Carleton: Harper, illustrated, post 8vo, ornamental cloth	2 00
Shadows of Yesterday: Charles Gifford Orwen: E. F. Rodell, cloth	
Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy: Richard Le Gallienne: Copeland & Day, cloth	1 25
Songs of the Desert: Jacob Huff (Faraway Moses): cloth	1 00
The Golden Book of Coleridge: Edited, with an introd., by Stopford A. Brooke: Macmillan & Co., silk	1 50
The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems: Sir Edwin Arnold: Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, cloth	1 50

Religious and Philosophic

A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Lotze: The Doctrine of Thought: H. Jones: Macmillan, 12mo, cl.	1 90
A Hundred Years of Missions: Rev. Delavan L. Leonard: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth	1 50
Aspects of Judaism: Israel Abrahams and Claude G. Montefiore: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, buckram	1 50
Fate and Justice: Emil W. Wiesendanger: Pub. by author, Comanche, Tex., cloth	1 00
Judaistic Christianity: Fenton John Anthony Hort: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth	1 75
Life and the Conditions of Survival: Popular Lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Asso.: Kerr & Co., cl.	2 00
Questions of Modern Inquiry: A Series of Discussions: H. A. Stimson: Fleming H. Revell Co., 16mo, clo.	1 25
Symbolism: J. A. Moehler: Transl. from German by J. B. Robertson: Scribner, 12mo	2 50
The Christian Conscience: J. S. Black: Lee & Shepard, 12mo, cloth	1 25
The Christless Nations: Bishop J. M. Thoburn, D.D.: Hunt & Eaton, cloth	1 00

Scientific and Industrial

American Steam Vessels: Samuel W. Stanton: Smith & Stanton, 817 illustrations in colors, 8vo, cloth	5 00
Architect's and Builder's Pocket-book: Frank E. Kidder: John Wiley & Sons, 12th edition, cloth	4 00
Domestic Electrical Work: Wm. A. Wittbecker: Williams, 12mo, cloth	50
Elasticity a Mode of Motion: Robert Stevenson, C.E., M.E.: Industrial Publishing Co	50
Fallacies of Race Theories: Essays: Wm. D. Babington: Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, cloth	2 00
Hydro-dynamics: Horace Lamb: Macmillan & Co., 8vo, cloth	6 25
The Herschels and Modern Astronomy: Agnes M. Clerke: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth	1 25
The Telephone Systems of the Continent of Europe: A. R. Bennett: Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, cloth	4 50
Thinking, Feeling, Doing: E. W. Scripture: Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa., cloth	1 50

Sociologic Questions

Catholic Socialism: Francesco S. Nitti: Transl. from II. Ita. ed. by Mary Mackintosh: Macmillan, 8vo, cl.	3 50
Life and Labor of the People of London: Charles Booth: vols. 5 and 6: Macmillan & Co., 8vo, cl., each	3 00
My Brother and I: Farrar, Hughes, etc.: Hunt & Eaton, cloth	90
The Saloon-Keepers' Ledger: Rev. Louis Albert Banks: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth	75
The Units of Investigation in Social Science: Arthur F. Bentley: Am. Acad. of Polit. Science, 8vo, paper	25
The Way Out: A Solution of the Temperance Question: Hugh Montgomery: Hunt & Eaton, cloth	1 00

Travel and Adventure

A Holiday in Spain and Norway: Caroline E. White: J. B. Lippincott Co., paper	50
A Vagabond in Spain: C. Bogue Luffmann: C. Scribner's Sons, 12mo	2 50
After Five Years in India: Anne C. Wilson: C. Scribner's Sons, illustrated, 12mo	2 00
Again in Hawaii: Julius A. Palmer, Jr.: February-May, 1895: Lee & Shepard	1 50
Black's Guide to Ireland: Macmillan & Co., illustrated with maps and plans, 22d edition, linen, 12mo	1 75
From Jerusalem to Nicæa: Philip Stafford Moxom: Roberts Brothers, 8vo	1 50
Ice-bound on Kolguev: Aubyn Trevor Battye: Macmillan & Co., cloth	7 00
In the Land of the Sunrise: Baptist Book Concern, 12mo, cloth	1 00
Malay Sketches: Frank Athelstane Swettenham: Macmillan & Co.	2 00
Pony Tracks: Written and illustrated by Frederick Remington: Harper & Brothers, 8vo, cloth	3 00
Quaint Korea: Louise Jordan Miln: C. Scribner's Sons, 12mo	1 75
The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan: James Morier: Macmillan & Co., illustrated, 12mo	1 25
The Alps from End to End: Sir Wm. M. Conway: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth	7 00

PAUL DU CHAILLU: THE EXPLORER AND HIS WORK*

I found Mr. Paul du Chaillu at the Langham Hotel, ready and willing, with that abandonment of youth which so distinguishes him, to be interviewed upon any and every point in connection with which it might please me to question him. He took me at once into the large reading-room, where, seated upon a comfortable lounge, we discussed himself.

"What great work," I asked at the outset, "are you engaged upon now, after your gorillas, your pygmies, your forests, and your vikings?"

"I am writing three books," he replied, "which will very shortly see the light. The first is for the young, a kind of labor which has always much attracted me. You have no idea," he interposed, "how eagerly an American public buys up such works. They are more popular in America than you can conceive in England."

"And the name of your book—?"

"Is The Adventures of Paul. It is the story of an adventurous journey from New York to the equator, among the solitudes of the Sea of Saragossa, over the sands of the desert, seven hundred miles from the coast, and through the forests with no guide save the stars."

"Ah!" said I, "and who should know the forest better than yourself?" I spoke from a certain sudden, reminiscent conviction, and not with intentional flattery.

"Yes," he answered, "I do know the forest. How many years ago is it since I explored the central forest of Africa, since I first saw the pygmies, since I lay, night after night, under the trees, without tent or covering? And when I came back to England and told the story, I was called a romancer, a Munchausen, a Sir John Mandeville! It needed," he added, with some bitterness, "a rediscovery of all that I had already discovered before the world took it into its head to applaud." We paused for a moment.

"Well," he resumed, "there is my second book, which I call The Norse Power, an attempt to settle the exact claim and achievement of the Northmen during the nearly three centuries which elapsed between the year 800 and the Norman Conquest. I will not tell you," he added, "the central theory of my book, but I shall prove that, at one time, the Northmen had a force of a million and a half of men abroad, and ten thousand ships."

"I remember well," said I, "your Viking Age, and its theory that we were descended rather from the Northmen than from the Saxons."

"And it's a theory," he broke in, "which is quite unanswerable. I have thrown down a challenge which has never been taken up. I have shown that in the basin of the Baltic there are thousands and thousands of graves corresponding with the graves of the men of old in England, containing the same antiquities, the same decoration, the same manner of making, the same form, and the same fashioning. I have been to the mouth of the Elbe, and have found no such correspondence. I have said to my critics: 'Find me Saxon antiquities which show such a correspondence, and I will begin to doubt my theory, and the challenge has never been answered or taken up.'

"Your theory—" I hesitated, "has it had success?"

"In Europe," he replied, "it has spread with amazing rapidity, particularly among the younger students of history." He shrugged his shoulders—"You cannot expect the conservative historian of a certain age to turn from his fleshpots and false gods."

"You cannot," I earnestly agreed. "And your third book?"

"Is a historical romance. I shall call it *Aslög*, the name of a Northwoman who had an extraordinary influence over the events of her period. It is all founded upon facts, in the way of local coloring, native customs, and the rest, as was my story *Ivar the Viking*."

In a momentary pause, an odd kind of sensation afflicted me.

"It is a curious and engrossing fact," I said, "that all your feeling and sentiment should flow so persistently to the North, when, in old days, your sympathy and ambition were centred upon the tropics, upon the equator, upon the mystery and concealment of the South?"

"It is curious," he replied slowly. "Whereas no money on earth at one time could keep me from Africa, there is no money on earth now which could induce me to go there. All my interest is centred in the North and among its wild things. I spent something near £11,000 upon the production of my *Viking Age*, although, from a pecuniary standpoint, that book was not nearly so successful as *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, which has sold in thousands and tens of thousands."

"And you never look back to the past with desire?" I asked, remembering my joy in younger days in Mr. du Chaillu's explorations in Central Africa.

"Never," he said, decisively. "I never look back. When I have finished a work, of whatever kind, I pass away from it, and turn to the future. The future holds everything, everything. I have done this, and I have done that, but this means little compared to the 'I will do this other.' It is the quality of youth, and I never want to grow old."

"Then," I asked, "when your three books are out and done with, have you any further plans?"

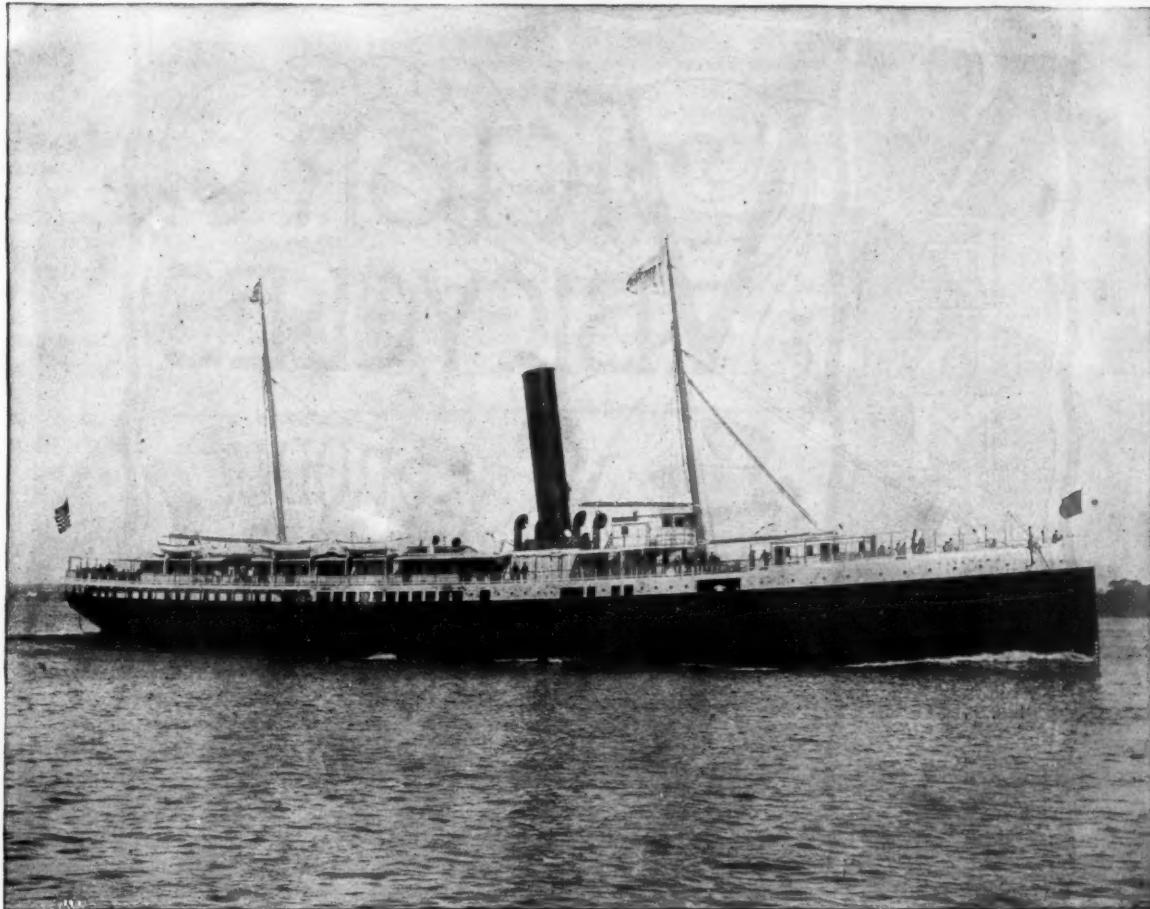
"I am going to Russia," he answered, promptly, "and my idea is to trace two rivers from the source to the sea, the Volga and another. I shall try to know the people, to live with them, to eat their food, to understand them thoroughly. When that shall be I do not know—when the spirit moveth—but I shall try and learn the language first. I know Finnish, Laplandish, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish, but not Russian."

The conversation from this point became desultory, and I descended to domesticities.

"You are still a bachelor?" I asked.

"I am," he said, with a hearty laugh; "but I have had more offers than most men. Once, in Africa, the king of a tribe who loved me dearly offered me a choice of 853 women. 'Sire,' said I, 'to take one would leave 852 jealous women on the earth.' His solution was immediate. 'Take 'em all,' said he. But I am a bachelor still. I had no desire to be controlled by a syndicate," said Mr. du Chaillu, smiling.

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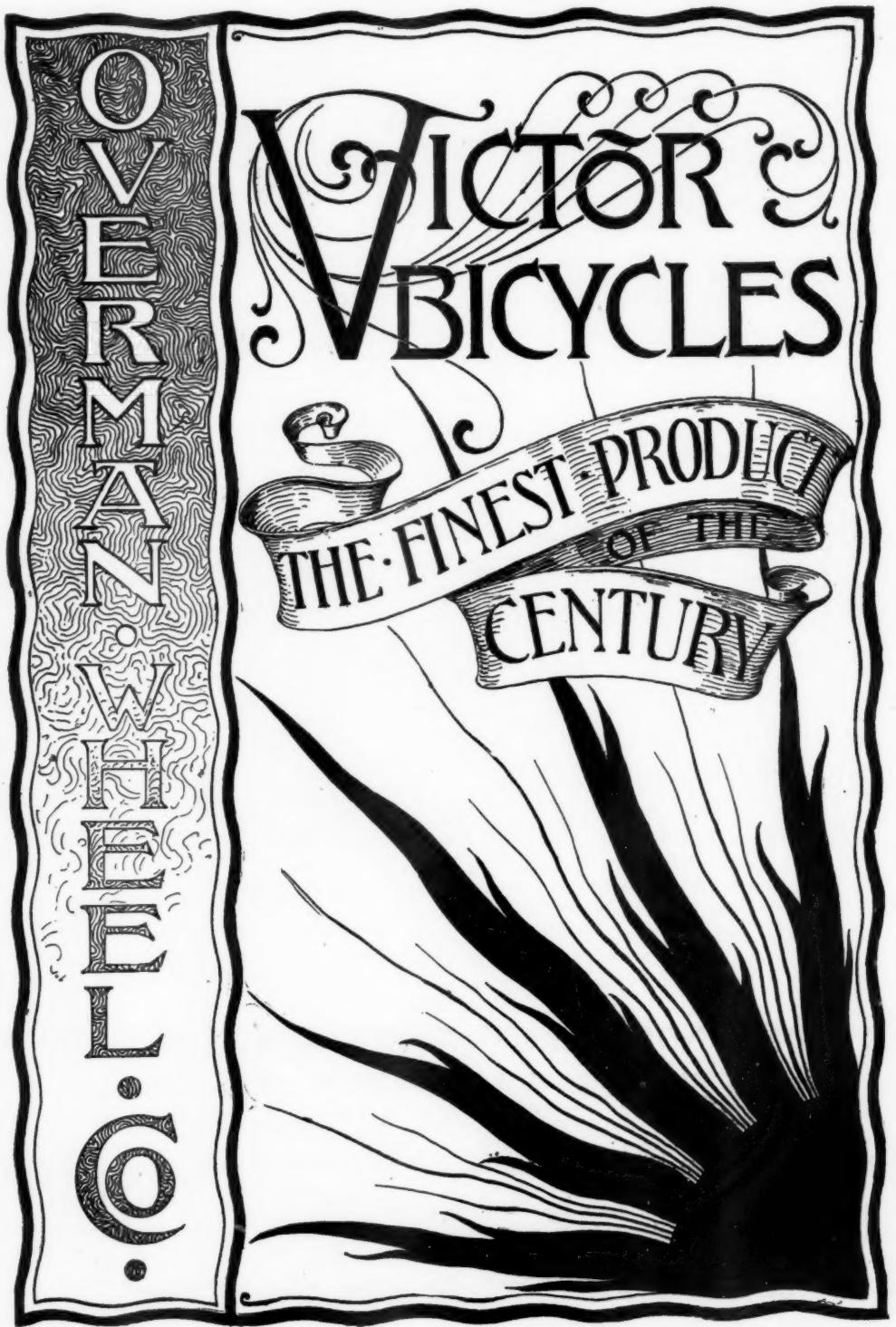
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TO BOSTON ON BICYCLES.

A Pleasant Route via Hartford and Springfield Described.

THE bicycle route from New York to Boston, through New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester, is not, perhaps, as picturesque as that via Albany, Williamstown, and Fitchburg, as described in a previous article, but it has the advantage of being shorter by almost 100 miles. Beauty of scenery is not by any means lacking, however, and the ride is through a number of large cities, and the roads from town to town are more level than in the wild and hilly country of the northern part of Massachusetts.

In New York, reach Fordham Crossroads by riding through the Park to One Hundred and Tenth Street, Lenox Avenue to One

Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, west one block to Seventh Avenue, north to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, west one block to entrance of new bridge, over same to its left branch, through this branch to Jerome Avenue. Cross Jerome Avenue to Sedgwick Avenue, which follow to Fordham Crossroads. Other rides to the same point from the lower part of the city to Washington Bridge and across it to the Crossroads have repeatedly been described.

Reaching the Crossroads, turn right, and ride east through Fordham Village. Pedal carefully down the steep hill and over the tunnel through which the trains of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Rail-

road run. Continuing on eastward, good macadam stretches on to Bronxdale.

Here, hold well to the right until the village is passed. The next fork in the road that presents itself is to be carefully noted. Follow the left, leading past the entrance of the Morris Park race course, under the elevated tracks of the railroad, and then, turning left, follow the tracks of the trolley road through the main street at Westchester.

At the first opening turn left and cross the bridge over Westchester Creek. Here be careful. The direct road inclining to the right is of fine macadam, and leads to Fort Schuyler. Do not take this, but take the

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first turn to the left, sharp around the corner of the wayside hotel. This leads over a bit of rough road, up a hill, and then to the finely macadamized surface known as Pelham Road. This ends at a broad thoroughfare known as Pelham Bridge Road, into which turn left. Pass over the bridge crossing East Chester Bay to the island on which Bartow is situated, and over another bridge to the mainland.

The road runs along the edge of Pelham Bay, across which may be seen the summer home of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island. Continue on through Pelham Manor, Pelham, West New Rochelle, and New Rochelle, where the road takes a turn to the left for three blocks, where turn right into the broad Old Boston Road.

This point could be reached from Bronxdale by following the Old Boston Road all the way, but, while the distance is shorter, nothing is to be gained, as the surface is not in good condition.

Leaving New Rochelle, which is 16 miles from New York, continue on the Old Boston Road to Larchmont (18 miles), and to Main Street, Mamaroneck (20 miles). Riding along Main Street look out at the right for the short street leading to the bridge, which cross. A magnificent stretch of macadam leads through Harrison to Rye. Entering Rye, take the right fork of the road, instead of going down through the town, and cross the bridge over the railroad

tracks. The course is in good condition to Port Chester (25 miles).

Pass through Port Chester, straight on, under the tracks of the New Haven Road, and cross Bryam River, a stream seemingly of little consequence, yet which forms at this point the dividing line between New York State and Connecticut.

The introduction to Connecticut soil comes in the shape of a steep hill to climb or walk. Indeed, there are several to be surmounted before entering the pretty village of Greenwich. Here the road is shaded by high trees on each side, and some very handsome residences are to be seen along the way. Leaving Greenwich, pass down a very steep hill, which should be negotiated with extreme care. A climb or two, some level road, and a long down grade brings one to the bridge over Cos Cob Harbor, at Mianus. Then comes hill, a level stretch, some more hills, and a long smooth run into Stamford (32 miles).

Ride directly on across the public square at Stamford, along the car tracks, and take the first fork to the left, up a slight grade and then around the corner to the left, over the tracks of the New Haven Railroad. The riding is over ground which is quite level and of very fair surface.

At Darien (37 miles) again cross tracks and find good riding until near Norwalk, where some very steep hills have to be climbed, and the road is in but fair condition.

Entering Norwalk, ride straight ahead across the railroad tracks, and turning left to the church, turn right to Westport (42 miles), cross the bridge and ride to Southport (49 miles), Fairfield, (50 miles) and Bridgeport (54 miles).

The entire ride from Norwalk to Bridgeport is over roads in very good shape, although by no means equal to macadam. There are some hills and grades, but only one hill that is very noticeable, and that is long and gradual, rather than short and steep. Entering Bridgeport, take the right fork of the road (where the car tracks divide) and follow both forks.

The station at Bridgeport is easily located. Just above the end is the bridge across the river. Cross this, and ride on to Stratford, a little beyond which town the broad Housatonic River is crossed. At Stratford and Milford watch out for tacks and other devices of miscreants to delay the tourist. At Milford the tourist nears the Sound, and the roads are somewhat sandy to West Haven and Savin Rock, which is on the shore, and has good bathing facilities. The run from Savin Rock to New Haven is short, and, entering the city, the cyclometers register somewhat over 80 miles.

Leave West Haven through Dixwell Avenue Boulevard, using the side path on left, and turn sharp right into Centreville (6½ miles) and right on to Mount Carmel, where use side path on right, and turn at blacksmith's shop to Wallingford (13



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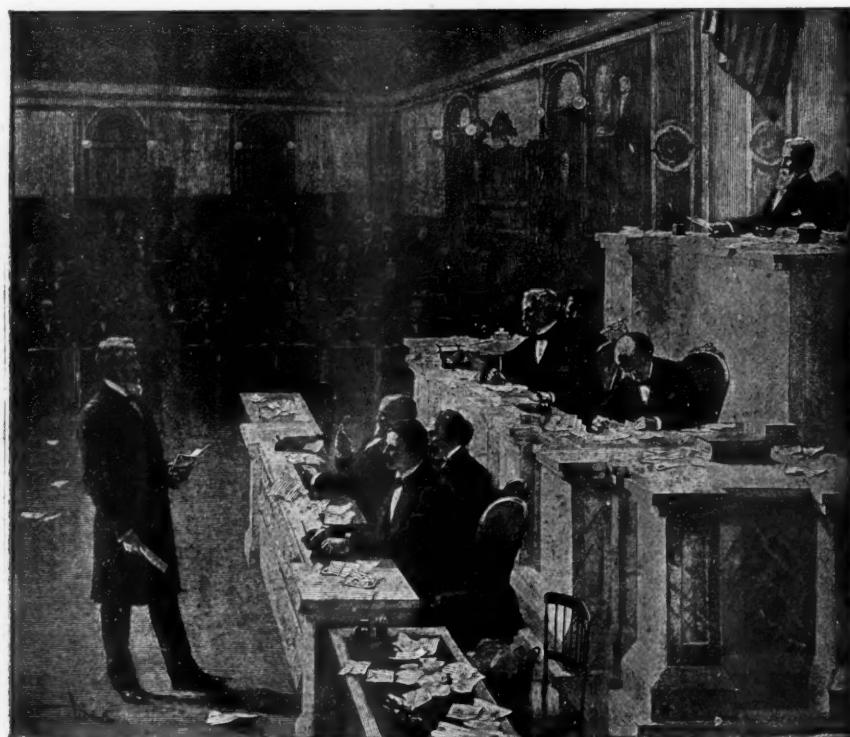
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AN INTERIOR

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IN THE SENATE

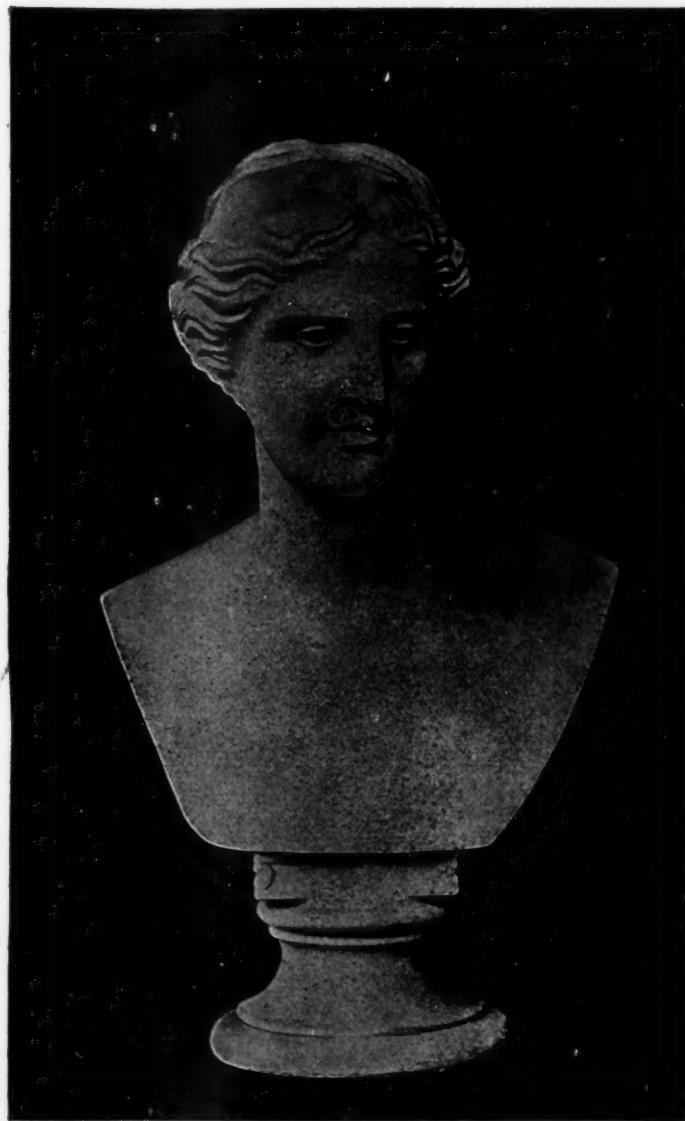
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RIDING OSTRICH-BACK

From a delightful volume, "Wayne and His Friends." By J. Selwin Tait
Courtesy of the Publisher, J. Selwin Tait



APHRODITE (VENUS)

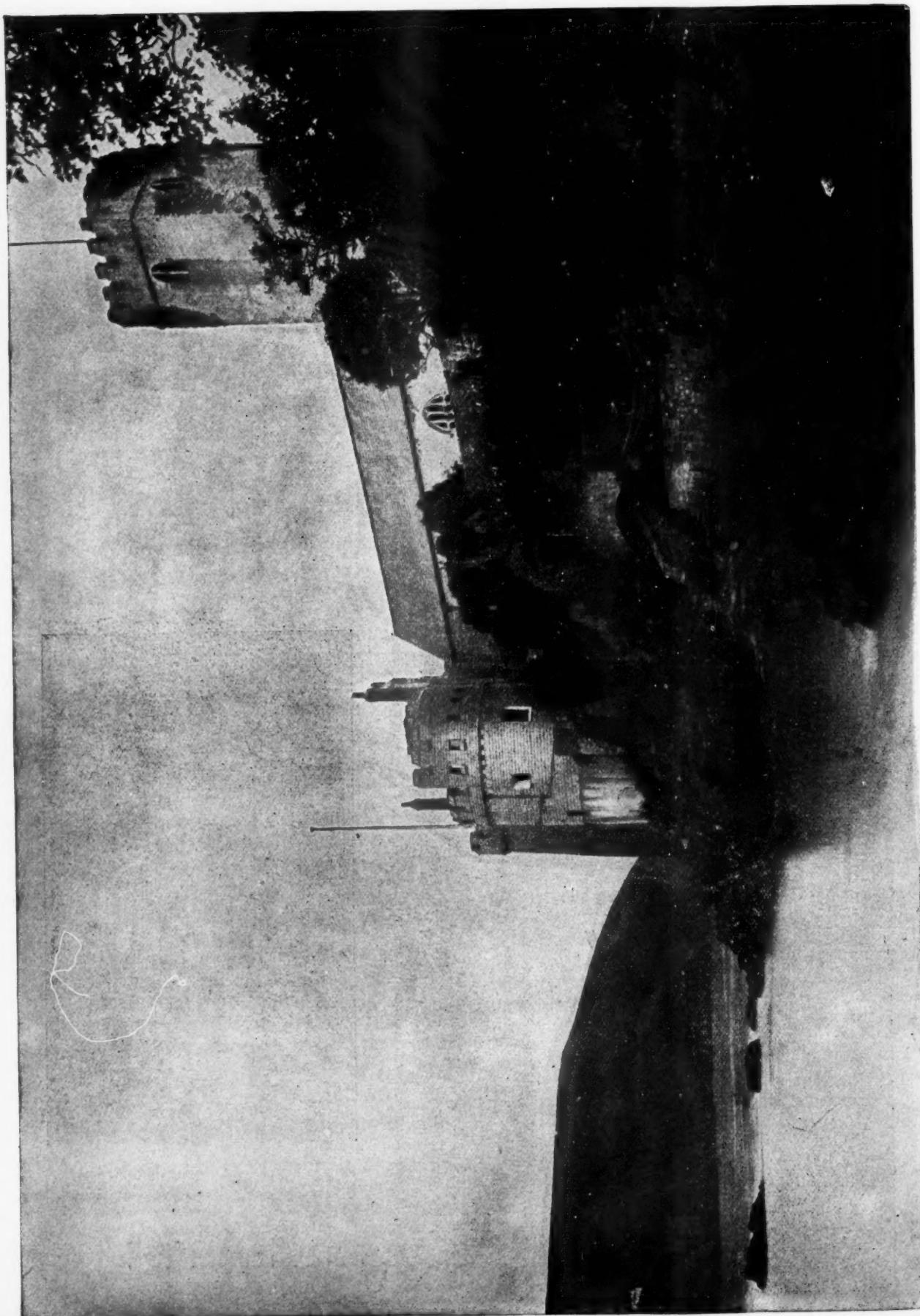
Head of the Statue from Melos. Paris
From Murray's "Manual of Mythology." Courtesy of David McKay



SANTO BAMBINO

A small wooden image of the Christ-Child, which is
perhaps the most venerated object in all Rome
From "The Madonna of St. Luke"
By Henrietta Irving Bolton
Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

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